

THE MUNSEY



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Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 5.

The Great Railroad Builders.

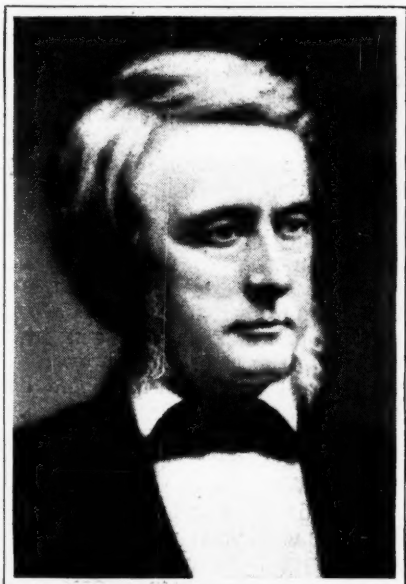
BY E. J. EDWARDS.

THE MEN TO WHOSE GENIUS IS MAINLY DUE THE FACT THAT NEARLY HALF THE RAILWAY MILEAGE OF THE WORLD IS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND THAT AMERICAN RAILROADS EXCEL ALL OTHERS IN ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY OF OPERATION.

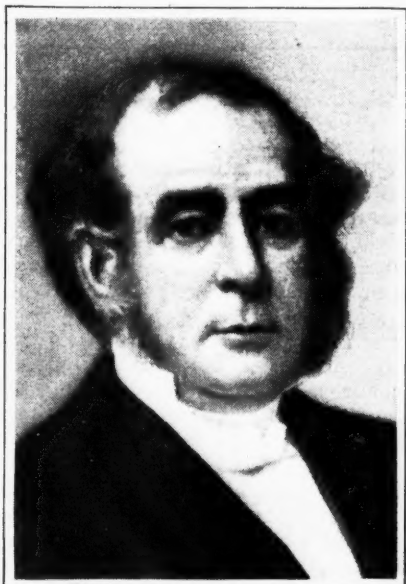
FIFTY years ago the railway mileage of the United States was approximately five thousand miles. Today that mileage has expanded to considerably more than two hundred thousand miles. The money invested in the railways that we had in operation in 1880 was comparatively a few millions. Today the railway systems of the United States represent an investment of three bil-

lions and a yearly earning capacity of hundreds of millions.

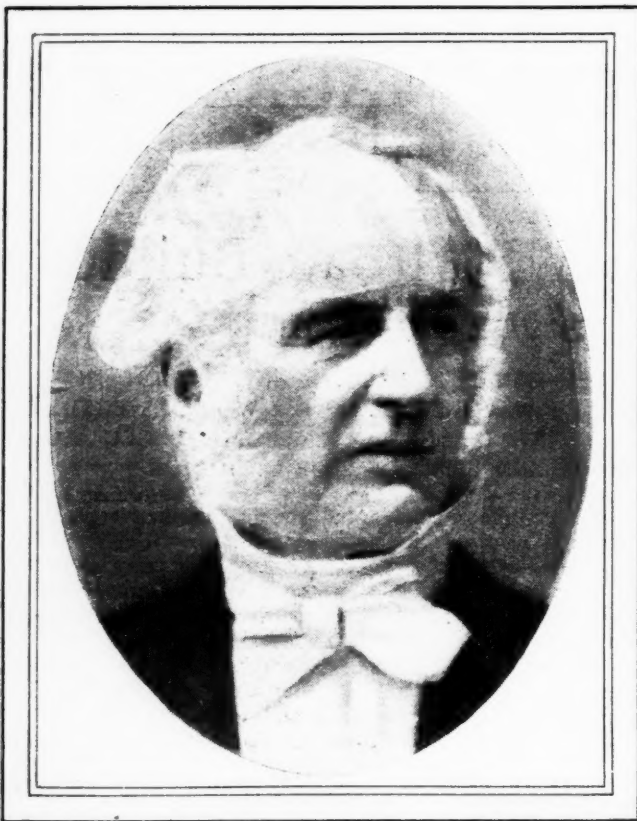
Within four or five years after the close of the Civil War, the inventor and the scientist had brought forward the ideas which have made possible this stupendous expansion of the American railway systems, and insured the great industrial and commercial growth of the country. These inventions were the



THOMAS A. SCOTT (1824-1881), PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, AND ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR DURING THE CIVIL WAR.



J. EDGAR THOMSON (1808-1874), PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, WHO IMPORTED THE FIRST STEEL RAILS INTO THE UNITED STATES.



"COMMODORE" CORNELIUS VANDERBILT (1794-1877), WHO FOUNDED THE FORTUNES OF HIS FAMILY BY ORGANIZING THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

air brake of Westinghouse, the coupler of Janney, and the steel rail, which the Bessemer process made practicable. Without this equipment it would have been impossible to open up the great West beyond the Mississippi.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF RAILROAD HISTORY.

The first era of American railway development is that measured by the years between 1840 and 1865. The sole purpose of those who then invested their capital in railway construction was communication between two or more interior cities, or between an interior city and tide water. Irregular, short, independent, and often unconnected railway lines appeared here and there—almost all of them east of the Alleghanies and north of the Potomac—

prior to 1850. No preëminently great constructive intellect, no man who fully perceived and grasped the opportunity which the United States offered to the builders of railroads, is identified with that earlier epoch.

Sheffield, at New Haven, bought a canal, drained off its water, and constructed a railway upon the mule path, penetrating central New England as far north as Northampton, Massachusetts. The promoters of the Erie Railway, whose purpose was to connect the lakes with tide water, ran their road down to a little landing place upon the Hudson, built piers to the channel, and then learned one of the first lessons of the

many that were taught in those days. That was that for the highest development of a railway a harbor or terminal must be sought, not at any convenient point upon river or sea, but at some center of commerce or manufacture. And so one after another the experiences out of which the later generation have built this colossal railway structure were being furnished here and there, one by one.

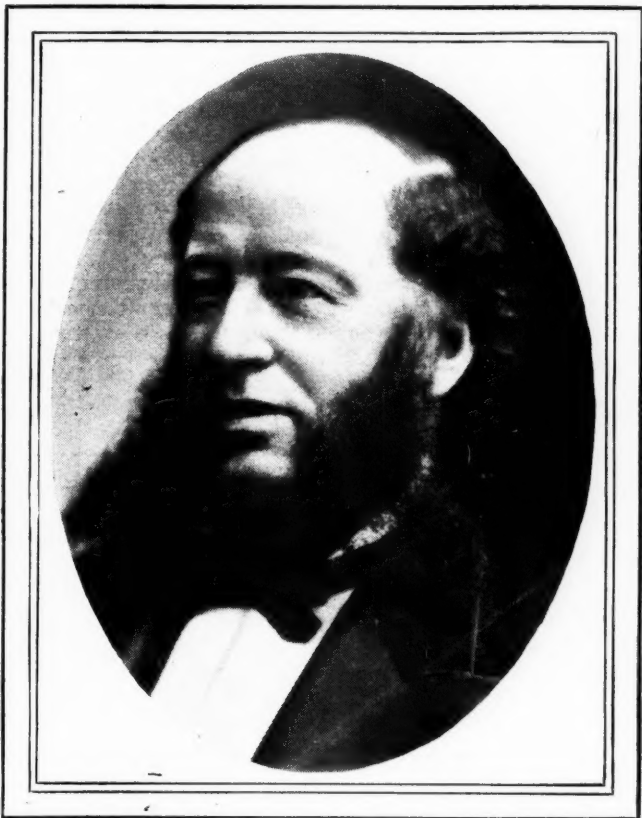
THE MAKERS OF GREAT RAILWAY SYSTEMS.

When Westinghouse came forward with his air brake and Janney with his coupler, and when it was demonstrated that the steel rail made possible a traffic which would have been impracticable with an iron rail, then there began the second era of our railway development.

In it the best intellects and strongest creative forces of the time began to identify themselves with this most important of all the incidental and artificial impulses that have made the United States a world power.

Not in any one man were combined, in their finest development, the three distinctive capacities that have created and perfected our gigantic railway system. These three intellectual forces were genius for finance, engineering ability, and mastery of the complex details which the operation of a railway system involves. In some one of these three all the forces conspicuously identified with our railway development were trained. Commodore Vanderbilt combined two of them. He was trained in early life as a common carrier, although by water rather than by land, and he was also a self-schooled, self-reliant, and eminently successful financier. But he did not possess in a high degree the scientific or engineering ability, nor would he have ever been personally very successful as a practical operator.

To the south the elder Garrett, an operator taught in the first railway epoch, and a man of some prophetic vision, had by inspiration learned that a greater career than that of a mere coal carrier for the benefit of Baltimore was possible for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He took his line over the Appalachian range, at whose foothills it had stopped, and brought it to a terminus



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT (1821-1885), SON OF THE COMMODORE, WHO EXTENDED THE VANDERBILT RAILROAD SYSTEM INTO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

upon the Ohio River. In Pennsylvania J. Edgar Thomson, and afterwards Thomas A. Scott, had a broader vision than that possessed by Mr. Garrett. They foresaw the possibilities of the Ohio and the Mississippi valleys, and perceived that the highest development of the Pennsylvania system was dependent upon the mastery of lines that bisected Ohio and reached towards the Northwest, terminating at Chicago.

THE GENIUS OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

About that time, Commodore Vanderbilt made evident his constructive statesmanship by his purchase of various little railway lines in New York State. By a wearisome iteration of changing cars, these small roads made it possible to go by rail from New York to Buffalo in twenty-four hours. Politics,

finance, and engineering talent were all involved in the consolidation, and it was through the command of men skilled in these various vocations that at last the commodore was able to perfect a railway system stretching from Lake Erie to New York, reducing the time of transit by fourteen hours.

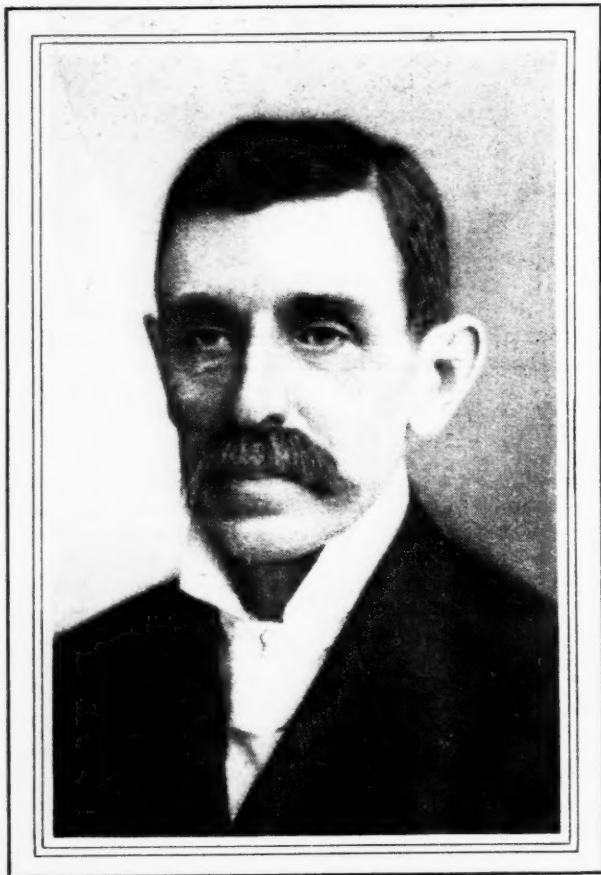
Having done this, his financial intuitions taught him that he had materialized lurking opportunity into visible and profit returning wealth; and it was to obtain marketable evidences of his success that he by one stroke of the pen added forty millions to the capital of his system. That was financing. Some called it watering the stock, but the

public can scarcely have so esteemed it, since in the public market that stock has, excepting in years of depression, maintained itself at par or above.

As soon as he had perfected his system from New York to Buffalo, the elder Vanderbilt saw that its permanent strength was to be maintained through its mastery of connections with the metropolis of the West, and the later years of his life were devoted to the compassing of a secure trunk line that would command much of the traffic that was opened up beyond Chicago.

THE CREATORS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA.

A little further south, by means of the schooling that the theodolite and the rodman's task gave to J. Edgar Thomson, and after him to George B. Roberts, these two men were successively approaching the executive control of the vast Pennsylvania system. They were preëminently engineers, and they typified the relation which science and the actual work of railway building have had to the development of our national systems. Between these two came Colonel Thomas A. Scott, the superb cavalry leader of the railway army, that inspiring and magnetic genius who during the Civil War put aside his duties to do invaluable service to the government in transporting troops and supplies. When the war was ended, he brought back to the Pennsylvania the charm of his personality, and revealed his financial ability by his part in the creation of the Pennsylvania



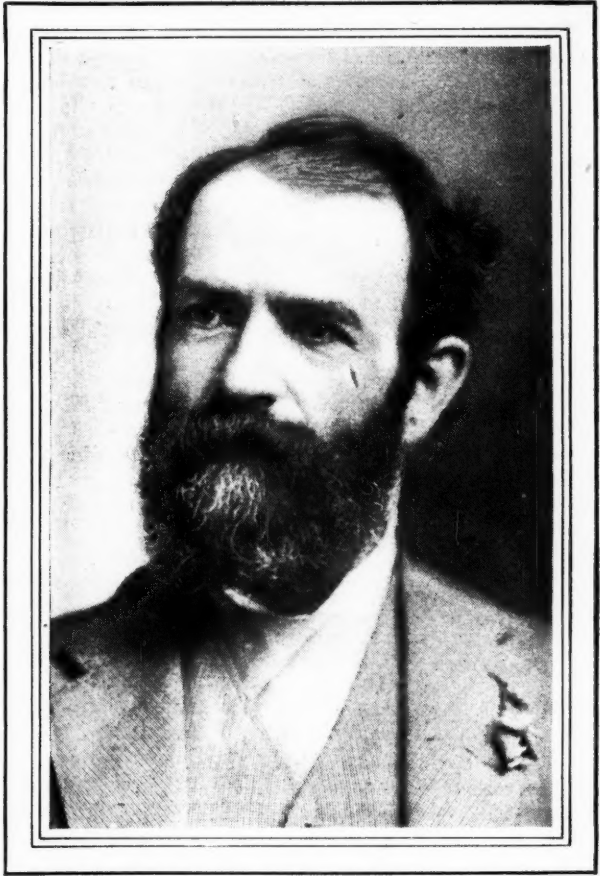
GEORGE B. ROBERTS (1833-1897), A GREAT ENGINEER AND ORGANIZER WHO SUCCEEDED THOMAS A. SCOTT AS PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

Company, a triumph of financial strategy whereby the control of the great railroad is secured against the perils of speculation. All these things combined to make of Colonel Scott the most attractive figure in the intensely exciting railway life of his time. He was also a masterly force as a practical operator, and he taught others many of their best lessons.

Later, Colonel Scott turned from his triumphs in Pennsylvania to what he deemed to be greater possibilities, the construction of a railroad from the Gulf of Mexico to a harbor upon the Pacific. All that he possessed was in this enterprise. His faith in it was supreme, but he did not live to see that faith justified. It remained for Jay Gould, who was the first to teach what profit there might be in the speculative mastery and utilization of railroads, to take the burden of this Texas Pacific from the shoulders of Colonel Scott.

It was J. Edgar Thomson's experience as an engineer that led him, a few years after the close of our Civil War, to import from England what he called ten miles of steel rails. The cost of these rails was a hundred and sixty six dollars a ton, and yet Mr. Thomson did not regard the price as prohibitive provided the rails were able to stand the traffic they were expected to bear. Four miles of them were laid at a place where the test was severe. In spite of certain imperfections, not inherent in the rail, they were found to fulfill the most glowing promises, and immediately the Pennsylvania began the equipment of



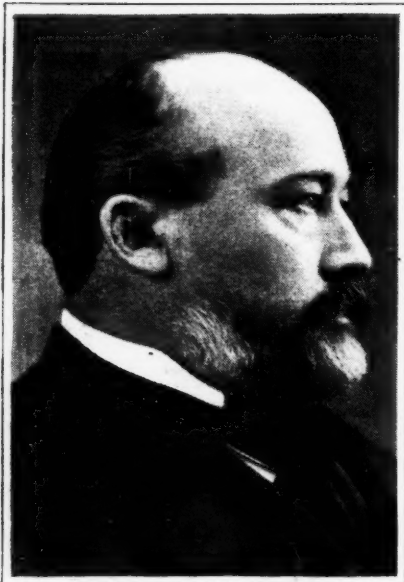
JAY GOULD (1836-1892), A RAILROAD FINANCIER AND ORGANIZER OF UNSURPASSED ABILITY.

From a photograph by Bogardus, New York.

its lines with steel rails, thereby setting an example to the managers of other systems. It soon became apparent that if the railroads were to carry the traffic of the great West, the steel rail was an absolute necessity.

OPENING UP THE GREAT WEST.

In the West, beyond Chicago and the Mississippi, the impulse towards expansion was felt with even greater pressure than in the East. The little railroad that ran from Chicago to Freeport, Illinois, became the nucleus out of which the colossal Northwestern system has expanded. One of its earlier presidents reported that he had obtained near Elgin an ample supply of timber for the



SIR WILLIAM CORNELIUS VAN HORNE, A FORMER TELEGRAPH OPERATOR WHO BECAME THE GREAT RAILROAD BUILDER OF CANADA.

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

railroad as long as it existed. Twenty years later the general manager, J. D. Layng, reported that this supply would not furnish enough kindling wood for the company's locomotives for one year.

President Albert Keep and his associates, mastered by this impulse for expansion, and looking forward with the clear vision of business statesmanship, took that railroad across the trackless and desolate prairie full a thousand miles. After the rails had been put down, they carried a party of friends over the new line. When the inspection was ended, President Keep said:

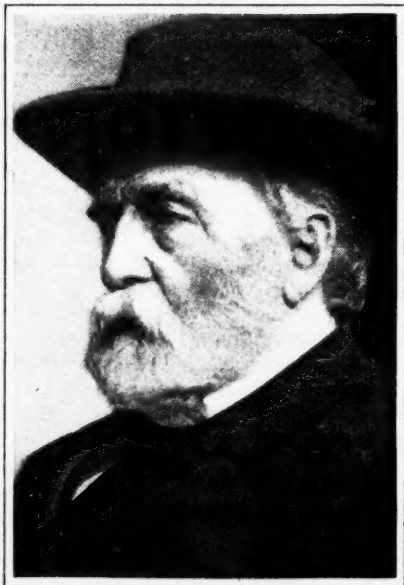
"Well, what do you think of it?"

His friends thought that his faith might wait many years for justification. Within two or three years the road was transporting westward two hundred carloads of emigrants daily. The wave of immigration that has with almost magic celerity pushed our frontiers further and further west, until there is no longer any frontier excepting the Pacific, responded instantly to the faith of those who were constructing railways over the prairies. The vast uninhabited tracts that these pioneers penetrated

are today sending the fruit of their majestic harvests, valued at many millions, to feed their own countrymen and much of Europe.

A similar inspiration impelled C. P. Huntington upon the Pacific slope, and James J. Hill in the far North, to dare, one from westward to eastward and the other from eastward to westward, to civilize great unpeopled regions with their steel rails. Mr. Huntington was trained a trader. He would have made a great merchant, and was in fact a successful one before he became a railway constructor upon a grand scale. He was also of high financial capacity. Mr. Hill went from the humblest of vocations to the details of transportation, and was therefore well fitted for the practical work of operation. He carried his nerves and enthusiasms upon the surface, while Huntington concealed his. The philosophy of both was the same, but its expression in speech and mannerisms and personality was very different.

Mr. Hill persuaded men so well that some of the great bankers of New York encouraged him with counsel and with funds, after he had demonstrated the



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON (1821-1900), THE FOREMOST RAILROAD BUILDER OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

feasibility of developing a little railway in Minnesota to a transcontinental line. Mr. Huntington was in great measure—partly through the aid of the government, for he was a master politician—his own financier.

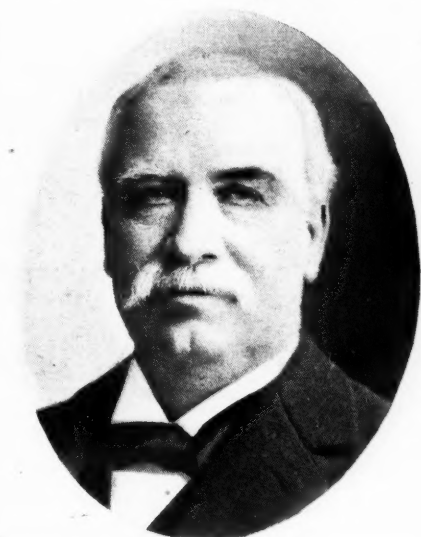
OTHER GREAT RAILROAD BUILDERS.

Henry Villard, whose name is identified with the completion of the Northern Pacific system, should rank with those who have financed large railway propositions rather than with the great operators, engineers, or discoverers of hidden possibilities in the opening up of vast tracts. Mr. Villard made the completion of the Northern Pacific possible, and the fact that he was able to recover his power after having lost it by reason of the storms of 1884 justifies his title to a place among masterful railway financiers.

Jay Gould combined to a remarkable degree the three qualities which in their highest development have made our American railroads what they are. He ranked with the ablest of financiers, and often showed his ability in financing railroads both into and out of difficulties. His demoralizing methods, however, were abandoned early in life. His training as an engineer and surveyor, the statesmanlike vision which caused him to comprehend the possibilities of the Southwest, impelled him while still a young man to undertake the creation of a great Southwestern railway system. He lived long enough to inspire his son, George J. Gould, with his own enthusiasm, not long enough to witness the fruition of his ambition. The son, today master of a steel network that covers the great Southwest, has turned his eyes towards the East. At first a cautious conservator of the properties left to him by his father, he now seems to feel himself strong enough to bring his railway system across the Alleghanies to the seaboard.

Canada, official Canada, imperial Canada, perceiving the development of the republic to the south of her, sharing the British yearning for an independent route to the far east, undertook, as a great national work, a transcontinental system reaching from the Atlantic at Halifax to the Pacific at Vancouver.

William Van Horne, trained in railway service as a telegrapher in Illinois, and from that by successive steps attaining rank with the greatest of engineers and of executive forces, was called to Canada that this Canadian Pacific might be speedily and well completed. For this



HENRY VILLARD (1835-1900), THE FINANCIER WHOSE NAME IS IDENTIFIED WITH THE BUILDING OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

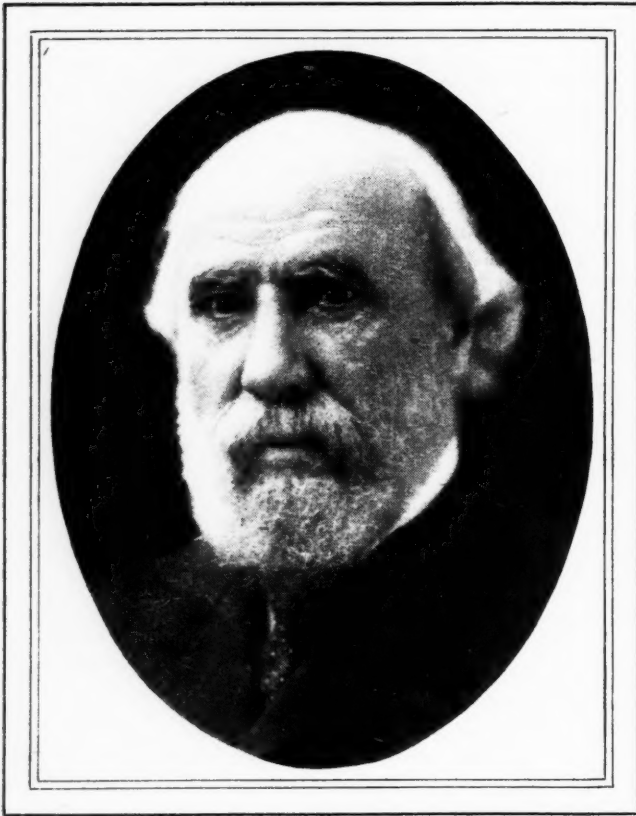
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

service he was knighted, and he is today contemplating a supplement to it through the opening up of a national railway system in Cuba. He is eminently an executive, an operator, and an engineer.

The great era of railway construction for the United States, at least for through lines, ended in the middle eighties. From 1885 until 1895 the country was digesting its enormous expenditures of capital, liquidating the colossal debt which they created in foreign markets, and waiting for the rich development of the new lands the railroads furrowed. A year or two later there were the first hints of what is to be the new era of railway development in the United States.

THE DAY OF VAST COMBINATIONS.

For twenty years the tendency had been to assimilate collateral lines, small



JAMES J. HILL, CREATOR OF THE GREAT NORTHERN. THE GREAT RAILWAY
BUILDER OF THE NORTHWEST.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1902, by Pacht, New York.

branches and feeders, into comprehensive systems, so that the traffic of territory penetrated by a railroad could be protected. But competition had entailed vast wastage and demoralization, and when the courts and the legislatures declared that certain agreements like those of the Joint Traffic Association and the Trans-Missouri Association were illegal, it became clear that either there must be some radical departure, or ultimately the government itself must be the owner of the railroads.

This came at a time when, by reason of the revival of business activity, and of an enormous excess of exports over imports—itsself made possible by our railroad expansion—there was a great increase of surplus capital in the United States. Intuitively, tentatively, there

began the new development, which was the combination of great systems within certain zones into one control, either sympathetic or direct—"the community of interest," as it was termed.

This movement brought a remarkable group of constructive financiers—Edward Harriman in the far West, the Rockefellers and James Stillman, of New York, and especially J. Pierpont Morgan—into the higher activities of railway expansion. Dominated by the men already named, and by Mr. Speyer and Mr. Schiff, private bankers of New York, by George F. Baker, by George Gould and Russell Sage, by the Belmonts,

representing the Rothschilds, and by the financial interests that are identified with the Vanderbilt name, this movement seems inevitably to point to the concentration of all our railroads into five or six vast groups. Each group will control its own zone—in some cases intersected by the parallels of latitude, and in others by those of longitude. By this new system, say its organizers, ruinous competition shall be finally ended, and we shall see a demonstration of that true law of business prosperity which teaches how to obtain the greatest market and the greatest productive activity. Modern industrial science tells us that these things can be assured only by working with the utmost economy and at the lowest prices consistent with fair profit.

THE NEXT SPEAKER.

BY WILLIAM L. McPHERSON.

JOSEPH G. CANNON, OF ILLINOIS, WHO IS PRACTICALLY CERTAIN TO SUCCEED SPEAKER HENDERSON IN THE OFFICE THAT STANDS SECOND ONLY TO THE PRESIDENCY AS A PLACE OF POWER IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

FEW prizes in national politics are more eagerly fought for than the Speakership of the House of Representatives—a post but little inferior in personal and political importance to the Presidency itself. Struggles for the succession to this office have been, as a rule, intense and long continued. The present Speaker, David B. Henderson, is to retire on March 4, and the gavel is to pass to other hands on the assembling of a new Congress next December. Yet more than a year in advance of the date set by law for the first meeting of the incoming Representatives, the House has decisively indicated its choice for the vacant Speakership. By a simple and intelligible process of natural selection, the mantle of leadership has fallen to the man most fitted to lead—the veteran of most active service, of ripest experience and completest equipment, who could be found in the ranks of the Republican majority. The next Speaker will be Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois.

Mr. Cannon's promotion will come to him in his sixty seventh year—thirty years from the day when he first took his seat in the lower branch of Congress. By birth the next Speaker is a North Carolinian; but in all his characteristics—his mannerisms, his modes of thought, his judgments, and his sympathies—he is of the West, Western. Not of what we now call the Middle West, but of the older frontier West from whose racier and homelier life sprang the generation of Douglas and Lincoln.

Mr. Cannon's ancestors were Quaker stock, who left the Island of Nantucket to seek homes in North Carolina. His

parents migrated westward four years after his birth—which took place at Guilford on the 7th of May, 1836—and settled in Parke County, near the western border of Indiana. His father, a doctor by profession, having been drowned, young Cannon began life as a clerk in a country store. For five years he worked behind the counter, and saved enough money to support himself while he devoted eighteen months to reading law. Then in 1858, when he was twenty two, he moved across into Douglas County, Illinois, and after three hard years he found himself established among his new neighbors in a modest practice.

In 1861 he was elected district attorney of his county, and that office he held continuously until December, 1868. His first taste of national politics he got at the State convention of 1860, which Lincoln attended, and which pledged to Lincoln the enthusiastic support of Illinois for the Republican Presidential nomination.

In 1872 Mr. Cannon was nominated for Congress; and once launched on this new career he virtually gave up law for politics. His district has returned him, with one lapse—1890—for fifteen successive terms, from the Forty Third Congress to the Fifty Eighth.

When he took his seat in the House of Representatives, James G. Blaine was still Speaker. Assigned to the committee on post offices and post roads, he became in his first year chairman of a sub-committee instructed to codify the postal laws. Through this service he won almost immediate recognition, his industry and energy attracting the attention of the party leaders. Progress

was slow, however, in a body so rich in intellect and talent as was the House of that decade.

In the two Congresses following—both strongly Democratic—he found no special opportunity for advancement; but in the next—the Forty Sixth—he was shifted by Speaker Randall to the appropriations committee—a body whose policy he was so conspicuously to shape and master in after years. Under Speaker Keifer's régime, in 1881, when Frank Hiscock took the chairmanship of the committee, Mr. Cannon became its third ranking member. Two Congresses later, under Speaker Carlisle, he had risen to the top of the minority list, and was placed with Thomas B. Reed on the rules committee, then largely an ornamental body.

In the Fifty First Congress—Republican by three majority—he entered the race with Reed, McKinley, Henderson, and Burrows for the Speakership. In the Republican caucus he polled on the first ballot twenty two votes, against seventy eight for Reed, thirty nine for McKinley, sixteen for Henderson, and ten for Burrows. On the second ballot Reed was nominated. Mr. Cannon became chairman of the appropriations committee. He also retained his membership on the rules committee—which was to forge the iron fetters of a new and autocratic system of procedure.

In the struggles which racked the busy, turbulent, belligerent House of 1889-1891, he played an active and responsible rôle. His committee was the first in history to push the appropriations of a single Congress beyond the billion dollar mark. For the many sins charged upon the Republican majority he was among those called upon to pay the penalty. His district rejected him in his one and only losing campaign—that of 1890, the year of a Democratic tidal wave.

In December, 1893, when he re-entered the House, he went to the very foot of the appropriations committee. But in the following year there came a Republican reaction; Reed was re-elected Speaker, and by a unanimous vote Mr. Cannon was reassigned to his old chairmanship. The break in his

service had, however, thrown the leadership on the floor to David B. Henderson; and on Speaker Reed's retirement, in 1899, the Iowa veteran easily made good, against all rivals his claim to the succession.

The influences which elected Colonel Henderson three years ago have this year worked harmoniously in Mr. Cannon's interest. The present Speaker's withdrawal has left him practically the one majority leader whose experience and reputation link him with the political traditions of an earlier generation—with that brilliant company of statesmen which from 1870 to 1890 shed so sparkling a luster on the history of the lower House.

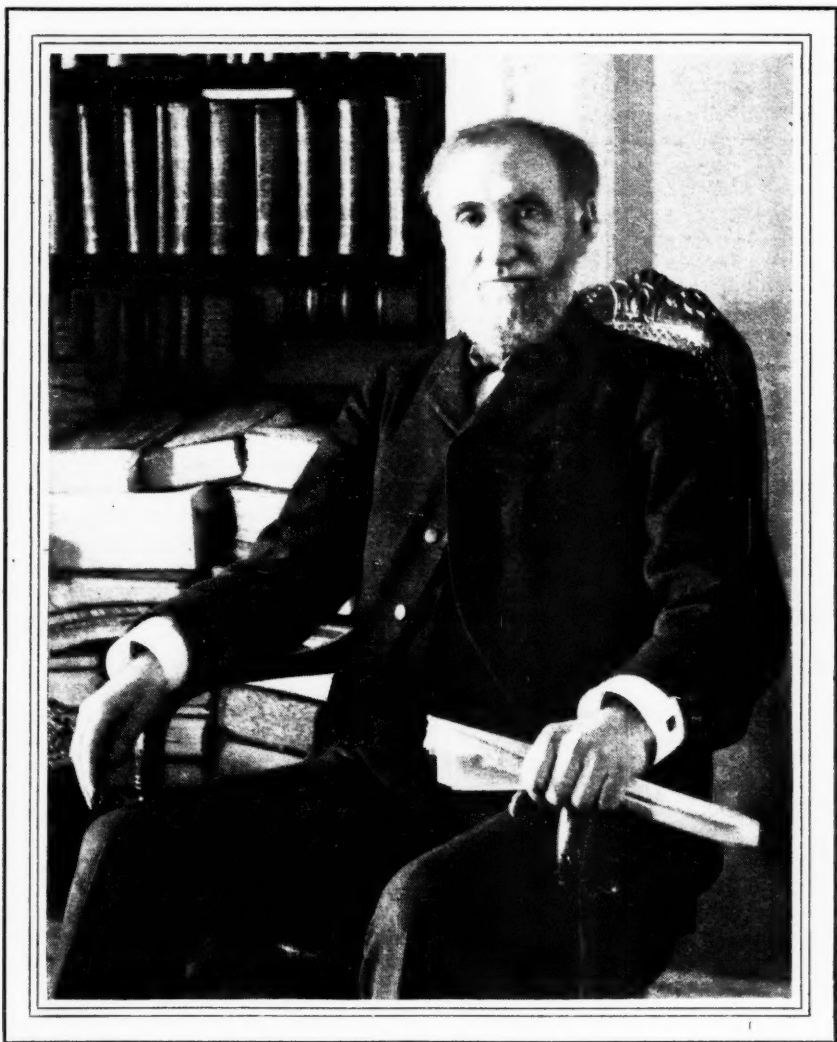
Mr. Cannon's strength and popularity in the representative branch are easily accounted for. His training in the intricacies of legislation, and his intimate familiarity with the workings of the Federal machine, equip him, as few men in either House are equipped, for intelligent and prudent leadership. His rough and ready honesty, his impetuosity, his impatience of affectation and humbug, his homely frankness and simplicity—all these qualities have won him the genuine affection commanded by an open mind and a generous heart. "Uncle Joe" he has long been, and still is, to all his juniors, who find an unbounded satisfaction in the intimate and kindly relation which that adoptive title suggests.

As a legislator Mr. Cannon has made his reputation chiefly as a guardian of the Federal Treasury against unwarranted assaults. He has fought many an appropriation which might have been of public benefit; but he has checkmated hundreds of attempts to commit the government to useless and wasteful expenditures.

As a debater the next Speaker has held his own with many redoubtable opponents. His vigor, his earnestness, his knowledge, his impromptu bursts of superheated argument, make him a formidable antagonist in the rough and tumble contests of which the House is so often the arena. Time and again he has convulsed both floor and galleries with his quaint humor and his oratorical gyrations. When he strips for the

fray—literally as well as metaphorically—with a foeman like "Pete" Hepburn, of Iowa, the House is tolerably certain to witness a gladiatorial combat of spec-

having his own way." If this judgment is to be accepted in its entirety, the next Speaker's success is assured. For in the Speakership, as administered under the



JOSEPH G. CANNON, THE VETERAN CONGRESSMAN FROM ILLINOIS, WHO IS TO BE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE FIFTY EIGHTH CONGRESS.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

tacular vehemence and absorbing interest.

Mr. Hepburn gave it as his opinion, only the other day, that Mr. Cannon was "an aggressive man, disposed to be arbitrary, and passionately addicted to

new conditions fixed by Reed and Crisp, no quality is apparently more desired or needed than a perfect willingness to shoulder its vast responsibilities and to exercise without compunction its autocratic powers.

A Comedy of Cunning.

A STORY OF CONSPIRACY, DIPLOMACY, AND TREASURE TROVE.

BY FRANK SAVILE.

I.

YORGI flung down his chisel and hammer. He wiped his forehead while he blew a long breath.

"I am no lizard," he explained. "For the next hour, look you, I shall get in out of this glare."

Mitri, asquat and basking on a square of marble, grunted placidly. His right hand was in a sling and, as he looked down on it, he purred.

"Sun heat is the gift of the good God," he opined piously. "To feel the warm breath of it above—the warm marble below—to close one's eyes—to smoke——" His voice died away into inarticulate content.

Yorgi kicked him.

"Dullard! Drone! Dormouse!" he alliterated, punctuating savagely with the point of his shoe.

Mitri rose and shuffled hastily out of range.

"Only a poltroon would bully a disabled man," he argued, ending with a squeak as Yorgi took him by the ear and conducted him towards the hut in the shadowed end of the quarry.

"Disabled!" repeated his brother scornfully. "Must I watch you drowse and grunt like a great pig? Am I to slave and slave for the two of us and then be called a bully, simply because you have lost a couple of fingers? When I work, let me tell you, I kick—I kick!" And the indignant Yorgi suited the action to the word.

The victim, though recognizing this as casuistry, was at a loss for a reply. He rummaged his mind meditatively.

"You and your filthy fingers!" added Yorgi, crystallizing the situation and his contempt into seven syllables.

Mitri felt on firmer ground at once.

"Filthy!" he retorted. "They are exquisitely clean!"

He drew a small carton box from his

belt, opened it with the air of one who exposed relics, and gloated over the contents. Yorgi, drawn by a fascination which belied his ostentatious contempt, peered over his shoulder.

Mitri's first and second fingers, fresh, wax-like, neatly bound about the base with white tape, and of a superhuman transparency which they certainly had never worn in active life, lay on cotton wool within.

"Exquisitely clean!" repeated Mitri, touching them with awful appreciation. "Ah, that doctor! He would have flung them away for offal! My fingers, look you, my fingers!"

Yorgi spat upon the marble dust.

"Let us build them a shrine with a golden reliquary," he scoffed. "Go up to the spring for water," he went on, pointing to an earthen jar. "You do not walk, at any rate, upon your fingers."

Mitri, pensively allowing the justice of this contention, took up the pitcher and passed out into the glare. Five minutes later he returned, his track marked by little steaming splashes across the boulders. Yorgi took a deep draft and passed the back of his hand over his lips with camel-like noises of satisfaction.

"Some one comes," Mitri informed him, pointing down the hillside into the green of the arbutus.

Through the open doorway they could see the man toil up the path, an enormous straw hat atilt upon his head, the red of his girdle vivid among the greens and browns of the slope. He looked up, saw them, and waved the preposterous hat cheerily.

"Spiro!" cried the brothers together, and yelled shrilly as they waved back.

They pressed the water jug upon him eagerly as he arrived. He took it gratefully, drew a flask from his pocket,



"NO, NO, I SHOULD LOSE MY FINGERS—MY OWN BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL FINGERS!"

whipped a shining cup from off the end, poured out a modicum of yellow liquid, qualified it from the jug, and drank with immense appreciation. The others stared.

"Is it water you drink, when you have wine?" demurred Yorgi with bewilderment.

"*Ouiski*," said Spiro curtly, pouring out another dram and handing it to his friend—"English *ouiski*."

"Ouf! Ah yah!" sputtered Yorgi as he drank it neat. "Yes, perhaps it goes better with water. Where did you get it?"

Spiro spread abroad his hands comprehensively.

"My gentleman," he replied, "my gentleman who leaves all things whatsoever and his *ouiski* in my care while he goes—where he goes. I care for the *ouiski*—let us all care for the *ouiski*." He sat down upon a marble block and beamed upon them.

"And the little Mitri?" he asked. "Why has he a sling, the lazy little pig?"

They clamored together to tell him how the last of Petropoulos' slabs had fallen on the injured hand and left no link between it and the two first fingers save a shred of skin. Spiro shook his head and swore in sympathy as Mitri spoke of the hospital doctor's callous apathy. He gesticulated with his own fingers to emphasize his remarks, and to call attention to a handsome ring that he wore. Mitri was the first to remark upon it.

"A love gift?" he grinned. "He will wed an heiress, this little cousin of ours?"

Spiro simpered, but shook his head.

"No," said he. "Not that I do not have my opportunities, mark you, but the girls—fat and poor, my friends, fat and poor." He wagged his hands and the light danced upon a bloodstone in the ring. "It is also my gentleman's," he added.

"Why haven't you gone with your gentleman—to Marathon, or where he goes?" demanded Yorgi. "Where *does* he go?"

Spiro rolled a cigarette with two flicks of his fingers. He grinned lavishly as he blew a vast cloud of smoke.

"He is quaint, this Mist'r Fairg'son of mine. It is all so quaint. He is gone a secret mission to Cerigotto—the venerable dove!"

The two quarrymen squealed with incredulity. "To Cerigotto!"

"For three weeks," said Spiro imperturbably. "To dig, and, if God wills, to eat some remarkable foods. I am to have a cameo of the Phidian Athena put in the ring before he returns."

"But to Cerigotto! Why to Cerigotto?" demanded Yorgi.

"As I said, it is all so quaint. On Tuesday, as I go through the Piræus market place with my Mist'r Fairg'son. I meet Nicholas Drakoulis. He is just in from Crete. 'Aho, foolherd,' he bawls, 'where do you lead your ancient goat today?' He was drunk, you see, or half drunk at the least, so I take no notice. He catches at my elbow. 'Still scratching for buried rubbish, Spiro?' he goes on, but I shake him off, for he beshames me to my gentleman. He laughs and will not go. 'By the moon and stars, my dear one,' he says, 'there are more carven marbles in my garlic garden than you will find in all the Peloponnese.'"

"Yes, yes," murmured Yorgi assentingly, "but I, too, know this Nicky Drakoulis."

Spiro nodded.

"Then, see you, when he says that I look at him. 'Aye, my dove,' he giggles. 'I have opened a new garlic patch and the arms and limbs and bodies come up as if it was a cemetery.' So then I prick up my ears and stop."

"This Mist'r Fairg'son of mine, he does not understand. 'What does he say? What does he say?' he asks. So I catch hold of Nicky and shake him up to sober him."

"If your old ram still pastures on chiseled stones, Spiro," says he, "bring him to Cerigotto and he shall gorge his fill."

"I translate to my mist'r, and he makes me take Nicky to a wine shop. There we offer him no wine, but the promise of much if he will answer questions. He goes on boasting of the marble arms and legs that stick up out of his garlic patch. Mist'r Fairg'son, he says: 'Ah, ah!' and rubs his hands."



"IF EVER PHIDIAS CARVED MARBLE, HIS CHISEL PRODUCED THAT. PHIDIAS, MY FRIEND—PHIDIAS!"

and calls Nicky the finest sailor in the Levant. Then he turns upon me like a thunder cloud. 'If you let this come to Herr Steinpickel's ears, Spiridione,' he cries, 'I will murder you!'

"This Steinpickel, see you, is a German who also digs and scratches and hates my mist'r, who hates him. So I swear by all the dearest saints that Herr Steinpickel shall never know if Cerigotto is an island or a new kind of macaroni.

"Then we bargain with Nicky. He is to take Mist'r Fairg'son to Cerigotto and show him the marbles for so much. And I say that, of course, I am to have thirty lepta in every drachma for bringing my old goat to his market. He says no, for so much. I say no again, for so much, and say that he is a thief of thieves. And so we go on; but in the end he takes what I say. Then Mist'r Fairg'son says he is the finest fisherman in all the Mediterranean, and gives him ten drachma on account.

"Then Nicky sends his boy for the bailing slipper from his boat to drink out of, because he says he has often dreamed of doing it, and always woke before he could get it full. So we leave him bailing Retsinado into his mouth from a bucket, with all the Piræus looking on."

"This Nicky, then!" murmured Mitri dreamily. "He has the imagination, mark you."

"And you let him take your gentleman off to Cerigotto?" demanded Yorgi, gaping with astonishment.

"Surely. He went like a conscript escaping from the recruiting officer. For, see you, he is frightened—aye, but he is nervous of this hateful old Steinpickel. The next morning I hand him over to Nicky, who is weeping by reason of his fullness of Retsinado, and he leaves me with orders to deceive the German pig with any tale I like, and to tell them at the hotel that he makes an excursion into the country."

"But they are the droll ones, these English diggers!" quoth Yorgi.

"This was Tuesday. Yesterday I meet Herr Steinpickel and tell him that my master goes to the north for a little mountain air. He says nothing, but grunts. This morning I pick up two

Frenchmen, old and greasy, who say they require to see the folios at Pentele. I bring them to the monastery. I leave them poring over the parchments with the monks and saying that they will not leave till sunset. So I am bored. Then I bethink myself of my little cousins on the hillside. I sweat, but I come. Here am I. Here is the *ouiski*."

"Yes, the *ouiski*," submitted Mitri. "When your gentleman returns from the cheese and botargo of Cerigotto, he will need some of it."

"By that time the pot bellied porter at the hotel will have carelessly dropped the case and broken every bottle, the clumsy rascal!" grinned Spiro resourcefully.

"Eh, but he can play this game!" quoth Yorgi admiringly.

They began to ply him with questions concerning his profits and his wiles, widening the conversational area by degrees to include the cult and the methods of the whole dishonorable company of dragomen. Spiro, mightily inventive where not strangely reminiscent, spoke of various things that are not included in the knowledge of the many. From this absorbing topic they were carefully piloted by Mitri through shallows of local small talk to the supreme subject of the fingers. Spiro had failed to demand a view of these neat relics, and the little quarryman itched to show them.

Spiro rose easily to the bait. He ruminated over the carton box lingeringly, prodding at the contents with much apposite comment.

"You will have to relinquish your treasure in a day or two, my Mitri," said he.

"Never!" retorted the other indignantly. "Never!"

"That is foolish talk. This weather, see you——"

Mitri smiled with a superior air.

"I am going to put them under the drip in the old quarry," he said, "and in five days they will be eased with a glaze of lime. Then I can keep them as long as I will."

Spiro giggled. "Will you build them a shrine?" he asked, unaware that he was plagiarizing Yorgi. "They remind me of my youth, these fingers in their

box. But last time it was ears." He pointed up the mighty slope of Pentelicus behind him. "It was up above the shoulder of the hill there that Sebastos captured the Englishman, Sir Brown, five and twenty years ago. I myself carried his ears to meet the messenger at Pentele. They were slow with their ransom, these sluggard English!"

Yorgi sighed reminiscently.

"Aye, those were the good days," he murmured. "My father, look you, was of Sebastos' band. Marathon to drink instead of this cheap Retsinado, and masticha as oft as any one could be found to bring it. But now what with military service, and the police——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Lure your Mist'r Fairg'son up here when he returns, Spiro," said Mitri, "and we will kidnap him."

"And hide him where?" demanded Spiro scornfully. "Besides, he is gold mine enough for me down in Athens. You shall cut no ears from my Mist'r Fairg'son while I'm his dragoman, you little rascals."

Yorgi started. He stared at Spiro, his mouth agape, his whole pose that of one who has been struck by some sudden pulse of the imagination into the very soul. A moment later he skipped to his feet and plucked at his cousin's sleeve.

"At the hotel, at the hotel?" he demanded. "Do they yet know where he is gone?"

Spiro shook his head. "Nay. I had my orders to deceive even them. This Steinpickel, mark you——"

Yorgi gave a shrill shriek of excitement and began to talk and gesticulate amazingly.

At first Spiro listened with amusement; then with boundless laughter; finally with sincerity and every sign of approval. Mitri, however, heard his brother from the first with nothing but distrust, and gained several promiscuous kicks by the unwisdom of his interruptions. In the end both brother and cousin were haranguing him uproariously, while he, bleating protests, shook his head like a mandarin.

"No," he shrilled, "no, I should lose my fingers—my own beautiful, beautiful fingers!"

Whereupon they closed in upon him and began to kick him discreetly, but with complete precision.

II.

M. TARADAXOS, minister of foreign complications, looked out upon the square that hummed with animation below his windows and felt inclined to hang himself decently from his own balcony. He could hear the yells of the newsboys; the evening papers fluttered from hand to hand like a flight of many soiled doves. Groups of peasants, soldiers, business men, and idlers—the last in great force—quivered with excitement. Instead of counting meditatively at their amber rosaries, disputants waved them fiercely over their heads. They gesticulated. They stormed. They raved.

The occasion had had no parallel since the news of Pharsala came to paralyze the national conceit. For, behold, the brigands had arisen like shadows out of the past. Not ten miles away, on the slopes of Pentelicus, an Englishman had been captured in the light of the midday sun. His dragoman had been released to demand a ransom of ten—twenty—fifty—a hundred thousand drachmas! And they were in earnest—these assassins—by the devil and all his imps, they were in earnest! They had sent the unfortunate gentleman's forefinger as proof that they were not to be trifled with!

There was a counter irritant at the minister's side, but one that brought him little ease of his despair. Sir Lancelot Spedding, chief of H. B. M. legation, had called to say that the news reaching the people of England over the telegraph wires had greatly moved them. They required the living and—as far as possible—the complete body of Mr. James Ferguson at the hands of the Hellenic government.

"My dear Sir Lancelot," piped the good man in his shrill Levantine voice, "the whole countryside has been scoured. There isn't a bush within fifteen miles of Pentelicus that a policeman or a soldier has not thrust sword or bayonet through. We have had at least forty villagers imprisoned and—

and inquired of. They are extremely anxious to give information, but we cannot hear a word—not a word! We are at our wit's end. If Mr. Ferguson had only given us some idea of his whereabouts, we could act. If he had given his dragoman a note——”

“Perhaps he cannot write with his left hand,” interrupted H. B. M. chief of legation drily.

M. Taradaxos swore undiplomatic oaths.

“Another finger arrived this morning,” said Sir Lancelot.

“Another!”

“With his signet ring upon it, that there should be no mistake.”

“How? When? Why were not the police informed?”

“It was left in the legation letter box wrapped in a piece of paper. There was one word written on the wrapper—‘Hasten.’”

The minister cursed the penny post and all the letter boxes with some fluency.

“Without wishing to put undue pressure on your excellency,” went on the diplomatist, “I must point out that there is a simple way out of the difficulty.”

“No!” said the other decisively.

“Yes!” said the Englishman. “Pay the ransom.”

M. Taradaxos whizzed around on his pivot chair like a teetotum.

“That is impossible—quite, quite, quite impossible,” he declared. “For fifteen years brigandage has been dead among us. This is a vile attempt to revive it. Let it succeed, and behold, it will arise throughout the country everywhere. No! We are prepared to spend almost any amount in rescue, but a ransom—that is absolutely out of the question, my very dear Sir Lancelot.”

The very dear Sir Lancelot shrugged his shoulders.

“I have instructions to inform you that after tomorrow we take the matter into our own hands. We shall pay and subsequently recover the amount from you.”

The minister gnashed his teeth and used unbecoming words concerning H. B. M. government, resulting in H. B. M. representative assuming his most

wooden and official demeanor and quitting the office in the most decorously offended style. The ruffled Taradaxos took himself and his complications into the adjoining and appropriate sanctum of the minister of war; to whom he unburdened himself, proving himself at the same time to be master of such a wealth of invective as lifted him into the very highest planes of his colleague's respect.

Sir Lancelot, on his return to the legation, gave orders that Mr. Ferguson's dragoman was to interview him at an early hour on the following morning, and sought a sedative for official worries by a drive upon the Tatoi road; whence, about the falling of dusk, he was interested to note that another regiment of infantry was shuffling through the dust of the trail that leads upon Pentelicus. In Athens he found a new excitement agog. News had come that Professor Steinpickel, the eminent archaeologist, had made a stupendous discovery of Persian bronzes behind the Marathonian Soros. If in the morning social and political Athens had been moved, in the evening learned Athens was convulsed.

Spiridione Vavados, standing before Sir Lancelot next morning, cap in hand, allowed his emotion to overmaster him.

“My beloved master!” he wailed. “See you, excellency, he will be slowly carven into pieces. These wolves will snip him into particles if this ransom comes not!”

He snuffled in the fantastic glories of his handkerchief.

The chief of legation, who had not the honor of Mr. Ferguson's acquaintance, retained sufficient calm to light a cigarette. But even he was grave. He nodded.

“The government refuses to allow the ransom to be paid,” said he doubtfully.

Spiro produced his countenance from behind the bandanna.

“The government!” quoth he scornfully. “The government indeed! Excellency, give me the money. Let me take this twenty thousand drachmas to these men, and my master is safe. Cruel they are, and they are bandits; but they have their honor. But, excellency, there

is need of haste. Next time it will be a hand—a foot—perhaps, God knows, an eye!"

His excellency's gaze wandered to his writing table. Open, face upward, lay the cipher of the last despatch from his government. It contained, among other things, an excerpt from the *Daily Tale*, just to give him an idea of popular feeling at a time when feelings were exceedingly popular. He crossed and uncrossed his legs undecidedly.

"There is a strong cordon of troops round the mountain," he demurred.

Spiridione grunted disdainfully.

"Does the excellency know the pay of a lieutenant, or even of a major?" he inquired.

His excellency did.

"An extra fifty drachmas to touch the palm of any officer in the line—and I go where I will," continued Spiro with assurance.

A clerk entered with another telegram. It is understood that when a goad has to be applied to a subordinate at a distance, Downing Street does not disdain the use of threats. Sir Lancelot learned in one extremely curt glance that this was no time for hesitation. Five minutes later Spiridione, concealing about his person eight hundred English sovereigns, brimming with sanguine hopes, and enunciating pious aspirations for the health of the chief of legation, of Mr. Ferguson, the porter, and of all and several who serve the King of England in whatsoever capacity, was descending the staircase, bound, so it was understood, for the slopes of Pentelicus. He but paused upon the threshold to don his blue spectacles before he dared the midday glare.

In a cloud of dust a carriage and pair flew round the corner. From it was vomited an ancient bearded gentleman, who gained the entrance steps at a bound. He cannoned against Spiridione and flung him backwards into the hall. The dragoman could not avoid an exclamation.

The newcomer started, peered fiercely through his pince nez, and grabbed at the Greek.

"Pig dog!" he screamed. "Knave of all knaves! What is the meaning of this conspiracy?"

In his youth Spiridione had figured with some success in the Panhellenic Games. It is even said that he ran a good third in the great Athens—Piræus International Handicap. He justified his ancient prowess without delay. He tore himself loose, darted into the street, and was lost in a maze of alleys on the instant. Of his further progress nothing is known save negatively. He made no ascent of Pentelicus.

His late antagonist was impatiently bellowing the name of H. B. M. representative.

"Sir Spedding! Sir Spedding!" he bawled. "I must see Sir Spedding this very moment!"

"What name?" quoth the porter suavely.

The graybeard tore a card from a case.

"Professor Ludwig Hermann Steinpickel!" he gobbled. "Many thousand devils, man, do you not know Professor Steinpickel?"

Adding a shade of deliberation to his movement as a laxative to the professor's excitement, the porter took the card and presently ushered its owner into Sir Lancelot's presence. The German wasted neither time nor breath on salutations.

"Mr. Ferguson—Mr. Ferguson?" he demanded. "What is this about Mr. Ferguson?"

Sir Lancelot motioned him to a chair.

"I thought his whereabouts were already notorious," he said with becoming gravity. "He is in the hands of brigands on Pentelicus."

Steinpickel bounced from the chair as if it was red hot.

"No!" he shrieked fiercely. "No! He is on Cerigotto—Cerigotto! Since three days back. Thunder and lightning! On Cerigotto, I tell you."

His excellency was no geographer.

"Cerigotto?" he pondered.

"Cerigotto—an island—in the south—close to Crete. I myself saw him start—I myself, I tell you!"

Sir Lancelot was regarding him with meditative apprehension.

"Yes?" he observed soothingly, and measured the distance to the bell pull with a furtive eye.

The other, noting the diplomat's sig-

nificant glance, endeavored to moderate his emotions.

"No, no, Sir Spedding," he explained impatiently. "I am not mat. But here, understand you, is some extraordinary conspiracy. I—I myself—saw my frent Ferguson off to Cerigotto. Owing to plans of my own, he sailed with one Nicholas Drakoulis three days back. Without a doubt he sailed."

"Yet we have received his fingers from Pentelicus," said the diplomatist coldly.

"No!" declared the professor vehemently. "Look you—it is this way. He and I alone have the permit to tig on the Marathonian *soros*—he and I alone. Five tays ago I come on this hoard of bronzes—beautiful Persian bronzes. Could I keep that secret? Within four and twenty hours I knew that my frent Ferguson would be at my side to rob me, perhaps, of half my tiscovery. So I consider. I get a certain man—this Drakoulis, in fact—to come to Mr. Ferguson with tales of marbles on Cerigotto. So he comes. The goot Ferguson hears, believes, and goes without delay, chust as I wished. Then I preathe freely and return to my tiggling at Marathon. Yesterday I hear this wonderful tale of brigants. I come at the gallop. It is some lie—some truly wondrous lie of this lowest pit begotten tragoman of his, Spiridione Vavados."

His excellency stared at the little German with solemnly apprehensive eyes.

"The dragoman has just started for Pentelicus with Mr. Ferguson's ransom," he said.

The Teuton shrieked with rage.

"The vile brigant!" he screamed. "And I allowed him to escape! But we shall have him yet—a thousand tevils we shall have him! Let us go—let us telegraph—let us raise an uproar for him—the scheming knave—the viper—the fox!"

He skipped down the legation staircase, snorting with rage, while Sir Lancelot, pausing for nothing save his white umbrella, followed him with little less agility. They sent the carriage at a hard gallop to the office of the minister of complications.

M. Taradaxos, with an insight into his compatriots that the foreigner has not been trained to possess, was swift to gather the gist of the gesticulating professor's story and theories. The storm center spread abroad through the government offices.

At the word of the chief of police detectives fled to secure the person of Spiridione Vavados at all costs. Orders flew behind galloping orderlies from the minister of war to the troops that cordoned Pentelicus. Nor was the minister for the navy left outside the disturbed area. A torpedo boat, new and swift, was telephoned to at the Piræus, with commands to get under steam and await a party that would board her within the hour.

Within that hour she was speeding south, bearing on her decks Professor Steinpickel, half a dozen detectives, and the first secretary of the British legation. The following morning she entered the open roadstead on Cerigotto's northern front.

So it was that Mr. Ferguson, standing in the ruins of Nicholas Drakoulis' garlic patch, dropped, at the sound of a familiar voice, the platter which he had just unearthed. Coming over the brow of the hill, Steinpickel had recognized him with an unearthly scream of triumph. The brittle ware was smashed to atoms.

"Oh, dear!" said Ferguson—or words to that effect. All the witnesses are as one as to the initial consonant of the second word.

Steinpickel rolled at his friend's feet, nearly weeping with excitement. The detectives made a grinning circle of expectant surprise. Ferguson examined his discoverers with extreme and manifest disfavor.

"It is absolutely monstrous that you should dog me in this fashion," he snarled at his rival.

"Tog you! Tog you!" bawled the other. "*Gott in Himmel!* We rescue you—we save you—we pring you pack from the fool's chase. *Saperlipoppette*, there is no tog nor cat here, look you!"

"I claim all these that I have discovered!" cried Ferguson. "I claim them!" He waved his hands abroad comprehensively.

For the first time Steinpickel became aware that the surrounding earth was strewn with fragments of gleaming white. One large object was carefully covered with an old sail. He laid a hand upon it and roughly twitched off the covering.

Ferguson at first made as if he would have prevented him. Then the exultation of triumphant discovery would not be denied.

"Aye, look!" he cried. "Look! Perfect—all but perfect! And if ever Phidias carved marble, his chisel produced that. Phidias, my friend—Phidias!"

The German gave one searching look. To his fevered eyes it seemed that the marble lips had a smile of contempt for him. He staggered back into a detective's arms, almost fainting.

"*Mein Gott!*" he wailed gaspingly. "*Mein Gott!*" And it was I who sent him here—I!"

III.

THREE months later on the hillside, Yorgi, finishing the reading of a letter that bore an American postmark, heaped execrations on the writer. The envelope had contained no remittance.

"This Spiro!" he concluded. "If I could take one running kick at him—just one!"

"And my fingers," whimpered Mitri—"my beautiful, beautiful fingers that are gone!"

Yorgi looked at him with lurid eyes.

"One must kick something," he mused passionately, and at once gave Mitri the benefit of the theory.

A SUNDOWN LYRIC.

THE disenchantment of the day
Dissolves in dusk and disarray,
And all the forces of unrest
Blaze their red banners on the west;
Bugling up the bands to follow
Where the rallied colors gleam,
Over sea and hill and hollow
To the conquest of the dream.

What tales of mystery enfold
That Spanish west of blood and gold!—
Those ever undiscovered shores
That lured the grim conquistadors
Through seas uncharted, where they never
Raised the land they sought to hail.
Round the sunset world forever
Still the lost adventurers sail.

And still we follow, for we know
That where those flaming signals flow
Runs that brave road of change and chance,
The heart's desire, the world's romance;
Leading westward; ever leading
On beyond our dusk confines;
Ever on the sky receding
Faintly El Dorado shines.

They vanish down the waning west,
The fiery legions of unrest,
Toward that dim goal where dreams aspire,
The world's romance, the heart's desire.
Follow! Follow! Dusk is falling;
Flaming streamers fade and fail;
Still the bugles, dying, calling,
Hale our hearts along the trail!

Frank Lillie Pollock.

An Address Delivered by Mr. Munsey before the Merchants' Club of Boston on December 16

IN WHICH HE SKETCHES A SPLENDID JOURNALISM FOR THE FUTURE, AND DISCUSSES THE TWO GREAT ISSUES OF THE DAY, THE POWER OF ORGANIZED LABOR AND THE POWER OF ORGANIZED CAPITAL.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Merchants' Club of Boston:

YOU may naturally expect me to say something about journalism, as my name is more or less connected with this line of work. There are two or three reasons, however, why I shall not say very much on the subject. One is that I am now the publisher of a Boston newspaper, and this precludes my taking advantage of your hospitality to exploit my recent acquisition.

If it had been my good fortune to be with you a year or more ago, at one of your banquets, I might have talked with some freedom about newspaper making. One can always talk with freedom when no responsibility attaches to his words—when it is the other fellow's problem under discussion, not his own. There is nothing that brings a man down to earth quite like the doing of things, quite like the counting room point of view. These are the things that curb fancy and hammer it into sober practicality.

THE IDEAL AND THE PRACTICAL.

Now that I am one of you, in a sense, and have entered upon the actual work of publishing a daily paper in this community, it behooves me to be cautious about setting up a lot of ideal standards of journalism. You would certainly expect me to measure up to them, to square myself with them. There is a wide difference between publishing a newspaper from the rostrum and issuing one from a newspaper shop.

Modern journalism in big towns is quite difficult enough, quite exacting enough to tax a man's brain and energy to the limit, without his feeling com-

pelled to live up to a lot of after dinner utterances.

There is an infinite amount of nonsense talked by theorists of one kind and another; and unfortunately it all sounds just as well, and reads just as well, as the nuggets of practical wisdom dug out of the rock bed of experience by the workers of life—men who know, and think, and do.

Your distinguished president, and my good friend, General Taylor, is one of these workers, whose knowledge of journalism has been wrested from the substratum of things, where courage and faith and hands that are strong as steel can alone work to any purpose.

Beside such a man, and beside the other eminent journalists of this city, I am a veritable novice at newspaper making. They have all had long years of serious work in the field, and know the game thoroughly. My efforts have been mainly along other lines.

Of course I have done a lot of thinking about the problem before me here in Boston, and have naturally worked out a few conclusions. What they are, whether good or bad, will develop in due time in the *Journal* itself.

A NEW ENGLAND BOY'S AMBITION.

I am not altogether a stranger among you. I am New England born and bred, and New England, I think, through and through, in temperament and character. I know your country and your people as I know myself. I am of the same stock, and have inherited something of your ambition and your energy. In getting back here, as I have in a way, I feel that I am getting home, am coming among my own people.

When I had grown to be big enough to look from the little Maine farm, on past the metropolis of my own State, it was the gilded dome of Boston that caught my vision, and Boston was the center of the world to me for many years thereafter. But in all the air castles of those old days—and I do not mind telling you that they absorbed me soul and body—in all these fancies I never pictured myself as the owner of a Boston newspaper, much less the owner of the great *Boston Journal*. And it was great as newspapers went at that time, and great as a continent to my boy eyes. My ambition was practically boundless, I am certain; but the ownership of such a newspaper, and in such a city, was beyond all earthly hope. I should have had positive contempt for an air castle that had suggested such a thing. It would have been mockery, cruel, grinning mockery, and nothing else.

Because I was a dreamer as a boy, I fancied I was good for nothing. Everybody said that a dreamer was good for nothing, and I accepted the statement as gospel. Realizing that I was very much up against it, I set about trying to drive away these visions of a brighter and more beautiful world. But I made no headway.

Where one went out, ten came in. And yet it is to these very dreams, gentlemen, despised and belittled as they were, that I owe fundamentally much of whatever progress I have made in life. But for them, but for this faculty of thinking, analyzing, constructing, I should not be here with you tonight.

TO BOSTON VIA NEW YORK.

The gates of your city were not open to me from the point of the rising sun. I could not get in from the East. It was a walled paradise to my young ambition. Those early dreams of a life of usefulness and influence and power—of position and friendships among the great folk of this wonderful Boston, of good clothes, fine horses, and the fat of the land generally—those early dreams, poor dear things that kept my soul alive, were shattered and broken into a hopeless mass.

But courage, if it be of the kind that does things, knows no rebuffs. Failing

to get into Boston from the natural side of attack to an Eastern man, I moved on to the west of you, and from that point as a basis of operations, and after twenty years of strategic work, I have at last achieved the ambition of the old days. My air castles are crystallized into reality—I am in very fact within the shadow of that gilded dome, but my entrance has been effected from the West, not from the East. And now that I am here it is not to me the earthly heaven of my boyhood fancies, not a life of fine clothes and the fat of the land, and of hobnobbing with the great folk of the town, but a life of work, strenuous, serious, intense work.

THE GIANTS OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

I believe that there is no line of endeavor more difficult, and few so difficult, as that of daily journalism, when conducted on broad, big lines. The ruling spirit, the Great White Czar, of a big newspaper, the man who dominates every department and everything, who stamps his personality on all branches, business and editorial alike, on every one from the biggest editor down to the printer's devil—such an executive must be, I say, a God created genius if he measure up to the stature of Bennett and Pulitzer and Taylor and the others who have created and are creating tremendous engines of power out of their newspapers.

Few men have both the literary and the business instinct in sufficient measure to become great generals in the newspaper world. In manufacturing or railroading or banking it is not strictly necessary that a man have a very wide range of knowledge beyond his own particular line. But in journalism he must have a keen literary sense, a keen news sense, must know affairs, must be warmly in touch with human nature, must be ably equipped on public questions, and, in addition, must be a business man the equal of the giants in finance and other great enterprises.

Now I am not this kind of man. I haven't the stature by a thousand feet. But I think I shall be able to make good by the power of organization, and by applying the methods that are now employed by our great business combina-

tions, popularly known as the trusts. In my judgment it will not be many years—five or ten, perhaps—before the publishing business of this country will be done by a few concerns, three or four at most. There will be a line of newspapers representing each of the two great political parties, and another chain independent in politics.

THE JOURNALISM OF THE FUTURE.

When this stage is reached, gentlemen, you may expect to find on your breakfast table in the morning, and on your drawingroom table in the evening, newspapers of a grade of excellence of which the most sanguine mind has never yet dreamed. It will all be possible then; it is not possible now, with the merciless competition that confronts a newspaper publisher.

Everything from the cradle to the grave is more or less of a compromise. There is no place where this principle bears harder, if so hard, as in journalism. There is no man who despises the wretched, sloppy newspaper of today, with its fakes and its insincerities, so much as the proprietor himself. But the public, with its feverish appetite for sensations, runs to the paper that is most graphic in these wonder tales. Much of the advertising a newspaper is compelled to carry in order to keep the machinery moving, sickens and disgusts the publisher. It is an insult to the reader and a disgrace to journalism. But with competition reduced to a minimum, there will be no occasion, no excuse, for this sort of thing. The advertisers will no longer dictate to publishers, and dishonest and disreputable advertising will disappear forever from our newspapers.

Then genius of the highest order will shape and mold both our news and our editorial columns, and hundred thousand dollar men will fill the places of the two and three thousand dollar men of today. Organizations of such scope can command the learning and culture and cleverness of all the world. They can place masters at the head of every branch. And with such a staff, your newspaper, gentlemen, will be a daily treasure box of news and intellectual expression, of literature and art and

research and knowledge. It will in fact be a veritable university for the people.

THE SPEAKER'S PURPOSE IN JOURNALISM.

It is some such ideal as this that has tempted me into daily journalism. I have already done vastly more work than most workers of the world are willing to do. I do not need to take upon myself these additional burdens. I do not need, even, to keep on with the work that has become so closely identified with my life. But I hold to the idea that when God has given a man the health and the capacity to do things, He expects him to give a good account of his stewardship. Whatever we have of ability is loaned to us. We have not created it, and are entitled to no credit for it. Don't let us fool ourselves about this.

Just what I shall be able to accomplish along the line of this better journalism is problematical. My chain of newspapers is already started. The *Boston Journal* is the third on my list. The *Washington Times* was first, and the *New York Daily News* the second. Of course I must move along slowly until I can get around me the brilliant and able men that can make themselves felt, and this is largely a work of growth and development. Moreover, my chain of dailies is not yet large enough to warrant hundred thousand dollar salaries. But when it has grown to embrace a thousand newspapers in a thousand towns—and this is well within the compass of the scheme—then no expense, however great for the general staff, can be felt by the individual paper.

I realize that it is possible I may not go very far with this undertaking, but I know that if I fall by the wayside some one more worthy than myself will take up the work and carry it on to the ultimate possibilities I have indicated. Meanwhile I shall have the matchless pleasure and the supreme delight that come only to him who is working out great problems. There is nothing in all the world so fascinating, so dramatic.

THE TWO GREAT ISSUES OF THE DAY.

This leads me naturally, Mr. President and gentlemen, to the two issues

on which I wish to crave your indulgence, namely, the power of combined labor and the power of combined capital. These, as I see them, are the two paramount questions of the present period; and they are not confined to America alone, but embrace the entire world.

Every now and again a new force has been discovered, as civilization has groped down through the ages. One has recently awakened to a full realization of its power, and already it has revolutionized our industrial system and threatens the very government itself. It is the force of combination—combination exemplified alike in labor and in capital. The existence of the former made certain the appearance of the latter.

No people who have an ounce of good red blood in their veins, and who have loyalty and love of country at heart—men, I mean, in all that goes to make a man's life worth the living—no such men will permit a neighboring country to organize an invading army without themselves organizing and arming to protect their lands, their country, and their homes.

It was this invading army of organized labor that made organized capital inevitable. The one could not exist and the other not spring up in self defense. No power this side of Heaven could have stopped it, and no power this side of Heaven can stop it now. Inconvenient as is this revolution in our business and industrial life, I am nevertheless glad it has come about—glad we have the labor organizations and glad we have the trusts. It is another step forward in the evolution of the world. Both mean a higher order of things, shorter hours, better wages, better citizenship for labor, and a more economical and scientific method of conducting business.

Everything rests on the solid foundation of cause and effect. Had capital always been fair and generous with labor, there would have been no organized labor. It was the abuse of labor on the part of capital that compelled labor to organize—to organize in self defense, and with a manly regard for rational dignity. To a greater or less extent it

had been downtrodden, misused, and abused for centuries.

Organization gave it a power of which it had little dreamed; and like any power suddenly attained, it was bound sooner or later to assert itself unfairly and unwisely. This was both human and inevitable. But organized capital has had, and will continue to have, a steadying effect on the opposing army of organized labor. It is a force big enough and powerful enough to command the respect of labor, and to cause it to pause and think. Organized labor unopposed could not fail to become its own worst enemy. The same would be true of organized capital. Either would develop into a tyrant.

A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION NEEDED.

If we had a system of government better suited to the great nation we are, and the vastly greater nation we are to be, the problem would be comparatively easy. I will grant it is an extremely difficult one today; but this simply emphasizes the need of concerted action, the need of a campaign of education on the part of the citizenship of America, to take up these two vital questions and discuss them calmly and fairly.

We cannot expect the politicians to do this work for us. They won't do it, because all the world just now is crying out hysterically against the trusts. Politicians never lead; they follow. They see only the present and what the present means to them. No great business concern could ever hope to take its place at the front, working on so short sighted a policy. No people can ever be great who see merely the present and think not of the future.

The trust, however bad it is today, however crude and untamed, has in it the true principle of doing business. It has come into being both in response to organized labor and in obedience to the demands of industry and commerce. Instead of being an enemy to man, it means ultimately more luxury to labor, and to all the people, than can come from an obsolete and impossible system.

I am not talking theory in this assertion, gentlemen, I am talking what I know to be true. I have done some investigating in a field that comes pretty

close home to labor, and pretty close home to every one who eats.

A TEST OF THE POWER OF ORGANIZATION.

I have now in operation a chain of twenty or more provision stores, under the name of The Mohican Company. All but two of these have been established within the last ten months, and the result of this experiment makes it certain that the people can be fed, and fed precisely as they are now fed, at not over sixty cents on the dollar of the present cost. A hundred thousand people in New England alone are now buying bread from The Mohican Company at three cents a loaf—bread of the same size and quality as that which cost them five cents before The Mohican Company hammered down the price.

With an organization broad enough to encompass ten thousand stores, the outlet would be so stupendous that the average price of all provisions would not exceed this same sixty cents on the dollar.

Such an organization would refine its own sugar, grind its own flour, import its own coffees and teas and spices. It would slaughter its own meats, produce its own butter and cheese, and would manufacture all the other products that go to complete a perfect provision store. There would be no middleman here, no dividends on watered stock, no tribute to any one, no waste anywhere.

I have made mention of this Mohican business not to exploit it or advertise it, but merely to convince you that I am not dreaming. An ounce of experience is sometimes worth a ton of theory. Publishing is my life work, but I have given time enough and thought enough to this problem of feeding the people, and have spent money enough, to make me sure of my ground.

OUR DUTY TO OUR MATCHLESS COUNTRY.

And what can be done for the people by the power of organization in this line and in journalism, can be done equally

well and with equal certainty in other lines. Whatever dwarfs industry and cripples business, cripples labor most. Each is dependent on the other. The newspaper or the individual or the organization that tells you differently is an enemy to the best interests of the people and to the whole country.

We are only a little more than a hundred years old, as a nation, and yet none other can measure up to us in wealth and power and achievement. We have been free from the traditions that have damned and are still damning the countries of Europe. We have absorbed everything new as it came along—everything that meant greater progress, resulting in achievements that have stunned and staggered the old world. Shall this matchless stride be checked? Shall we now stretch out our hands to this accursed conservatism and let it dominate our national life? This is just what we shall be doing, gentlemen, if we permit vote seeking legislators to batter organized capital into a monstrosity.

Isn't it the part of wisdom, instead, to improve the trust, to control it, and to make it the servant of the people? Don't let politicians lead you, don't let demagogues dictate to you, but take up these two issues and settle them wisely, justly, and we shall have the most magnificent economic system of the civilized world.

I am not making a plea for the trust that seeks to oppress the people; I am arguing merely for the principle of organized capital. I am arguing for it because it is right, and because it suits the vastness of our undertakings of to-day. Organized labor needs no defense. Its place is secure, is certain.

I am not the hired attorney of any trust or organization. I am free, and shall remain free, and my newspapers shall remain free to stand up for whatsoever seems to me to be right and just—whatsoever seems to me to be for the best interests of the people and of this matchless country of ours.

THE HOURS.

WHY talk of years and centuries and ages?

What mean such mighty scrolls of time to thee?

It is the hours that proffer thee their pages

Whereon to trace life's brief epitome!

Clarence Urmy.

A Joy Denied.

A STORY INVOLVING A PROBLEM IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY DAVID H. TALMADGE.

Heroes are of many sorts,
But the best we never hear of.
—*Opinion of Israel Wiggins.*

THE first part of the story was told to me by my friend Dorton, one evening years ago, while we sat upon the front porch of a farmhouse in the Redstone Hills, where we were vacationizing and economizing at one and the same time, which is an excellent idea. An old man, the owner of the place, was solemnly wagging the handle of a pump in the foreground. Under the apple trees near the driveway a girl, the old man's daughter, swung gently in a hammock and read from a book in the waning light.

Dorton alternately contemplated the old man and the girl, then sighed and looked at me with the expression of one who is beset by doubt and inclined to melancholy. This was after I had questioned him as to the two weeks by which his stay at the farmhouse had already exceeded mine.

"I knew you'd ask something like that," he said pettishly.

"And why should I not?" I demanded.

"There is no reason whatever," he replied, "except that I expected it, and am naturally disgusted with you in consequence. Hang it, old chap, don't you know that the surest way to lose the respect of the world is to do the things that are expected of you? When will you learn the lesson?"

"I do not wish to learn any confoundedly idiotic old lesson," I interrupted brilliantly. "I did not come up here to learn anything, but to forget temporarily what little I have already learned. You're in a beastly unpleasant state of mind. If for any reason you do not wish to remove the screen from the two weeks just gone, I beg you will not do so. I care not one jot."

Then I turned my face rigidly towards the sunset, and puffed vigorously at a cheap cigar, while he whistled lightly between his teeth.

Dorton is ever saddest when he whistles between his teeth. He contends that soul may be blown out as effectually in that manner as through the medium of the voice or a flute, and that it is a method much more satisfactory to people like him who resemble in certain respects the wood violet. So I permitted him to whistle without interruption, knowing that when the time came he would explode in words. 'Tis ever thus with the soulful.

After a time he ventured a compliment for the sunset, and I grunted perfunctorily. An expression of pain appeared upon his face. Then, suddenly, his back straightened, and his feet, which had been resting upon the railing of the porch, dropped with a thud.

"Fact is, old chap," he blurted, "I've been amusing myself by falling in love."

"Yes?" I said, feigning, or endeavoring to feign, a lack of interest. "That creature who poured our tea this evening, I suppose?"

He nodded.

"Is she aware of it?" I asked.

"No—that is, I haven't told her. I don't think I shall tell her. I'm afraid."

Being well acquainted with Dorton, I laughed; but the serious look in his eyes remained unchanged.

"I've been prowling about the neighborhood somewhat," he went on, "and I've heard things. If I hadn't, 'tis not at all unlikely that I'd have introduced you to the future Mrs. Dorton this afternoon. The girl is worthy of the best man on earth. I rather incline to the notion that she likes me. And I never before saw a girl whom I wanted to marry."

This was believable. Dorton was not

a man of many loves. He was, if I mistake not, considered cold and unresponsive by the femininity of the social circles in which he moved.

"But I have, as I say, heard things. It seems that her mother was afflicted for years with a disorder of the throat. It carried her off at last, and the neighbors say that her husband interrupted one of the most affecting funeral sermons ever preached in these parts by chuckling. It was understood that grief had unhinged his mind, although he seemed rational enough in other respects. My own opinion, formed after an exhaustive interview with the next door neighbor, a good natured old fellow who chummed in boyhood with the woman's husband, and who has seen him every day since, is that the demonstration at the funeral service was entirely reasonable and excusable. The old man was utterly powerless to prevent it, yet it reflected in no wise upon the condition of his mind. His endurance, strained for years, snapped in the emotion of the moment. There was nothing of irrationality in it, nothing of irreverence. It was simply nature, plain nature, asserting itself. Richard was himself again."

He was silent for an interval, his gaze resting dreamily upon the old man at the pump, still laboring that the thirst of the cattle might be quenched, and upon the girl in the hammock, who had closed her book and was lying, her head pillowed upon her hands, viewing the sunset. Then he continued.

"Forty years is a long time to struggle against natural impulses, a cruelly long time when the impulses are good. Were I to marry now I'd be just as old as he in forty years. Merciful heaven, think of it! I could not do it—no, I really couldn't."

"Oh, yes, you could," I put it cheerfully. "There are many men in the world who have endured it for fifty years, and even longer."

He glanced at me reproachfully. "You do not understand," he said. "This man's wife had a weak throat. Whenever she laughed a paroxysm of coughing followed. It was the same when she talked in the high key of excitement. She coughed until her

strength was gone, and she was compelled to lie down. At times she would sink to the floor, all but fainting. Yet she was not considered constitutionally ill; the doctors did not characterize the trouble as a disease. It was simply a weakness, inherent and incurable. She was strong in all other respects. She did the house work. She brought up her child. She lived long.

"The next door neighbor tells me that as a boy and as a young man her husband was of the volatile sort, keen to see the humorous side of things, almost passionately fond of good company, ever ready to frolic or to exchange jokes; yet withal quick to anger, as such natures usually are. For such a man, forty years of life with a woman who could not laugh without seriously compromising her welfare, to whom excitement meant physical suffering, must have seemed well nigh an eternity. Is it any wonder, think you, that a chuckle escaped him at the funeral? During the greater portion of forty years he had suppressed his nature. He had controlled his temper when he must have been aggravated almost beyond endurance, for the next door neighbor tells me from out the richness of his own experience that there is nothing on earth so trying as a nagging, complaining wife, and that this man's wife became such a one. He voluntarily discarded the bright colors for the somber. It all ended at last—and he chuckled. The wonder is that he did not dance and shout pæans."

"And you are afraid to marry this girl because she may inherit her mother's weakness?" I asked.

"Not because she may, my boy, but because she has inherited it. She is even now taking treatment for her throat. Her father told me so last night; and at the same time he told me that she resembled her mother, and praised God for it. Whereupon I went to my room, and, like an idiot, tossed and tumbled for three mortal hours, trying to appreciate his point of view. And then, upon my word, old chap, I flopped out of bed and knelt in prayer. I wanted wisdom, and I wanted it exceeding much. I prayed, but—hush, she is coming."

The girl approached the porch, and paused to exchange a commonplace upon the beauty of the evening. Then she passed slowly across the lawn towards the orchard.

Dorton leaned forward and laid his hand on my arm, following her with his eyes. His voice was husky.

"Old chap," he said hastily, "you don't mind if I leave you, do you?"

"Not in the least," I assured him. "You make me rather weary, any way."

He laughed, and strode away through the dusk after the girl. It was morning when I saw him again, and upon his face was the light of a great happiness. It has not yet ceased to shine, though the years of his wedded life number ten, and the children, two girls and two boys, are already old enough to call their sweet faced, gentle mother blessed.

Several days ago I took dinner with

the family. At some pleasantry of her husband the wife laughed, then coughed slightly. Involuntarily I glanced at him. His eyes met mine. But not until the meal was concluded, and we were together in the smoking room, he and I, was the memory of that evening in the Redstone Hills mentioned.

"Have your fears been in any degree realized?" I asked.

A smile came to his face—a smile in which happiness was strangely blended with something else. His youngest child, a mite of a girl whose hair and eyes were like her mother's, pushed open the door and ran to him. With both arms he drew her closely to his breast.

"No," he replied. "I think they never will be. But"—and he pressed his lips to the baby's forehead—"whatever may come, I am ready."

THE SHEPHERD'S EVENING SONG.

THE sun has kissed the hills good night,
The shadows hold their evening tryst;
The sky withdraws its gift of light,
The valley veils itself in mist.

Within the valley waits my love,
And hearkens for the sound that tells
The flocks are coming from above,
The tinkling of the homing bells.

Come, ho, my sheep, we'll leave the heights
And seek the plain below!
For ah, the valley's sweet delights
The hills can never know.

You've grazed upon the alp all day,
And I have dreamed of many things,
The while my thoughts sped far away,
For lover's thoughts, you know, have wings.

But now the gloaming hour is here
And I my thoughts may follow home,
Below the mists to seek the cheer
Which waits upon the hearts that roam.

Come, ho, my flock, the lights behold!
We'll mend our laggard pace;
You haste to gain the sheltering fold,
And I to love's embrace!

William Wallace Whitelock.

The Prayer of Rehoboam.

WHAT BEFELL ON THE DAY WHEN WARREN FORD BROUGHT HIS BRIDE TO THE
CHAMISO HILLS.

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT.

I.

THE scrub oaks were in tassel when Warren Ford came to the valley; the Chamiso Hills billowed towards the north in acres of snowy bloom.

Ford set to work at clearing his section. He chopped, and burned, and whistled from the time the first bird sang her matins till the sun slipped lazily behind the mountain. Twice a week he rode to town. There was always a letter waiting for him. He read it over and over, and whistled again, more softly.

By and by a freight team trundled up through the valley. It brought lumber, and several mysterious looking boxes. Ford was watching for it by the stage road. At last his ears caught the faint distant jingle of mule bells, and a cloud of dust, no bigger than a man's hand, rose up against the horizon. The fulfilment of his dream was near.

When the skeleton of the three roomed house had been erected, he was overwhelmed with a longing to know—to talk to some of his neighbors. He needed a human and present sympathy in his happiness.

It was a good three miles to the nearest cabin by way of the road; but the chamiso was yet green, and he cut a path through it which lessened the distance by half. He appeared, unheralded, one afternoon, upon the next home clearing.

The fragments of bottlerock about the house were clutching the rays of the departing sun; a thin little curl of smoke rose from the adobe chimney, and the breath of coffee was in the air. Ford made his way to the open door. The place was tidy enough, but a lank, mongrel dog seemed its only occupant. He got up, surveyed the stranger, and growled defiance.

"Jeffie," called a voice from an inner room, "you're always a——" There was a shuffling step, the rhythmic thump of a crutch, and a boy appeared on the threshold.

Ford took off his hat. The other stared at him. The man made the first advances. "How do you do?" he began, holding out his hand. "I'm Warren Ford, from the next clearing."

The boy nodded. He pushed forward a chair, then turned upon the dog. "Keep still, Jefferson!" he said. "Where's your manners? He ain't used to folks," he added in apology.

There was an awkward silence, then Ford made another attempt. "And your name is——?" he began.

"Rehoboam," was the quiet answer.

Ford with difficulty held his face grave. "And your mother," he questioned—"is she here?"

The boy shook his head. "No," he said. "There ain't no one but dad, and he's huntin' jack rabbits. He's 'most generally trailin' somethin'."

"Then who keeps the house?" Ford ventured. He looked pityingly at the crutch and the shriveled leg.

"Why, Jefferson and me! Dad says the two of us is 'most as good as a woman. You see," the boy went on, "Jeff drives the hens, and he keeps things cheerful. There's an awful lot of company in that dog!" He gazed admiringly at the long, scraggy tail and coarse black coat. "We think he's good lookin'," he concluded.

Ford smiled. "And what do you do?" he questioned.

"Me?" Rehoboam drew himself as straight as the crooked body would let him. "Oh, I cook the victuals, and patch the clothes. Sometimes I wash," he said. Then he asked abruptly: "Who keeps your house?"

Ford went suddenly red, the question

came so near to him. "My house isn't finished yet," he answered. "When it is, my—wife will keep it." He had never called her that to any one before. His heart beat more quickly; there was a mistiness in his eyes.

The boy edged closer. "A woman?" he asked eagerly. Then he added: "I've never known 'em to speak to. Marm, she died, or somethin', years and years ago, and dad, he won't talk of her over much. But once, on the Fourth of July"—his voice grew confidential—"we went to the show, over at Red Rock." He paused for a moment, and seemed to lose himself in the memory. "There was lots of 'em there," he went on, "and I liked 'em better'n all the firecrackers!"

A great pity was welling up in Ford's heart. He put his hand into his pocket, drew from its case a tinted photograph, and held it out. "She is coming to keep my house," he said simply.

The boy looked at the smiling, girlish face, and the color mounted to his temples. "She's beau-tiful!" he said solemnly, and he and Ford were friends.

II.

THE new home on the clearing grew towards completion; the path through the chamiso became well defined. Ford, sure of his welcome, made frequent visits to the neighboring section. He and the boy and Jefferson would sit together in the doorway till the outline of the mountain grew inky black against the copper sky.

To the man, it was good to have some one to listen when he talked of her. To the boy—he slipped his arms about the dog in the gathering twilight and drew him close. A strange loneliness had come to him. "There's just you, and dad, and me," he whispered.

Summer had grown old. The chamiso, gray with dust, had matted itself into impenetrable fastness. The clefts in the mountain showed dimly red through the dizzy haze of heat.

Ford came over the trail one morning and swung himself lightly from the stirrups. "Well," he said, "the last nail's in! It's waiting approval. Can you come?" he asked.

The boy was finishing the breakfast dishes. He dropped a tin plate, and it rolled noisily behind the stove. "Me?" he questioned incredulously. "Did you mean me—me and Jefferson?"

"Of course," Ford laughed. "The freight team came through yesterday. You can help me unpack the boxes."

Rehobam drew in his breath sharply; his hand shook; the blood burned in his cheeks.

When they were ready, Ford lifted him into the saddle, and strode beside the mare, swinging the pine crutch pendulum fashion. Jefferson trotted in the background. The trail stretched yellow through the brush. The broken bottle-rock along its edge shimmered in the sun till the path seemed dwindling to a narrow thread of light.

Ford narrowed his eyes and looked critically at the sky. "We're going to have some blistering days," he announced.

The boy was following him in thought. "And she's a comin' on Wednesday," he answered.

They went on again in silence. Suddenly the outline of the unpainted cabin rose up from the chamiso. Ford quickened his steps; he began to talk rapidly.

"That's home," he said, "our home. The window this way's in the kitchen. There are geraniums set out in the front." He pulled at the bridle. "Hurry up!" he continued. "That's the barn—over there. The water tank's half way between." He kicked through the browned grass on the clearing. "This all came up since the brush was cut," he said, "but it's dry—dead dry."

He drew the new key from his pocket and fitted it proudly into the lock.

Rehobam pulled at his collar band. He swallowed once or twice with an effort; there was a great awe in his eyes. The dog stood panting on the threshold, his legs a plaster of tarweed and cinnamon colored dust. The boy turned on him.

"Jefferson," he said slowly, "you don't look fit for this. You'd better keep out."

He wiped his shoes and instinctively took off his hat.

Ford displayed the conveniences of

the three tiny rooms; then he placed a chair and began at once on the boxes.

"This is the china," he said. "We've a dozen cups and saucers and plates. That's so there'll be plenty when you come to see us. These—let me think! These are the pictures. And this——" he turned the box and vainly looked for a clue to its contents. "Well, it won't take us long to find out," he said. He slipped the chisel under the lid and began to pry upwards. The breath of lavender bloom floated out to them.

Rehoboam slid from his chair. He bent curiously over the packing case.

Ford lifted the folds of brown paper. There were piles of muslin beneath, and some glimpses of gingham. The man drew in his breath. "Oh!" he exclaimed reverently.

The boy extended a slim forefinger and touched the lace and the ribbons. "It's the gewgaws!" he said in an awed whisper.

"The what?" Ford's face was a study.

"The gewgaws," Rehoboam confidently repeated. "Dad said, that Fourth of July, that women wore lots of gewgaws."

The man threw back his head, then suddenly checked the laugh that had risen. "Perhaps," he said.

III.

THE days lagged, on the neighboring section, after Ford went to the county seat. The boy numbered off each one at its close. At last, they were coming "tomorrow."

He and Jefferson sat in the doorway that evening. The sky was ablaze with crimson, shredded with lurid amber lights. The profile of the mountain was silhouetted against it; the chamiso stretched like a black quilt to its base.

The boy watched it dreamily. "It must be the sun," he soliloquized. "He's keepin' watch of the new house for 'em, I guess."

The day broke breathless. Rehoboam was late in rising; he felt weak, languid. Dad had already gone out. The boy made himself some coffee and took it to his accustomed seat on the step.

There was a hazy look towards the

west of the valley. The deep blue of the sky grew tawny at the horizon. He shielded his eyes with his hand and watched. The heat danced dizzily in the air. Suddenly he limped down and stood bareheaded in the open. The chickens, with drooping, distended wings, had gathered in the shadow of the house. A hot wind began to stir. It puffed into the boy's face as it passed. He threw back his head; his nostrils quivered; he scented the air as an animal does, then looked excitedly about.

"Dad!" he called; then, louder: "Dad!"

There was no answer. A buzzard winged himself up and wheeled lazily in the fathomless blue.

The boy made a trumpet of his hands. "Dad! Dad! Dad!" he shouted.

His voice died echoless. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a bit of paper, and tossed it into the air. It blew a little way towards the place of the sunrise, then sank to the ground, fluttered a moment, and lay still.

Rehoboam put his arm up across his eyes. "The wind's from the west," he wailed. "Oh, daddy, why must you be always a huntin'?"

He sank limply on the step. Jefferson came up. He shoved his muzzle into his master's face and caressed him with his hot red tongue. The boy threw his arms about him in a spasm of distress.

"Oh, Jeffie," he cried, "it's the chamiso! It's a burnin'! Don't you hear me? It's a *burnin'*!" His voice was high, shrill. "It'll catch the new house—and the pictures—and the dishes—and the gewgaws!" He stood suddenly erect; his voice rose, "Daddy! Daddy!"

The cry hung for a second on the still air, seeming to dissolve reluctantly. The boy turned slowly about; his face was positive.

"Jefferson," he said, "we've got to go over there, me and you. We've got to do it! We've *got to!*" He limped into the house, found his hat, and pulled it low over his eyes; then he closed the door quietly behind him. All traces of excitement had gone. He seemed suddenly old, determined.

The haze in the west had thickened; it looked opalescent. The buzzard still wheeled against it.



A MAN AND A GIRL WITH WHITE, SET FACES WERE ON THE FRONT SEAT WITH THE DRIVER. AN ABRUPT TURN IN THE ROAD BROUGHT THEM IN SIGHT OF THE CABIN.

Rehoboam swung himself jerkily forward. His veins throbbed with strange, new force. Each beat of the crutch

3 M

measured two or more feet of his journey. His shoe was burst at the side; a jagged bit of bottlerock cut his foot.

but the boy did not know it. The pungent smeli of burning chamiso was in the air, and Ford's clearing was half a mile away. Jefferson pulled at his sleeve and whined piteously. The boy went on. A couple of hare darted from the brush. They bounded past, their long ears pointed towards the east.

The cabin was in sight now. Behind it curled a tortuous wall of smoke. The path became full of living things. Lizards, heavy winged beetles, sped in the same direction. A big spotted toad hopped heavily by; the recurrent thumps of his soft body raised puffs of yellow dust.

Rehoboam had reached the home clearing, but his strength was beginning to wane. Suddenly the crutch slipped; he lunged forward and lay still. The dog nosed him gently. All at once the boy drew himself together. He sat erect and turned his face up to the brown, overcast sky. He stretched out his arms; his voice rose almost to a shriek.

"Oh, God," he began, "you're up there, somewheres! Don't let the new house burn! Don't you do it! Me and Jefferson ain't good for much, but we're all there was to come. And there's the furniture, and the gewgaws! Don't you let 'em burn, God! Oh, don't you—*please* don't you do it!"

He got up, righted his crutch, and stumbled forward. Two grain sacks lay by the water tank. Rehoboam submerged them and dragged them dripping behind him. The fire had almost reached the short grass where the brush had been cut. The sap in the wreathing chamiso beyond whined like a human thing. Rehoboam steadied himself and waited.

The first flame licked into the stubble. The sack struck it; a black, smoking scar showed where it had been. Now they were darting along the brush line, eager, thirsty little tongues of flame. The sack descended with automatic persistency.

Rehoboam scarcely felt the weight of his own body. Sweat started from every pore; his face was seared, grimy, but he did not know. Smoke blinded his eyes; his ears were keen. Wherever there was the crackling of the grass, the quenching weapon fell.

When the stage came up through the valley, it wound between smoldering blankets of burned chamiso. A man and a girl with white, set faces were on the front seat with the driver. An abrupt turn in the road brought them in sight of the cabin. The man partly rose to his feet.

"It's standing!" he cried incredulously. "The house—it's standing!"

They stopped at the home clearing. Jefferson bounded to meet them, then turned towards a little heap by the brush line.

Warren sprang forward. "God!" he exclaimed. "It's—the boy!"

It was late when Rehoboam opened his eyes. At first they smiled unbelievably up into the girlish face that bent over him. Then there came a look of wistful eagerness, which settled at last into happy content. His father and Ford were there, but the boy did not see them.

"Jeffie!" he called faintly. In answer, a rough black head was thrust up beside him. The boy weakly put out his hand. "Jeffie," he whispered, "she's lots better 'n—those—at the show—at Red Rock!"

A CORONATION.

BEYOND the grass clad slope of feathery brown,
Below the sweep of dark, cone laden firs,
The sea smiles in its morning sleep, the breeze
Lazily wakes and stirs.

In veiled translucence all the distant hills
Slumber, awaiting the sun's reveillé:
The clustering islands dream of their fair selves
Mirrored within the bay.

The dawn foams up in spray of burning gold,
Drenching the sea and shore and hills in light,
Day reigns—in joyous homage I forget
That it was ever night!

Grace H. Boutelle.

MARRIAGEABLE PRINCESSES.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

THE IMPORTANT POLITICAL BEARING OF THE FACT THAT AT THE PRESENT DAY MANY EUROPEAN PRINCES ARE SEEKING BRIDES, AND THAT THERE IS A SCARCITY OF SUITABLE MAIDENS OF ROYAL BIRTH AND MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

THERE is more, or less of a corner just at present in the market of marriageable princesses. At no time in the past hundred years has the list been so restricted. The fact involves a really serious problem for the reigning houses of Europe. Dynastic and political considerations require that princes in the line of succession to a throne should wed none but women of their own rank, and, as a rule, of their own faith. So strict are the laws bearing upon the subject that the children of any scion of royalty who marries a mere noble-

woman, or a girl of bourgeois birth, are *ipso facto* barred from succession to the crown, as well as from the rank and prerogatives enjoyed by their father.

Members of the reigning family of England forfeit all their rights to the British throne in the event of their marrying Roman Catholics. The only English princess who has done so since the days of the Reformation is Princess Marie, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and Coburg. Inasmuch as she is destined, on the death of her husband's uncle, King Charles, to be-



PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WHO IS THE ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER OF KING EDWARD VII.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

come Queen of Rumania, she could readily afford to sacrifice her extremely remote chances of ascending the English throne.

The reigning houses of Austria, Italy,

sian grand duchess. The present King of Italy could not make Princess Helen of Montenegro his wife until she had abjured the Greek faith and accepted that of Rome. In the same way, Prin-



PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY, THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY (PRINCE LEOPOLD), WHO WAS QUEEN VICTORIA'S YOUNGEST SON.

From a photograph by Kissack, Etou.

Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, and Saxony, all of which belong to the Roman Catholic church, are debarred, either by the laws of the land or by their equally binding family statutes, from marrying Protestants. There has been but one solitary instance in Austrian history of a Hapsburg archduke marrying a Rus-

cess Marie of Prussia was compelled to forsake the Lutheran communion in order to become the queen of King Maximilian II of Bavaria.

Prussian princes may not marry Roman Catholics, and indeed the only reigning houses of Europe that show some kind of elasticity in the matter of

matrimonial alliances are those of Denmark and Sweden. King Christian's youngest son, Prince Waldemar, a Lutheran, is married to Princess Marie of Orleans, while the mother of the Protestant King Oscar II of Sweden was also a Catholic princess, Josephine of Leuchtenberg.

WHO WILL BE GERMANY'S NEXT EMPRESS?

Among the most attractive of the few marriageable princesses is the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the grand duke's youngest sister, whom many regard as destined to become the bride of the young Crown Prince of Germany, her senior by about three years. It is well known that both the emperor and the empress would prefer to have as their daughter in law the English Princess Alice, daughter of the late Duke of Albany, and sister of the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Making her home during the greater part of the year with her mother at Potsdam, Princess Alice has become a member of the Kaiser's family circle. She is a particular favorite of the empress, who loses no occasion of manifesting her affection for this sunny tempered, clever, and comely young girl. But both of the prince's parents realize that the match would be extremely unpopular with the German people, owing to the intense anti-British feeling that pre-



THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA OF SPAIN, THE SECOND AND ONLY UNMARRIED SISTER OF KING ALFONSO XIII.

From a photograph by Franzone, Madrid.



PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE COBURG, THE YOUNGEST AND ONLY UNMARRIED
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE COBURG, WHO WAS QUEEN
VICTORIA'S SECOND SON.

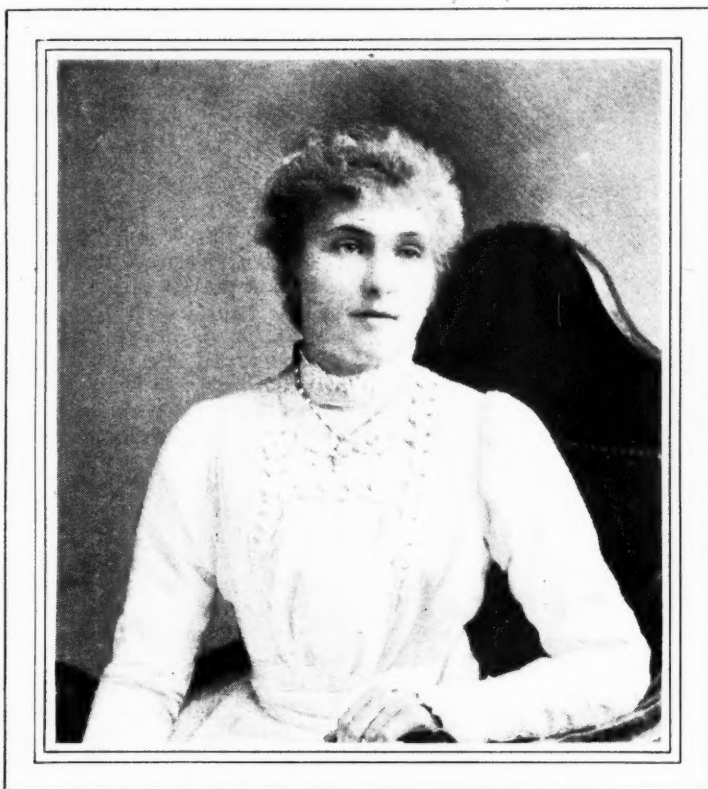
From a photograph by Vollenhuth, Coburg.

vails in all ranks of society. They know that it not only might impair the hold of the reigning house upon the loyalty of the nation, but would expose the princess to the same public prejudice from which the late Empress Frederick suffered so sorely.

from the marriage of the future Kaiser to a princess whose sister will eventually share the throne of Denmark.

OTHER MARRIAGEABLE ROYAL MAIDENS.

One of the best looking of marriageable princesses is Ena of Battenberg.



PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGENIA (ENA) OF BATTENBERG, DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS BEATRICE, THE YOUNGEST SISTER OF KING EDWARD VII.

From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.

Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg Schwerin would be a far more popular choice as a consort for the young crown prince, although she is a comparative stranger to the emperor and empress, and has been brought up by a Russian mother, with whom their relations have always been somewhat strained. In the eyes of the German people she is a German princess. Moreover, her elder sister is the wife of Prince Christian of Denmark, and there are obvious political advantages to be derived by Germany

the only daughter of King Edward's youngest sister, Beatrice. Princess Ena is a favorite godchild of the Empress Eugénie, after whom she was named, and is generally regarded as a probable heiress to the large fortune of the widow of Napoleon III. In consequence, she is not likely to lack suitors. It is doubtful, however, whether she can marry any one but an Englishman. Her father, the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, was the issue of a morganatic alliance between Prince Alexander of



PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT, THE YOUNGER
DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

Hesse and a Mlle. Hauke, of Warsaw; and Princess Ena, though she is a grandchild of Queen Victoria, is regarded on the continent of Europe as a mere noblewoman, debarred from wedding any prince of the blood royal otherwise thanmorganatically. Were she to marry a continental prince, her position at court would be so disagreeable that it is impossible to conceive of her mother or relatives giving their consent to such a match.

Princess Beatrice of Coburg and Great Britain is said to be the brightest of a quartet of sisters which comprises the divorced Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess Ernest of Hohenlohe, and the pretty Crown Princess of Rumania. Through her mother, the only sister of the late Czar, she is a granddaughter of that Emperor Alexander II who liber-

ated the serfs and who was murdered by the Nihilists, while through her father she is a grandchild of Queen Victoria. There is no truth in the rumors which assert that she is destined to wed Grand Duke Michael of Russia. She is that prince's first cousin, and the Russian church is strict in its prohibition of unions between young people so nearly related. Princess Beatrice is far more likely to become the wife of one of the three sons of Prince Albert of Prussia, now regent of the duchy of Brunswick. All three are officers in the German army, and have both good looks and money.

Princess Thyra of Denmark, now in her twenty third year, is a daughter of the crown prince of the little northern kingdom, and is likely to become the wife of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, whose elder sister is already married to her eldest brother. As her mother is probably the wealthiest princess in Europe, she will be well dowered—which is the exception rather than the rule, nowadays, in the case of royal brides. The dowries which the daughters of the late Queen Victoria received on their marriage did not exceed thirty thousand pounds apiece. Most continental princesses receive still less.

Another marriageable princess is the Infanta Maria Teresa of Spain, the youngest of the two sisters of King Alfonso. Unless she should wed one of the younger brothers of the Prince of the Asturias—her sister's husband—or some scion of Bavarian royalty, it is difficult to see where she will be able to find a suitable match. There was talk, at one time, of her becoming the wife of Grand Duke Boris of Russia, who was in the United States last year; but she is too devout a Roman Catholic not to adhere to the stipulation exacted by her church in the case of all mixed marriages—that the children must be reared in the Catholic faith. This, of course, is a condition which no member of the house of Romanoff in the line of succession to the Muscovite crown would be permitted to accept.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig Holstein, and her namesake Princess Victoria of Great Britain, the only unmarried daughter of King Edward VII, are



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE SECOND AND ONLY UNMARRIED
DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD VII.

From a photograph by Dooney, London.

each of them credited with having given their hearts to men to whom, by reason of difference of rank, they could not accord their hand. Although they are frequently mentioned as about to marry

desirable one in every way; but at the last moment, after all the arrangements had been made, and the projected alliance announced, the late Queen Henrietta interfered and broke off the



PRINCESS CLEMENTINE OF BELGIUM, THE YOUNGEST AND ONLY UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF KING LEOPOLD II.

From a photograph by Guesquin, Biarritz.

this or that scion of royalty, they still remain single.

With regard to Princess Clementine, the only unmarried daughter of the King of the Belgians, she was at one moment on the point of becoming the second wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The match would have been a

match for some reason which has never become public.

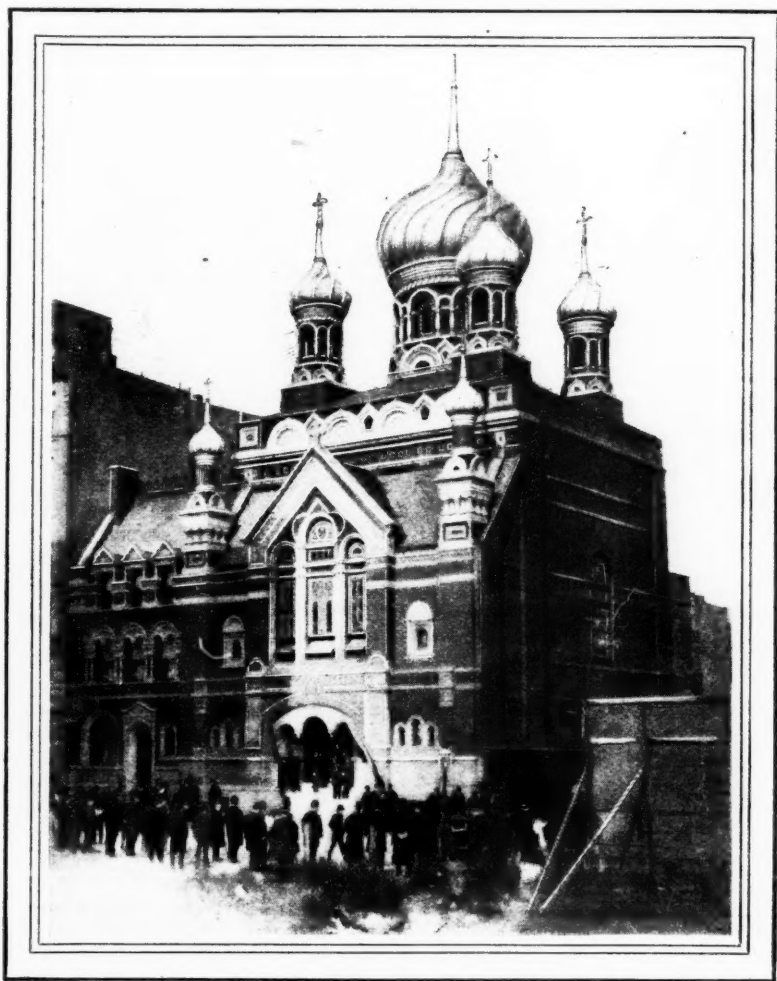
It may be worth while to warn the reader that as this article is necessarily written several weeks before its appearance in print, it is possible that meanwhile there may be announcements of royal betrothals or even marriages.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A Russian Church in New York.

New York's architectural exhibit is a wonderfully mixed one, from her one story shanties of wood to her twenty story skyscrapers of steel, from her

Gothic cathedrals to her strictly modern American stores. She has a few Colonial dwellings with lofty pillared porticoes; she has steep roofed churches that recall those of Sweden; she has rows of square brick dwellings that suggest the



THE NEW RUSSIAN CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, ON EAST NINETY SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK, WHICH WAS OPENED WITH AN ELABORATE CEREMONY ON NOVEMBER 23 LAST.

From a photograph by Lazarevich, New York

home land of her Dutch pioneers; she has elaborately decorated mansions that might more fitly be set in some French park than upon her crowded streets.

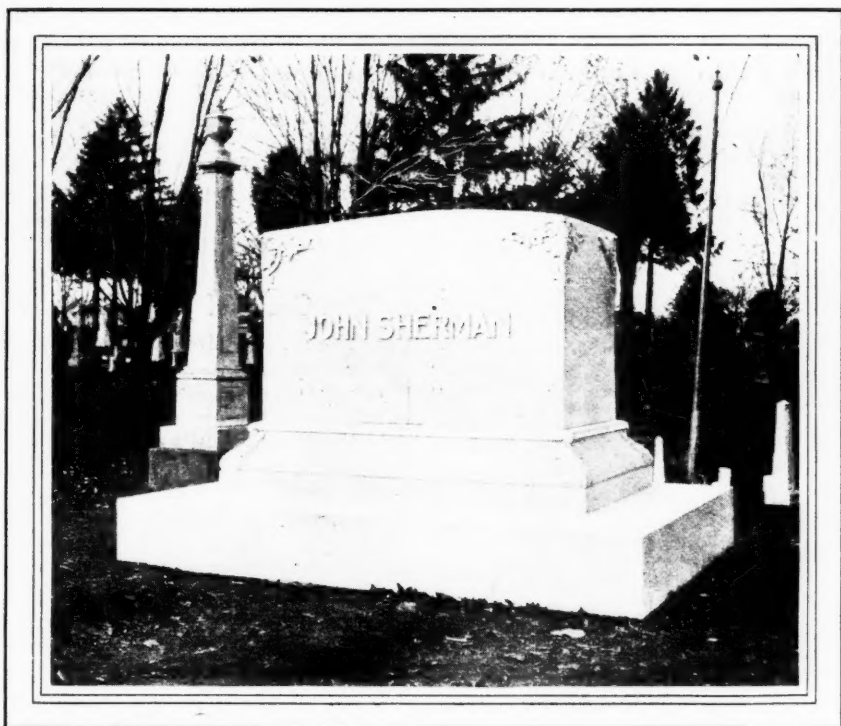
The latest addition to her collection is a Russian church, a genuine specimen of the strange ecclesiastical architecture of the land of the Czars. It is

typical of Russia that the forms she borrowed from her neighbors of the Byzantine empire, who gave the Muscovites their first lessons in Christian civilization, have ever since satisfied the national taste. The architects of mediæval Constantinople built their churches with five domes—a large



THE FOUR ELDER CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES—ON THE RIGHT OF THE ENGRAVING IS PRINCE EDWARD, AGED EIGHT, HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE BRITISH THRONE; IN THE CENTER, PRINCE HENRY, AGED TWO, AND PRINCE ALBERT, AGED SEVEN; ON THE LEFT, PRINCESS VICTORIA ALEXANDRA, AGED FIVE.
A FOURTH SON WAS BORN IN DECEMBER LAST.

From their latest photograph—Copyright, 1902, by F. Ralph, Senior, and published by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE MONUMENT RECENTLY ERECTED IN THE CEMETERY AT MANSFIELD, OHIO, IN HONOR OF THE LATE JOHN SHERMAN, WHO IS BURIED THERE.

central one surrounded by four smaller ones. The Russians have slavishly adhered to this same plan, only changing the flat Byzantine dome into the pointed and bulb shaped cupola which is said to be of Tartar origin. The regular quintet of these peculiar structures crowns the church of St. Nicholas in New York. They look almost startlingly oriental when one sees them rising above the roofs and chimneys of the surrounding apartment houses.

The Russian architecture is so distinctive that any attempt to combine its typical features with a more conventional style is of doubtful expediency. The reflection is suggested by the façade of the New York church, which might have been more successful had its design been more closely in accordance with such models as the famous old cathedrals of Moscow. There was a period when Russian builders attempted to imitate certain Western ideas, but the result was not happy, and in the reign

of the late Alexander III a ukase was issued directing that the designers of churches should adhere to the ancient style. The regulation of art by imperial edict is not usually a healthy system, but in this case the Czar's action does not seem to have been regrettable.

The opening of the new building, in November last, was a really interesting ceremony. It was thoroughly Russian, with Russian prayers and hymns, and all the elaborate ritual of the Orthodox communion. The chief officiator was Archbishop Tikhon, head of the church in America; in the congregation were Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington, with a full staff of subordinate officials; Mayor Low, as head of the local municipal government; and Bishop Grafton, of the Episcopal diocese of Fond-du-Lac, whose presence, in full canonical robes, was a significant sign of the good feeling between two great branches of the universal church.



MRS. JAMES L. BLAIR, OF ST. LOUIS, PRESIDENT OF
THE BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS OF THE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

A considerable part of the cost of the building—stated at a hundred and forty thousand dollars—was contributed by the Czar, to whose patron saint the church is dedicated. The interior is elaborately decorated, though its central feature, a fine marble altar made in St. Petersburg, was not yet in place at the time of the dedication.

The Grave of John Sherman.

The grave of John Sherman in the cemetery at Mansfield, Ohio, has recently been marked with a monument of rather unusual form. It is a huge square block of gray New England granite, severely plain, and weighing, with its equally plain base, no less than thirty tons. Nowhere on the ample surface of the tomb appears any mention of the high political honors that Mr. Sherman won; there is not even the date of his birth or of his death. His executors—Myron M. Parker, of Washington, and Ex Congressman Kerr, of Mansfield—decided that the dead statesman's name alone best told the story of his achievements.

John Sherman was not a historical figure of first rate stature, but he was a man of high character and great ability, who did loyal and most important service to the country at a critical period of its political development. Between his appearance as a delegate at the Whig convention that nominated Zachary Taylor, and his final retirement from McKinley's Cabinet in 1898, just half a century elapsed. During those fifty years he served successively as Congressman, United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, and Secretary of State. Thrice he was a Presidential candidate with a considerable personal following; but though much smaller men have been President he never attained this avowed object of his ambition. His greatest distinction was won as a financier, and his title to a place in history rests on the undoubted fact that the resumption of specie payments after the Civil War was due to him in greater measure

than to any other man. It was his good fortune to pilot the resumption bill through the Senate in 1874, and to put the law into operation on the

Ohio town. Near by, granite markers show the resting place of himself and of his wife, who died a few months before her husband. Around are the graves of



CROWN PRINCESS LOUISE OF SAXONY, THE HEROINE OF ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL ESCAPADES IN THE RECENT ANNALS OF ROYALTY.

From a photograph by Meyer, Dresden.

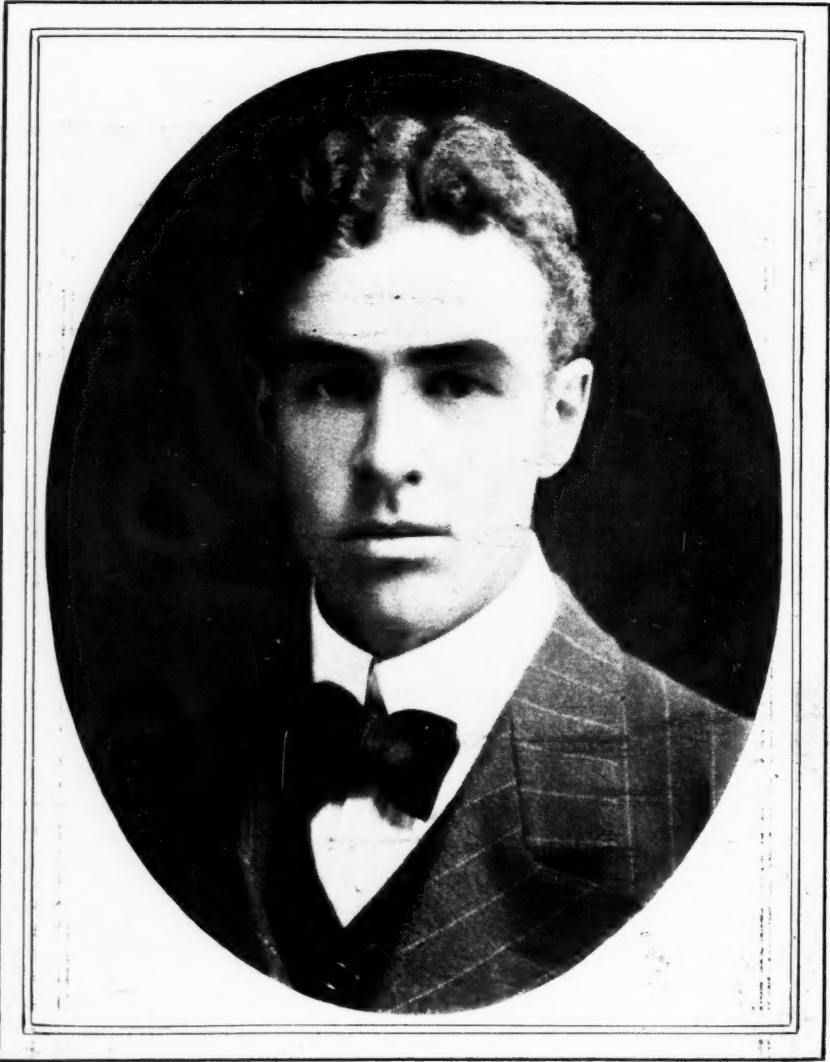
arrival of the appointed date, January 1, 1879, when he was President Hayes' Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Sherman died in Washington, but he had always regarded Mansfield as his home, since the time when he went there to study law. His monument stands on a wooded bluff overlooking a ravine in the quiet cemetery of the

their kinsfolk, the McCombs, the Parkers, and the Woods.

The Work of a Western Woman.

Mrs. James L. Blair, who has been chosen as president of the lady managers' board of the coming St. Louis Exposition, has shown what can be done



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, OF NEW YORK, ELDEST DESCENDANT IN DIRECT MALE LINE FROM HIS NAMESAKE THE COMMODORE—MR. VANDERBILT'S RECENT SEVERE ILLNESS EVOKED MUCH PUBLIC SYMPATHY.

From a photograph by Bradley, New York.

by a woman who has an idea for her neighbors' good and the practical ability to carry it out. She is a believer in the value of music as an aid to educational work, and she has devoted not only money but also no small amount of time and energy to put her theory into practice. She has organized and managed several choral societies, and for years she personally conducted a high school

class of music students. She has also given valuable help to the Jewish Mission, a charitable center in the slums of St. Louis, where she has been instructing as many as three hundred children in the elements of singing and voice culture. But her largest undertaking is her People's Music Class, which she founded about a year and a half ago as a means of spreading a love and a knowledge of

music among as many of her poorer fellow citizens as she could reach. The usefulness of the scheme was proved by its immediate success. The first meeting was attended by about fifty people. Two hundred came to the second, twice as many to the third. The hall in which the class met would hold no more than six hundred, and that figure has since been the limit of the attendance.

Mrs. Blair was Miss Alexander, of Washington. Her father, Colonel Charles M. Alexander, was a well known patent lawyer, and at one time postmaster of the capital city. She is a graduate of Vassar, and was married nearly twenty years ago to a leading member of the St. Louis bar. The board of which she is the head is an important branch of the exposition management, and her executive ability will have ample scope in contributing to the successful accomplishment of the great work which the metropolis of the Mississippi valley has undertaken.

A Fugitive Princess.

The recent escapade of the Crown Princess of Saxony is one of the most extraordinary incidents in the annals of modern royalty. No matter what explanation may be offered, it is a scandal which must throw a dark cloud upon the reign of her father in law, the septuagenarian King George, who has been on the throne for less than a year.

The princess, who was the Archduchess Louise of Austria, a daughter of one of the many cousins of the Emperor Francis Joseph, was married to Prince Frederick Augustus of Saxony eleven years ago. They have had five children, three sons and two daughters; but it was understood that their domestic relations were by no means of the happiest. As usually happens in such cases, there were hints of blame on both sides. It was said that the crown prince's patronage of the drama had taken the form of an undue interest in the actresses at the court theater in Dresden. On the other hand, it was rumored that the crown princess was an eccentric young woman, whose high spirited independence frequently brought her into conflict with her hus-

band's aunt, Queen Carola, wife of the late King Albert. It was whispered that she drew caricatures of her royal relatives and connections, and even that she rode a bicycle—possibly a diamond frame machine.

Be all this as it may, it seems to be the case that Princess Louise preferred a lonely castle among the picturesque mountains of Salzburg, in Austria, to the society of her husband at the Saxon court. She spent November there, the crown prince being laid up in Dresden with a broken leg. She was still there on the night of December 11; but on the morning of the 12th she had disappeared. Her maids—so runs the story that appeared in the newspapers, which, as every one knows, cannot tell a falsehood—found a dummy figure in her bed. The castle was searched, then the grounds, but in vain. The pen of a Laura Jean Libbey should be enlisted to chronicle so sensational a romance, winding up with the discovery of the princess in the quiet Swiss city of Geneva, where—so asserts the scandalous tongue of rumor—her children's French tutor was in her company.

There was no need of any further proof of the fact that royal rank is not a guarantee against domestic infelicity; but seldom if ever before has so reckless a step been taken by a woman who had the prospect of becoming a queen within a few years. It seems as if the world need not be surprised at any vagary on the part of a son or daughter of that most ill fated of all Europe's reigning families, the imperial house of Hapsburg.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt's Illness.

Even those who hold most strictly to the old fashioned doctrine that the public has no legitimate interest in the affairs of private individuals will scarcely complain of the general display of sympathy evoked by the recent serious illness of Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York. As this is written, the fear of a fatal result, imminent a few days before, seems to have passed away; when it comes to be read the patient's recovery may, and we trust will, be already complete.

Though Mr. Vanderbilt is still quite a young man—he graduated from Yale less than eight years ago—he has already impressed himself upon the public mind as a good deal more than the bearer by direct inheritance of one of the most famous names in the annals of New York. At college he did well, though scarcely brilliantly. In the study of his chosen specialty, mechanical engineering, he showed both energy and talent, and his thoroughgoing adherence to the democratic traditions of Yale made him deservedly popular. After his course in the Sheffield Scientific School, he took a desk in the drafting rooms of the New York Central and labored as hard as any ten dollar a week clerk in the place to get a practical mastery of locomotive construction. The result was the invention of certain improvements in the details of engine building, particularly in the form of the fire box, which are said to be of real value in the saving of fuel and the promotion of efficiency.

Every one, of course, is aware that young Mr. Vanderbilt's marriage was strongly opposed by most of his kinsfolk, and brought about an estrangement which has been extravagantly exploited by the "society" correspondents. That—the family difference, not the marriage—was an unfortunate incident in his career, but the way in which the young man braved parental opposition and endured the loss of a vast fortune in order to wed the girl of his heart appealed irresistibly to every properly constituted American. The world at large would be gratified, and would have a right to be gratified, if his dangerous illness should serve to knit together again the family ties so unfortunately strained.

The Death of Ex Speaker Reed.

The death of Thomas Brackett Reed removes from the stage of American life one of the most striking figures that ever appeared upon it, one of the few men who have impressed their personality upon the history of recent years. As Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Reed left a deeper mark than any of his predecessors or successors.

It was he who established the principle that the majority must rule the minority, at a time when that fundamental principle of democracy was seriously challenged; and he established it so clearly and so firmly that it is not likely to be challenged again in our day.

But while Mr. Reed will live in history for what he did, those who knew him remember him best for what he was. He was a man of very rare characteristics and abilities. In body and in mind he was strong and rugged as the granite hills of his native New England. His absolute honesty and sincerity were so manifest, so known of all men, that they were a standing disproof of the oft repeated charge that he who would succeed in American public life must be more or less of a truckler and a time server. He was a keen and stalwart fighter, who wielded an unsparing sword of sarcasm, and yet was popular wherever he went. He was a statesman and a jurist, an eloquent speaker, a strong writer, a master of witty conversation. In any company of men he was a leader. At the New York bar, to which he had belonged for only three years, and which counts among its members some of the brightest minds of the time, he made his way to the front just as in Congress he became what his critics called the Czar of the House.

Mr. Reed's death was sudden and premature, for at sixty three a man of such natural vigor should have had many years of life and work before him. In the last number of this magazine, in an article on Bowdoin, he was mentioned as a distinguished living graduate of the famous old Maine college. While those pages were on the printing press Mr. Reed made a witty speech at a New York club dinner held in honor of Mark Twain's sixty seventh birthday. Nine days later, before the presses had quite finished their work, he lay dead in Washington, whither he had gone, in apparent good health, to take part in the trial of an important case before the Federal Supreme Court.

Tom Reed of Maine, to call him by the name most familiar to his countrymen, was a great man and a genuinely good one. His death is a loss to the United States.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.*

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

BARBE, the nineteen year old daughter of Pierre Carcassone, keeper of the Grand Bayou lighthouse on the Breton coast, is in love with Alain Carbonec, a young fisherman of the neighboring village, and he with her, but the old light keeper is bitterly opposed to their union. If his girl must marry, he reasons, let her marry George Cadoual, who has money, whereas Alain has none. Finding his efforts to separate the young lovers futile, Pierre finally tells them that there is an insuperable barrier to their union, for they are really brother and sister, having been separated in their infancy. In reality Alain is the son of Paul Kervec, whom Pierre slew seventeen years before, in company with his own wife, Barbe's mother, who had left him for Kervec. The young lovers refuse to believe that they are thus related, and the scene culminates in Alain's declaring that if Barbe is his sister, it is his place to take care of her, and she shall come with him.

IX (Continued).

BARBE ran up stairs joyfully, all aquiver with delicious tremors at thought of going away with Alain. How her heart had ached, till her body ached in sympathy, just for the sight of him! And here she was going away with him—alone with Alain! Glory! The very thought of it was so upsetting that her head was in a whirl. She could scarce think what to take and what to leave, and her hands trembled so that they would not answer to her will.

To go away with Alain! She hung over the black oak chest where her few possessions were kept. She took out one thing after another, and already they looked strange to her from the change that was in herself. Her point of view had altered in the last few minutes. Her life had been overturned and everything was to begin anew, for was she not going away with Alain?

And then, as the first tremulous shock of it wore off, and her brain began to work more calmly, her hands clinched themselves tightly on the rim of the oaken chest, and her eyes grew thoughtful. She gazed down into the chest with so fixed and gloomy a stare at last that one might have thought a corpse lay hidden there, and that she had turned up some of its bones. Minette leaped softly into the chest and began daintily poking about to find out what was wrong, and Pippo turned over the things on the floor with his inquisitive beak and eyed them

sagely with his one eye; but Barbe paid no heed to them. Presently she sank down on the floor among her poor little belongings. Her head dropped down upon her arms, and she wept stormily, though in silence.

For the realization of what she had been going to do came suddenly upon her and struck her like a blow.

Alain's sister! Never! Her whole being revolted at the thought.

Alain's—*sister*! It could not be. She did not want him as a brother. As everything else, her whole being cried aloud for him; but—his *sister*!

She flung the things back into the chest, and got up heavily and went down the ladder.

The men stood fronting each other in silence.

"Alain," she whispered, "I cannot. It would be like believing it. It is not possible——"

"But yes, thou shalt come with me, Barbe," he cried with an angry stamp. "We will prove it a lie, but I cannot leave thee here with him. By his own words, I have more right to thee than he. Come, dearest, and I will see to thee."

He threw his wet arm around her, and drew her to the lower ladder.

"But not as thy sister, Alain!" she cried, trembling under his arm.

He bent and kissed her working lips, and showered hot kisses on her flaming face.

"Dost feel like a sister to me?" he said. "Do I kiss thee like a brother?"

* Copyright, 1902, by John Oxenham.—This story began in the December number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"My man, my man!" she cried, and knit her arms around his neck, and strained him to her with all the wild abandonment of her love.

How often in the coming times their thoughts turned back to that first all too brief voyage towards the new life! Alain could hardly row for delight of her presence. His blue eyes blazed with rapture on her blushing face, downcast in spite of the tremulous joy that was in her, lest there should be any truth in Pierre's revelation. And when his gladness bubbled up beyond the power of looks to express, he drew his oars up short to the rowlocks, flung back his yellow locks and scrambled precariously over to her. Falling on his knees before her, he drew her down to him and kissed her passionately. And once, after raining kisses on her face till she covered it with her little brown hands, he bent and wildly kissed her feet till, with a startled exclamation, she drew them up under the short blue skirts.

"Little sister, little sister!" He laughed with scorn of Pierre and his lies. "I could almost eat thee for very love."

"Do not say it, Alain. I will not be thy sister!"

"Not for one moment, beloved. Sisters are good, no doubt, though I never had one; but a wife is worth them all, and thou shalt be my wife, my very own!"

They looked back for a moment at the tall white shaft, gleaming cold against a great black rain cloud that was driving up from the west. Then they turned the corner into the bay. Plenevec lay in front, and Alain rowed swiftly ashore.

X.

"WHAT is this?" said the idlers on the shore at Plenevec, as the blunt nose of the lighthouse boat bumped up the shingle.

"It is Pierre's boat from Grand Bayou," said one.

"It is Alain run off with old Pierre's daughter," said another.

"*La Carcassone!* *Tiens*, how pretty she is!"

"What a shame to hide her over there so long."

"And where is Cadoual? Where is George? He is missing the treat."

"Let George look after himself, *mon beau*. It is the one thing he is good at."

Alain led Barbe over the unaccustomed shingle to the firmer ground above, and straight along the road to Veuve Pleuret's cottage, where he lived.

The old lady received them with many exclamations of surprise.

"This is Ma'm'selle Barbe of Grand Bayou. She is to stop here for a few days, Mère Pleuret, and you will take care of her. She will sleep in that other bed in your room."

"*B'en!*" said Mère Pleuret. If Alain had asked her for her own bed she would have turned out gladly. He was so like her own boy who was gone.

"Now I will take back that boat, or the old hunks will be saying I have stolen it," said Alain. "Take as good care of her as if she were your own, Mère Pleuret," he said, kissing Barbe with control, and in his exuberance kissing the old lady as well, which made her eyes swim with pleasure. "In two hours," he said to Barbe, "I shall be back, and then we will see. M. Gaudriol will tell us what is the truth."

The two women watched him go along the road till he turned down the shingle, and then, as they lost sight of him, they looked at each other, and the eyes of both shone softly.

"A fine lad," said Mère Pleuret, "and a good one, and very like my own that was drowned. You are going to marry?"

"Yes," said Barbe, full of faith and hope. And the old lady, having no idea of all that lay behind the pleasant face of things, questioned her discursively as to her father, and her life on the light, and Barbe answered her with simple caution, and gave no hint of the actual state of matters.

If only they had met Sergeant Gaudriol that day, how differently all might have gone with them, and what heart-breaking times they might have been saved! But Gaudriol was away at Plouarnec on official business, and did not get home till night, when it was too late.

The hours passed, the storm of rain swept over them to the thirsty land be-

hind, the sun drew down red and angry towards the rim of the sea, and Barbe sat waiting for Alain to come to her.

She wondered what was keeping him. She wondered how the old man at the light would get on without her. Mère Pleuret tried to draw her into conversation at times, but as the day wore on Barbe was too full of thought for talking.

The light gleamed rosy white, then loomed gray in the eye of the sun with a glimmer of gold at each side, then stood cold and pale like a sheeted ghost; and while she gazed the golden rays burst out from the top so suddenly that she started. She had never seen them from the land before.

And still Alain did not come. What could be keeping him?

Mère Pleuret set her surprise to many words as she prepared the evening meal, but Barbe sat dumb with anxiety and could eat nothing.

And the night drew on, and deepened, and still he did not come. When Mère Pleuret was ready to go to bed she expressed the opinion that Alain had come to an untimely end, with the outspoken frankness of one who had already suffered and knew the futility of hope. Barbe shut herself in behind the sliding panels of the other box bed and sobbed silently because of the exceeding strangeness of everything.

Fears and forebodings racked her all through the night. She fell into fitful sleep at times, dreamed horrible dreams, and woke up in the cramping agonies of a sorely tried heart. And yet at the core of all her trouble there glowed a tiny gleam of gladness. Alain loved her, she loved Alain. Though all her world cracked and tumbled about her in ruins, as it seemed like doing, that was one thing to cling to and hold by, and she would never let go of it. She told herself hopefully that Alain would come in the morning, and then prayed earnestly, pitifully, that it might be so.

She said to herself that no harm could come to one so bold and strong and skilful. But she knew that the sea was stronger still, and still more cunning, and that the boldest and bravest go down into it and come back no more.

Her face was sharpened with anxiety,

and her eyes looked larger than ever by reason of the dark circles round them, when she came out into the dawn to look for Alain. The boats were coming in one by one. A wild hope sprang up in her that he had had to go with the rest before he found time to come and see her again last night. It would not be like him, she thought, but there might be things she did not understand.

The other girls and women were there awaiting the boats. They eyed her with curiosity; she had been scarcely more than a name to most of them for so long. They whispered among themselves. They were not openly rude, but Plenevec had never wasted its time on polishing its manners, and Barbe, accustomed to the wide solitudes of the light, was greatly troubled by this sudden concentration of observation upon herself.

She knew not whom to ask about Alain. She felt herself a stranger in a strange country. In spite of her anxiety for information, she was about to flee back to the shelter of Mère Pleuret's shadowy wing when her eye, casting wildly round, fell on a majestic figure in blue and white which had just come along the road and was eying her steadfastly. Sergeant Gaudriol had heard of her arrival the night before. He had looked in at Veuve Pleuret's as he passed. He came up to her at once.

"*Tiens, ma'm'selle!* It is good to see you here," he said, and she looked up into the old grizzled face and liked it, and knew she could trust him. For if the official mask was somewhat hard and grim, as became the representative of the law, the simple kindness of tolerant age looked through the eyes—eyes which had seen so much in their time, and which had come to prefer the brighter side of things, perhaps because they were growing dimmer themselves.

"M. Gaudriol?" she gasped. For Alain had spoken to her of the old man, and only last night he had said, "Gaudriol will tell us the truth of it."

"But yes," said the old man delightfully. "I am Gaudriol. And how do you know me, *ma'm'selle?*"

"I have heard much of you, *mon-sieur*, from Alain."

"Ah, yes, Alain! The fortunate Alain! And where is Alain?"

"But, *monsieur*, that is what is troubling me. He took the boat back to the light yesterday afternoon, and he has never returned—and oh, *monsieur*, I fear for him;" and her hand flew to her heart.

"He went to the light yesterday afternoon and never returned? Stay, I will inquire down there;" and he went crunching down the shingle to the noisy crowd round the boats.

"Jan Godey, where is Alain Carbonee?"

"*Mon dieu*, M. Gaudriol, that is what I would like to know. He never turned up last night, and left me short handed," grumbled Jan.

"Who has seen him?" asked the old gendarme.

But no one had seen him since they all saw him row out to the light after bringing *ma'm'selle* ashore. But how came *ma'm'selle* to be ashore? Gaudriol saw at once that the key to the matter probably lay there, and he strode back to Barbe.

"Why did he bring you ashore, *ma'm'selle*?" he asked quietly. "What has happened?"

He had a dim, far down fear that the light might possibly have been the scene of another tragedy not so very different from the one it had witnessed before.

Barbe hesitated, and Sergeant Gaudriol saw it.

"Tell me just what happened, my dear," he said. "Tell me everything, or I cannot help you."

"Oh, I will tell you everything, *monsieur*. Alain said you would tell us the truth of it."

"*Bien!*"

"It is this way, *monsieur*. We love each other, we two, very dearly——"

Gaudriol nodded.

"And my father—that is, M. Carcasone—he did not want me to marry Alain——"

"Why?"

"I think he did not want me to leave him alone. And he would not let Alain in, but Alain swam out through the Race many times to see me, and I spoke with him from the gallery. Yesterday he opened the door to Alain, and when he came in he called me down and told us about the—the murders long ago,

and he said we were brother and sister and so we could never marry. We did not believe it, but Alain said he would not let me stop there. Since he was my brother, he said, he had the right to take care of me, and he brought me ashore. Then he took back the boat and would swim to Cap Réhel, as he always did——"

"*Mon dieu!* Cap Réhel!" ejaculated Gaudriol.

"But he had done it so many times, *monsieur*," she said, with quick anticipation of her own fears, "and he is so strong and bold, and nothing ever happened to him. He said he would be back in two hours; but he has never come."

The old gendarme's brows knitted into bushes of perplexity, and he thought deeply and quickly. It might only be an accident. Alain might be lying, bruised and broken, somewhere about Cap Réhel. Though, *ma foi*, if it was at the bottom it was little they would ever see of him again, since the tide had come and gone since then. He might have dared the Race once too often and gone under, strong swimmer though he was.

And—yes, it would up in spite of him—it might be that either of these things, bad as they were, would be the least of the things that might have happened. For it might be that the men had quarreled on Alain's return, and that Grand Bayou Light had once more drunk hot blood.

"Wait you, my dear," he said to Barbe at last, "with Mère Pleuret, and keep your heart up. I will go to the light myself, and see if he is there. He might have hurt himself and been unable to come back."

He spoke hopefully, and she was cheered somewhat.

"And the other matter, M. Gaudriol?" she asked anxiously, and with color in her cheeks. "It is not true that I am Alain's sister?"

"I have never heard it said till this moment, my dear, and I do not believe it. When Pierre came across that first morning after—when—you understand," he said, with an embarrassed nod—"he carried you on one arm and the boy on the other. It is seventeen years ago, but I remember it all very clearly, for it was

a terrible affair. He came up to me as I stood, just about here where we are standing now, and he told me what he had done. And he said—but *mon dieu*, yes, I recall it all—he said, ‘This is my child, and this is his.’ *Voilà!*”

“God be thanked!” Barbe said gratefully. “I knew it could not be true. He said it just to part us. It was not well done, but I would sooner have him for a father than Alain for a brother. You are quite, quite sure, *monsieur?*”

“I am quite sure of what he said that day, my child; but we can make surer still from the records, and I will see to it.”

“I thank you with all my heart,” she said, and he gravely saluted her and crunched away down the shingle.

“Jan Godey, I want to go to the light. Who will take me?”

“*Bi-en*, M. Gaudriol!” said Jan obsequiously. “In two minutes I will be ready, if you can put up with the remains of the fishing. There will not be time to wash down.”

“It will do, *mon beau*.”

And presently, M. Gaudriol having settled himself comfortably on Jan’s coat to save the spick and span of his blue and silver from contamination, and looking somehow monstrosously out of place there, the bluff bowed lugger was running swiftly seawards, bearing the law to the light.

“You fear something wrong, M. Gaudriol?” asked Godey, making play with so unique an opportunity of cultivating friendly relations with the great man.

“But no, *mon beau*, not at all. Yet accidents are always possible, and I want to find that boy.”

“A clever lad and a good fisherman,” said Jan. “Cadoual was a fool to lose him. But, *ma foi*, it’s not for me to complain.”

The tide was against them, but the wind was fair, and they made a quick run to the light. The door was open and there was no one in sight.

“Wait for me,” said the gendarme, to Jan’s disappointment, and began the laborious ascent of the perpendicular rungs.

It was not the easiest of matters for

his stiff joints and harnessed limbs, but he drew himself up into the doorway at lost, cocked hat and all, and disappeared within. It was almost an unknown country to him. For Pierre had never encouraged visitors, and Gaudriol’s duty had always lain on solid earth, for which he had many a time devoutly thanked God. He got all he wanted of the sea from the vantage point of dry land, and he never even walked on the shingle if he could help it.

He glanced cautiously round the dim interior. He was not without his fears of what he might find there. He had a very definite recollection of what he had once found there; and what had been might be.

The lower story yielded nothing. He climbed the ladder. Nothing there, and no sounds of life above. Up again, and still again, till he stood in the lantern, and passed out to the gallery, and looked down on Jan Godey lying apparently asleep in the idly rocking boat sixty feet below. To all appearances, they two had the place entirely to themselves. So down again for more minute research, in great relief at finding so far no signs of any tragedy.

Some one had tended the light all night. The only question with him was whether it was Alain or Pierre, and which of them had murdered the other.

As he stood in the sleeping room, the rough breathing of a sleeper came to him through the closed panel of one of the bunks. He strode across and laid his hand on it. The answer to his puzzle lay behind it. He hesitated for one second, half dreading what he might find there. Alain? Pierre? In either case trouble. If Alain, then his worst forebodings would be realized. If Pierre, then he would fear much for Alain.

He gently rolled back the panel. Pierre, sleeping the sleep of the just and of the man who has kept watch while the rest of the world slept!

Sergeant Gaudriol had all his country’s belief in the efficacy of the sudden surprise, the unexpected challenge, the endeavor to entrap, the assumption of knowledge, in dealing with a suspect. He laid his hand on Pierre’s shoulder. The sleeper’s breathing softened, his eyes opened, and he looked vaguely at

the grizzled face and the imposing cocked hat bending towards him.

"Where is Alain Carbonec?" asked Sergeant Gaudriol, and Pierre sat up with a start. Gaudriol's eyes missed no slightest change in his face. He saw the startled look in the half awake eyes, and he saw the color ebb till Pierre's skin was leaden under the tan. And he said to himself, "Alain is done for, and this man knows!"

And again to Pierre, and more harshly this time: "Where is Alain Carbonec? What have you done with him?"

And Pierre knew that in the eyes of the law, as represented by Sergeant Gaudriol, he was already condemned unheard.

"What is it, then?" he growled. "I do not understand."

"Alain Carbonec is missing. He came here. He never returned. What have you done with him?"

"*Mon dieu!* Sergeant, I know nothing of him. I did not even see him when he came back. We had had a dispute, and I had had enough of him for one day. He left the boat where he found it and went his way."

"Aye—where to?"

"*Dieu de dieu*, how should I know? I tell you I never even saw him."

"And no one else has seen him since."

"*Eh b'en*, that is not my affair."

"Have you killed him as you killed his father?"

"Ah! That's it, is it? And why should I kill him, Sergeant Gaudriol?"

"God knows. Doubtless you hated him because he was his father's son, and still more because he loved your girl and she loved him. First you try to part them with lies, and when that failed you make away with the lad."

"But I tell you I never even saw him. I only knew he had been here by finding the boat in its place."

"*Eh bien*, we shall see. If we find him, good. If not——"

"If not, you will try to make out that I have made away with him. *Eh b'en*, go ahead! A man can but die, and I am sick of it all."

Whatever Sergeant Gaudriol's own suspicions might be, he had nothing be-

yond them to act upon. Pierre might be telling the truth. Obviously the one thing to be done was to find Alain's body, if that were possible, but he had to acknowledge to himself that the chances of doing so might be small. If Pierre had gone the length of killing him, it was hardly to be expected that he would not have gone the further length of disposing of his body. Certainly on that other occasion he had boldly avowed his crime and accepted the consequences; but then the motives were, from a French point of view, not absolutely inadequate, whereas in this case no court in the country but would exact full payment for the crime.

The first place to search was Cap Réhel, in case the matter was simply one of accident. So Gaudriol went gingerly down the iron rungs and kicked the rope till Jan Godey woke, and they loosed and went in a wide curve through the run of the Race, coming in under the frowning Head.

They landed there and made careful search among the boulders, but their time was short by reason of the rising tide. They embarked again and coasted along close inshore, to and fro, till they had satisfied themselves that Alain's body was not there, at all events. Finally Sergeant Gaudriol reluctantly gave the matter up for the time being, and went home, saying to himself that they would have to wait till the sea gave up its secret. For the scour of the Race sooner or later carried most things down to Plenevec beach.

He had a faint hope that there might be some news of the missing man at the village, but a sight of Barbe Carcasone's eager face as she ran down the shingle to meet them showed him that the hope was futile.

The cocked hat wagged mournfully at her. "No news, no trace, no nothing!" he said. "But don't lose heart, my child. He'll turn up all right yet."

But in his own mind he doubted it. His tone carried no conviction, and Barbe's heart, which had buoyed itself on the sergeant, sank hopelessly.

"He is dead," she cried, "or he would surely have come."

"If he is dead, some one shall pay for it," said the sergeant.

"Ah, *mon dieu*, it is only Alain I want!" she cried.

Words are but poor medicine for a stricken heart, and vengeance will not fill the place of one who leaves an empty heart behind.

XI.

ALL that day, after Sergeant Gaudriol returned from his fruitless errand, Barbe haunted the beach. The wistful hope died gradually out of her eyes, and left in them nothing but despair.

The other women, with but a dim comprehension of her trouble, offered her rough words of comfort, which comforted her no more than alien words can ever do. The despairing eyes in the dark circles of the eager white face evoked their sympathy and loosed their tongues. A discriminating reserve had no place in the Plenevec character, especially in the so called gentler sex. They discussed Barbe to her face and behind her back long after the feeble lights glimmered in the tiny windows, and even when the panels of the dark box beds were slid to. She paid no heed to them, but suffered none the less.

When night fell she found her way back to Mère Pleuret's cottage, where she sat before the white ashes on the hearth, drooping and desolate.

"*Ma foi!* He is dead without doubt," said the old woman, with the stolid outspokenness of the peasant; "but one must eat all the same."

And she insisted on the girl eating some of the thin soup out of the pot over the fire, and a piece of black bread, which tasted to Barbe like ashes from the hearth. Mme. Pleuret discoursed reminiscently the while of Alain and her own dead boy, whom he now resembled more than ever. Barbe sat there dry eyed and silent. Fears wrung her heart into silent sobs of prayer to the Mother of Sorrows, whose own heart had been wrung beyond any heart in the world save one. In the shuddering darkness of that day and night she drew very near to the great heart of pity which is closed to none.

She slept little that night, and rose in the morning white and worn and widowed. During the day, when Pierre

came to the house and bade her come home, she followed him without a word.

He spoke no word to her as they crossed slowly to the light. He was in his grimmest humor, for the whisper had gone round Plenevec that Sergeant Gaudriol believed that Alain Carbonec had come to his death out there, as his father had done before him, and Plenevec was disposed to consider it not unlikely. They had forgiven Pierre Carcassone one crime, because in their judgment he was justified; but this—if it is so—*eh b'en*, you understand, this is another affair altogether. Such a fine lad was Alain, and the sight of Pierre's face was enough to make you shiver.

And Pierre understood it all perfectly, but gave them no gratification of a sign of it. He shut his face grimly, and spoke no word to any of them.

They climbed the ladder in silence. In silence Pierre ate the morning meal and then lay down in his bunk, while Barbe climbed up to the lantern and went out on to the gallery, to gaze with hopeless longing at Cap Réhel, as if the great rock could have told the secret of Alain's disappearance if only it could have spoken. In her anguish she raised her arms towards the frowning head as though invoking its help or pity; and perhaps her action and her prayer were not lost.

It was hard at first to settle back into the old routine after so great an upheaval, and with every fiber of her being tight strung for news of the missing one. Relief came to her by degrees, however, in the common round of her daily tasks, and she slaved over them as never before. The lighthouse rooms were made so immaculate that it seemed like desecration to use them for the ordinary purposes of life. The reflectors in the lantern suffered such tribulation that no shadow of a speck remained upon them. Grand Bayou Light shone with a brilliance that evoked half damatory eulogiums even in Plenevec.

"*Eh b'en!* He may kill people, this monster of a Pierre, but he knows how to keep a lighthouse," said they.

But Pierre had little to do with it. He was rankling under the injustice of the general condemnation for a deed he had not done. He rarely spoke to

Barbe, and spent most of his time sulking in his bunk, or sitting smoking with his eyes fixed gloomily on the wall before him. Was it not bad enough to have suffered when that had gone before which justified and at the same time compensated the suffering? But now he was suffering without reason. Thousand devils! That old fool Gaudriol ought to be drowned. As for those other fools at Plenevec, let them think what they would. It was all one to him.

Once only, on the first night of her return, did Barbe speak to him of her own accord.

He was smoking gloomily before taking his watch up above, when she came silently down the ladder and stood before him. Her face was set like stone. There were little ridges round the soft mouth, showing white through the bloom of the tan. Her eyes burned in their hollows, and her words were the outcome of much anguished thought.

"Where is Alain?" she asked abruptly.

"I know nothing of him."

"He came back here with the boat."

"I found the boat at the beams. I saw nothing of him."

"If you have killed him, I shall kill you, if the law does not."

She said it very quietly, but in intensity of purpose she looked at the moment capable of it. This was not the Barbe he had been accustomed to; but he recognized what was in her as an old acquaintance of his own, and showed no surprise. He even looked at her for a moment with something akin to approval.

"I understand," he said. "It's in your blood. But I have no fear of either you or the law, my girl."

"*Bien!*" said she. "We shall see."

When he turned in to his bunk, at early dawn, he left the sliding panel slightly open, to show how little effect her threat had on him.

She was sitting in the gallery that morning, as was her custom when she had finished all her work below, when a boat turned out of the bay and made steadily for the light. It was probably George Cadoual, she thought, and so sat and watched it stolidly and with disfavor; but a sudden shift of the helm

showed her the gaudy plumage of Sergeant Gaudriol in the stern, and she jumped up and clung to the gallery rail with her heart fluttering in her throat.

News was coming—good or bad—in either case a certain end to uncertainty, and when one's heart has given up hope even the certain worst brings a measure of relief.

For the time being—as the result of sleepless nights, overstrained nerves, and lack of food, for she could not eat—she felt that Alain was dead. If he had been alive he would have come to her. He had not come, therefore he was dead, and here was Sergeant Gaudriol coming with the news.

She was waiting in the doorway when Jan Godey brought his blunt nosed boat with a deft sweep up to the gangway, and, when he was satisfied that he could do so without loss of life or dignity, the old gendarme came slowly up the iron ladder.

"You have found him?" gasped Barbe.

"But no, my child, not yet," said Gaudriol kindly. "Is Pierre up stairs?"

"He is sleeping."

"Good! I will go up. I like them sleeping;" and he ascended the ladders in front of Barbe.

Sergeant Gaudriol's mind was in a state of chaos, and he had come to see Pierre in hopes of reducing it somewhat.

George Cadoual had been missing for three days past. Mme. Cadoual was in a state of furious distress, demanding him of Sergeant Gaudriol with tears and invectives, and ceasing not day or night.

"What is the good of you, then, you there, if you cannot find me my boy? What in the name of heaven are you here for but to keep things straight? Don't talk to me! Don't talk to me! Get up and do something, you great padded heap of blue cloth! *Sacré nom de dieu*, tell me, some one, is it a man then, that thing in the laced hat that stands mopping and mowing like a gibbering idiot? Oh, let me get at him!" and so on and so on, till Gaudriol grew tired of it, and the neighbors dragged Mme. Cadoual away, foaming and clawing and fairly off her head.

The moment he had heard of Ca-

doual's disappearance, the sergeant had set to work, searching for clues and following them up to the best of his power.

The matter connected itself at once in his own mind with the disappearance of Alain Carbonec. That was inevitable, of course, but what the connection was he had not so far been able to determine. In the mean time he organized search parties and sent them out over the hills and wastes in every direction.

The community was roused out of its natural stolidity by this double disappearance. Mère Buvel drove a roaring trade each night, and the old sergeant listened with keen attention to the discussions that went on round her trestle tables in hopes of finding a grain or two of corn among the windy chaff. But he heard very little that was not familiar to him. Cadoual and Alain had quarreled and separated, and it was freely stated that they had quarreled over Barbe Carcassone. Cadoual had gone away on a journey. On his return he had gone out to the light, as he had been in the habit of doing. Then had come the quarrel between Alain and Pierre which resulted in Alain bringing Barbe across to Plenevec. Alain took the lighthouse boat back, and no one had set eyes on him again. That same day George Cadoual had started off to visit Landroel on business, but had never arrived there—or anywhere else in the neighborhood, so far as could be ascertained.

Gaudiol listened to it all, as it tossed about like a thinning bundle of hay, among the smoke and the damp mugs of cider, and he racked his brains for the meaning of it.

He had been certain in his own mind that Pierre Carcassone had made away with Alain. Was Cadoual also in that matter? Had Pierre and Cadoual joined hands to get rid of Alain, and then had Cadoual—infinately the weaker mind of the two—fled the country? Or had Pierre made away with Cadoual also? And for what reason? To rid himself of an accomplice? It was possible. In fact, anything was possible with Pierre Carcassone.

George's boat, however, was drawn up high and dry on the beach, and no other

boat was missing; but of course Pierre might have taken him across in the lighthouse boat.

Then, as the result of one of Mme. Cadoual's tempestuous visits, Gaudiol extracted from her, with infinite difficulty, the fact that when George had been away that other week he had been to Brest. And that set the sergeant's ideas churning again.

Cadoual had been to Brest. Brest is just across the water from Plougastel, where Alain's boyhood had been spent. On his return he goes at once to see Pierre. Then comes Pierre's announcement to Alain that he is Paul Kervec's son, and his attempt to separate Alain and Barbe by the declaration that they are brother and sister. It was obvious that the information as to Alain's identity had been given to Pierre by George. Alain might have discovered that, and—

Yes, that was possible, but not like Alain. Still, he was a hot headed boy, and there was no knowing. A hasty blow following hot on provocation, and two lives may be wrecked in a moment—aye, three; and the thought of Barbe's suffering lay heavily on the old man's heart, for her beauty and her distress had touched him greatly.

But there—given three angry men with love and hate thrown in among them, and the possibilities were endless. All the same, he would not believe that of Alain till he had more to go on than a remote possibility.

It was in this frame of mind that the sergeant climbed the ladder to Pierre's room, with Barbe at his heels. Pierre was snoring peacefully, as he had been that other morning.

"But yes, I like them asleep," said the sergeant to himself as he laid his hand on the sleeper's shoulder. His remark applied to Pierre as a suspect and not simply as a man, in which capacity he would hardly have claimed a prize for beauty.

"What then?" said Pierre, opening his eyes and then sitting up with a jerk, and very wide awake indeed at sight of the sergeant. "Well, what is it now?" he asked gruffly. "Whom have I murdered this time?"

"George Cadoual is missing," said

Gaudriol, and Barbe, behind him, gave a startled jump. "Have you seen anything of him?"

But he knew by his eyes, before Pierre answered, that he had not.

"Thousand devils, Sergeant Gaudriol, am I accountable for every fool that goes wrong in Plenevec? I know no more of him than I knew of the other."

"When did you see Cadoual last?"

"*Nom de dieu*, I do not know," said Pierre, pondering. "He came and went——"

"Did you see him the day Alain Carbonec was here?"

"I think not."

"The day before?"

"Ah, but yes, I remember——"

"He came to you after he had been to Plougastel, and told you what he had learned about Alain. Is it not so?"

"That's so."

"And you told Alain how you got that information."

"I think not," said Pierre, thinking heavily. "But *la petite* was there and heard all that passed."

"The first time he came, yes. But when he returned with the boat?"

"I never saw him, as I told you already."

"And you know nothing of Cadoual?"

"Neither of him nor the other. I should not wonder if t'other has killed which. They did not love one another, those two."

Gaudriol had drawn blank, and he knew it. He turned to go, and met Barbe's anxious look.

"You have no word of Alain, then, M. Gaudriol?"

"No word yet, my child, but we do not give up hope. It is all a tangle at present, and I have not found the thread; but keep up your heart, my dear. Alain is a fine lad, and I do not fear for him."

But he did, and Barbe was not deceived.

"*Tiens donc!* Have you searched Cap Réhel?" said Pierre, as the result of his cogitations. "When he brought back the boat he would swim ashore there, as he always did. It would be a simple matter for the other to drop a rock on his skull as he climbed——"

"I searched there after I left you last time."

"*Ah, ça!*" Pierre said no more, but seemed satisfied with his own thoughts on the subject.

And thereafter, whenever she looked at the frowning headland, Barbe had terrifying visions of Alain precariously climbing Cap Réhel, while George Cadoual bombarded him with rocks from the top. She saw his poor body lying bruised and broken at the foot of the cliffs, till the tide crept up like a stealthy beast of prey and dragged it silently away. She brooded over the ebbs and flows in case it should be passing, and more than once she sprang up and hung over the railing with fear at her heart, thinking she saw a white face tossing in the Boiling Pot.

She passed through many phases during those first dreadful days. Since Gaudriol's visit she no longer suspected Pierre, but all the same they rarely spoke to each other. The atmosphere of the light was grim and dark, but the light itself shone brighter than ever.

All her suspicions centered now on Cadoual, and she hated the thought of him. Once only the idea flashed venomously across her mind that Alain had gone away because of Pierre's lying statement concerning their relationship. But her heart rejected it instantly, and chased it away whenever it showed head again. For herself she had no doubts about that matter, and Pierre's own words that other night, when she threatened to kill him, confirmed her in her belief.

"I understand. It is in your blood," he had said, and she rejoiced that it was Pierre's bad blood that ran in her veins, for she did not want Alain Carbonec for a brother.

Truly Pierre's words were translatable in many ways, but her understanding of them held comfort, and she cherished it resolutely, closing her mind to any other.

By degrees, and brokenheartedly, she took up the old existence again—outwardly; but life could never be the same to her, and gladly would she have laid it down. She felt bruised, broken, hopeless. The thought of the long, lonely years that lay before her brought her

head to the rail many times a day, and her tears were silent prayers for help and succor.

Of the possibility of Alain being still alive, and of her ever seeing him again, she gradually gave up hope. Hope dies hard, but there is a point at which the strongest cable snaps, and the time comes when the slender threads of hope, which are stronger than any handiwork of man's, reach breaking point, too. Alain was dead, or she would surely have heard from him; and when he went all her life went with him.

The dawns and the sunsets pulsed and burned unheeded, and only pained her with their memories of happier days. The high piled argosies sailed the upper blue in vain for her. Her thoughts no longer freighted them with glowing fancies. The ever changing sea below was no longer a friend, but a stealthy and inscrutable foe, who perchance held the key to this mystery.

At times, as she looked on the smooth swelling waters through her tears, the thought of seeking rest beneath them came down upon her and would not be driven off. Could she have been certain that Alain rested there, the temptation might have been too much for her. But the white seeds planted long since by the sisters at St. Pol were still in her. She had a simple belief in an after life when this weary one was over, and her heart told her that that was not the way to enter it.

It was a time of weary, hopeless desolation, with only an eternity of the same in front of her. Verily love and Alain Carbonec seemed to have brought her anything but joy; and yet, deep down in her heart, at times she would cry "Alain! Alain!" in a voice that was love itself, though her hand was at her side to still the pain that beat there.

XII.

"ALAIN CARBONEC, when he parted from Barbe and Mme. Pleuret that afternoon, rowed gaily across to the lighthouse, hauled the boat up to the beams, and left it as he had found it. Then he stripped, twisted his blue cotton duds into a rope round his waist, and cast himself into the tide, just as

the rain cloud burst and whipped the sea all round him till it hissed.

He was in the highest of spirits. He did not, indeed, see the end of the matter quite clearly yet; but Barbe was out of Pierre's hands and in his own, which was all to the good. He would see Gaudriol when he got back to the village, and get his opinion of this sister and brother story, which, for himself, he did not for one moment believe. Gaudriol would certainly help him, for the sergeant had shown his liking in many little ways since Alain came to Plenevec. How they were to get married without Pierre's consent he did not quite see; but they would manage it somehow, and then he would be the happiest man on earth, and Barbe should be the happiest girl! How beautiful she was! The blood leaped through his veins at thought of her, and he shot through the waves at double speed because each strong stroke was taking him back to her.

He scrambled ashore under the frowning headland, and found his clothes in the nook where he always left them. They were soaked with the rain, but that was a very small matter. In an hour he would be sitting with Barbe before the fire in Mère Pleuret's cottage. He twisted the blue cottons round his neck, since they would not be needed there again, and set off on his precarious climb round the granite shoulder of the cliff.

It was perilous work, but his fingers and toes found holes and holding as if by instinct, where holding seemed impossible. The rain hissed on the rocks and beat back into his face. The birds shrieked and whirled around him in a way that would have flung a less hardy climber to his death; but Alain was accustomed to them, and there was that in him now that made him feel as though he had wings himself. He let them scream their fill without hindrance or annoyance, and drew himself up at last among the scant herbage of the cliff brow, where he lay panting for a moment, his lungs full of it, the smell of it was so sweet after the nauseous passage of the roosting places. Then he rose and swung down among the great standing stones that the ancients had left, and

through the clumps of gorse, by the path his own feet had made.

And then—as he passed swiftly along, full of Barbe and the gladness of living, a figure rose suddenly behind him out of the shadow of one of the great stones; an arm swung, a ragged piece of rock flew, and Alain lay bleeding on the grass.

George Cadoual bent over him, as Cain bent over his brother Abel. It was the most primitive form of vengeance—the ambush and the stone.

But Alain was not dead. Cadoual had hardly hoped for so much, and his choice of hiding place had provided for it. He looked down for a moment at his work—the horrid wound in which the blood welled, and gathered, and trickled down through the yellow hair to the grass, and stained it purple black for a moment, till the rain washed it off; the slackened limbs, springing with full life a minute ago.

Cadoual had no compunctions, however. The man had been in his way. He had to go. He stooped and gripped the body by the shoulders, and dragged it out of the path, and along till he came to a burrow hidden by a clump of furze at the foot of one of the stones. He backed into this on his hands and knees, and drew the body in after him, bit by bit, till it disappeared, as the rabbit disappears down the big snake's throat.

The shaft widened in its descent. The air grew cool and moist, and at last he stood in the damp darkness of a wide chamber, with the body of Alain Carbonee at his feet. But his work was not yet done. This was only the ante chamber. He paused for breath, then struck a sulphur match, which gave him the appearance of a corpse looking down at another one. He lit a candle end, stuck it on a boulder, and quieted his twisting mouth with a cigarette while he rested from his labors. Then he crept up into daylight again, to make sure no traces were left there. The rain had already washed away the blood. He picked up Alain's blue stocking cap, and crept back with it in his hand.

Then he laid hold of the body again and dragged it with loose kicking heels over the rough floor to a corner where

another dark passage yawned. He went back for the candle, carried it down the passage, and came back for the body.

And now Cadoual went warily, for there was that hereabouts which might be the death of him. He came to it at last—a fault in the rock where the bottom of the passage slipped away into darkness. He kicked a stone down. It fell, and no sound came back. He had discovered this place when he was a boy. It had given him many a nightmare, and he had never been there since.

Without a moment's hesitation he pushed the body of Alain Carbonee down into the darkness. Consciously, or with the instinctive grip that never leaves the sailor till the last hold on life is loosed, the slithering hands of the wounded man caught at anything that offered. Cadoual's feet were plucked suddenly from under him, his short cut shriek echoed along the vaulted passage, and the two men disappeared into the darkness together.

Up on its ledge in the passage the candle licked its sharp tongue to and fro as if thirsting after knowledge of what had happened, and so burned slowly to its death.

XIII.

WHEN Alain came to himself it was to a sense of sickening pain, oppressive darkness, and an odor so evil that he could scarcely breathe. He could not remember what had happened, for his head was still humming from Cadoual's blow. He could not make out where he was, nor how he came there. He had no present inclination to rise and find out. That was just as well, for, as he discovered afterwards, a too enterprising curiosity might have led to a broken neck.

When he tried to lift his head he turned sick and faint. He was lying on something soft and evil smelling, and about him there were strange low sounds. Though the smell was nauseating, he lay still because nothing else was possible to him.

He must have lain there in a semi-conscious state, with intervals of sleep which made for healing, for a very long

time. For the next thing he was aware of was a ghostly light which glimmered up at him from below. He rolled over on his chest, and crawled towards it, sneezing and coughing and half suffocated with the effluvium of his passage.

The light sifted dimly through a ragged archway of natural rock which lay below him. He dragged himself to it by slow degrees, for the ground sloped sharply, and he had no idea where he was going. He pushed his head and shoulders through the opening, and saw a sight that almost took his breath away.

It was as if he had come out suddenly into one of those hidden galleries which run round inside a cathedral, just where the tall shafts branch up into the roof. He was looking down into the great, silent interior—a cavern so vast and dim that his eyes could not grasp its immensities. Strange tapering columns hung like mighty icicles from the darkness of the roof, some long, some short. Their spectral white points alone were visible in the dim light; the roof from which they sprouted was hidden from him. Below him, on his own side of the cave, other similar white columns raised their smooth points, like stricken pines clinging precariously to a steep hillside. Below them was misty darkness, which his eyes could not penetrate.

As he gazed with wonder and a touch of awe at the vastness and the solemn silence of the place, the light, which filtered in through several narrow slits in the wall opposite to him, grew suddenly stronger. It deepened and mellowed till it was pouring through the narrow horizontal slits as through the openings of a Venetian shutter, in slabs of glowing gold, moteless and unquivering, majestic in their solidity. They struck the wall above him and crept slowly up towards the roof, and for all too brief a time the upper part of the cavern gleamed and glittered like a treasure house.

As a boy he had spent many a day in the caves at Morgat, just across the bay by Crozon, and their wonders could never be forgotten. But compared with this Morgat was a fisherman's hut, and not to be named in the same breath, lest this

mighty roof should fall and grind him to powder.

Far away below him another solid bar of light stretched across to his side of the cavern, like the single beam of a golden bridge. It disappeared as he looked, and in a moment came thrusting in, again and again, as if in vain endeavor to penetrate the solid rock against which it struck. The sun, he knew, must be just dipping into the sea out there. When it was gone the cavern would be in darkness.

He drew back into the chamber in which he had been lying, and looked carefully round. Since he had got in, there must be a way out; but it was very dim, and he could see nothing in the nature of an outlet. The thin screen of rock between him and the larger cave glowed with soft colors, red and green and yellow veins running through a ground of tender rose white. They paled as he looked, with the fading of the light outside. He scrambled through the opening and began to descend the steep rock wall. It was perilous work, even for a whole head. To a less hardy climber it would have been impossible. The upstanding white pillars helped him. He slid down from one to another, and they were clammy cold to his embrace. The narrow golden bar below was thrusting up to meet him. It stopped and grew ruddy as he neared its glow, and almost at once it began to fade.

Alain scrambled on till he leaned, panting, with his back against the rock and his face opposite the opening through which the golden shaft came. It was a ragged round hole at the end of a cleft like the archer's window in a castle wall, a cleft that widened inwards—a funnel, rather, for it seemed to him that its inner opening into the cave was not wider than his head, while the outer hole might be the size of his fist. And where it opened into the cave the rock had fallen away and left an overhanging arch up which he could not swarm.

As the golden dazzle flickered and died, he saw, as through the small end of a telescope, the rocks of Grand Bayou and the tall white shaft of the lighthouse.

(To be continued.)

American Women in London.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE FACT THAT SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT HOSTESSES OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS ARE OF TRANSATLANTIC BIRTH IS A SIGN OF THE TIMES AND A LIVING TOKEN OF THE AMITY OF THE GREAT ENGLISH SPEAKING NATIONS.

THE American colony in London is a somewhat scattered one. It has no residential quarter that may be regarded as peculiarly its own. It is scattered from Belgravia to Bloomsbury, from the Park to Pimlico. Mayfair accommodates some of its members, while others are installed in Kensington. Nor are the suburbs overlooked altogether, for the Stars and Stripes metaphorically flutters over the rooftrees of a good many houses which can scarcely claim to be within the refining influence of the four mile cab radius.

But most of the leading Americans who have their permanent address in London live within a mile of Hyde Park Corner. Several of them have houses that actually look on to the Park itself. These latter are favored individuals, for the neighborhood is the most sought after in all the British metropolis. Their front windows are faced by a broad expanse of turf, made bright with well kept flower beds, and fringed with stately trees—a gratifying contrast to the more or less dingy buildings that line most London streets.

One of the finest residences in the vicinity is Hyde Park House, the property of Lady Naylor-Leyland. It directly overlooks the famous Rotten Row, and commands an uninterrupted view across the whole expanse of the Park. Immediately opposite the front door is the French Embassy, the two buildings being on either side of Albert Gate.

Lady Naylor-Leyland is the second daughter of William Selah Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio. In 1889 she married Herbert Scarisbrick Naylor-Leyland, a captain in the Second Life Guards, and a *persona grata* with the

then Prince of Wales. Her husband entered politics, and Lord Rosebery made him a baronet, but four years ago he died, leaving his widow with two sons. The elder of these, born in 1890, is the present baronet. King Edward, who has always taken great interest in the Naylor-Leyland children, stood sponsor to one, while the Prince of Wales acted in a similar capacity to the other.

On the north side of the Park, at 56 Lancaster Gate, lives the novelist and playwright, Mrs. Craigie, who is otherwise known by the almost aggressively masculine pseudonym of John Oliver Hobbes. Her father, Mr. John Morgan Richards, who lives with her, is the proprietor of the *Academy*, one of the few literary papers in England. Mrs. Craigie was born in Boston, but was chiefly educated in England. She studied music at the Royal Academy and classics at University College, London, where she distinguished herself in Greek. After an unhappy matrimonial experience she found solace in literary work, and in the last twelve or thirteen years she has produced almost as many books, besides writing several plays.

On the same side of the Park as Lancaster Gate is Great Cumberland Place. Here, at No. 35a, is the residence of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. The daughter of the late Leonard Jerome, of New York, she first married, in 1874, Lord Randolph Churchill, the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Twenty six years later, after his death, she became the wife of George Cornwallis-West. Her son, Winston Churchill, is a writer and politician of considerable note. Educated for the army, he served for some time in the Fourth Hussars, but retired to devote himself

to politics. When the Boer war broke out he went to South Africa as correspondent, his stepson, has also been in the army, but was forced to retire from his regi-



MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, FORMERLY LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, WHO WAS MISS JENNIE JEROME OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

spondent for the *Morning Post*, and went through some highly adventurous experiences. He is now a member of Parliament, representing Oldham in the Conservative interest. Mr. Cornwallis-West, who is of about the same age as

ment, the Scots Guards, owing to ill health contracted in the Boer campaign.

The house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis-West is a large and handsome one. It contains a good library and some valuable pictures, as well as

many souvenirs from South African battle fields. Mrs. Cornwallis-West has always taken a keen interest in politics and literature. At the present moment she is vice president of the so called

odical, by the way, Mrs. Craigie was a prominent contributor.

Facing Kensington Gardens, the westerly extension of Hyde Park, is Prince's Gate. In selecting No. 13 therein for



LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, WHO WAS MISS LILY PRICE OF TROY, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

"ladies' grand council" of the great organization known as the Primrose League, while she was the founder and first editor of the now defunct *Anglo-Saxon Review*. To this sumptuous peri-

his residence, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan shows himself superior to a popular superstition—which is so wide spread in London that in many streets the dreaded number is omitted altogether. The



MRS. ARTHUR HENRY PAGET, WHO WAS MISS MARY PARAN STEVENS OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Alice Hughes, London.



LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND, WHO WAS MISS JENNIE CHAMBERLAIN, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

next house to Mr. Morgan's is occupied by the Earl of Listowel.

At No. 45 Portman Square is the London residence of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester. Her grace was the daughter of Don Antonio Yznaga de Valle, of Louisiana and Cuba. She married the eighth duke in 1876, and has one son, the present occupant of the title, who two years ago married Miss Helena Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. Among the other titled people living in

Portman Square are the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Earl of Ducie, the Countess of Leitrim, Viscount Gort, and Viscount Portman.

Curzon Street, which is in the very heart of the ultra fashionable district of Mayfair, numbers several Americans among its residents. 't No. 32, for example, is the house of Miss Van Wart, who is one of the best known hostesses in London, while next door is that of Mrs. Adair. Almost opposite is the



MRS. LORILLARD RONALDS, WHO WAS MISS MARY FRANCES CARTER, OF BOSTON.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

town address of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who are also great forces in the social world, and whose daughter is the present Countess of Craven.

Another well known hostess who hails from America is Mrs. Ronalds. She is an accomplished musician, and a regular attendant at the opera during the season. Her house is at 7 Cadogan Place, on part of the estate belonging to Earl Cadogan.

At 5 Carlos Place, leading into Grosvenor Square, is the London house of

Lady Grey-Egerton. The daughter of Major Cuyler, of the United States Army, she married Sir Philip Grey-Egerton in 1893. Her husband is the twelfth baronet, the title dating from 1617, and they have a handsome country house at Oulton Park, in Cheshire.

The stuccoed glories of Carlton House Terrace have ever proved singularly attractive to people of wealth and position who have decided to live in London. For this its huge but well proportioned mansions, the back windows



LADY GREY-EGERTON, WHO WAS MISS MAY CUYLER, OF MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

of which overlook St. James' Park and give unequalled opportunities for witnessing royal processions in the Mall,

the United States Embassy. Next door but one is the address of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, and at No. 6 is that of



THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER, WHO WAS MISS HELENA ZIMMERMAN, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

From a photograph by Maffett, Portadown.

are no doubt largely responsible. The houses, too, are splendidly arranged for entertaining. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that this district has had its "American invasion." No. 1 is

Mrs. John W. Mackay, whose husband died some months ago. William Waldorf Astor's house is at No. 18. As this is the last building in the row, there is an American at either end of Carlton



MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBS), WHO WAS MISS PEARL RICHARDS, OF BOSTON.

From a photograph by Kate Pragnell, London.

House Terrace. Most of Mr. Astor's time is spent at Cliveden, a charming country seat on the Thames, which he

years ago. Miss Pauline Astor presides over her father's house.

After Park Lane there is no part of



CONSUELO, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER, WHO WAS MISS CONSUELO YZNAGA, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

purchased from the late Duke of Westminster. His residence in England dates from 1891; shortly afterwards he came into prominence as a literary force by purchasing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose proud boast it is that under its present management it is a newspaper conducted "by gentlemen for gentlemen." Mr. Astor is a widower, his wife, who was Miss Mary Dahlgren Paul, of Philadelphia, having died some eight

London in greater request for residential purposes than Belgrave Square. Here, at No. 35, is the London residence of Major General and Mrs. Arthur Paget. During the season it is the scene of frequent entertainments, for Mrs. Paget, who was Miss Minnie Paran Stevens of New York, is one of the leading hostesses in London. Her husband is a son of the late Lord Alfred Paget, and a grandson of the first

Marquis of Anglesey, the gallant soldier who commanded Wellington's cavalry at Waterloo. Arthur Paget served for thirty years in the army, and won his present rank as a reward for good work in the South African campaign. General and Mrs. Paget have two chil-

borough spends most of her time at Blenheim, though she has a town mansion at Warwick House, St. James'. Some day, perhaps, the Churchills may be able to regain the original London residence of their family, Marlborough House, built for the famous founder of



MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN, OF NEW YORK AND LONDON, WHOSE DAUGHTER IS THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

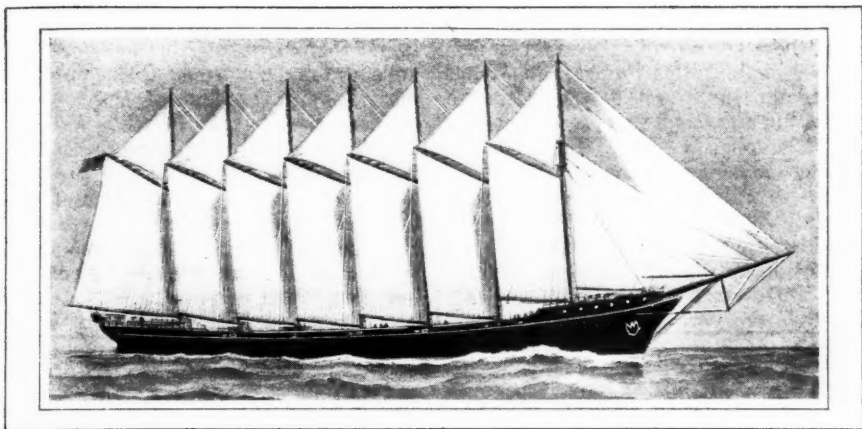
From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

dren, a son and a daughter. The former of these has lately taken up his father's profession, and holds a subaltern's commission in the Guards.

I have not exhausted the list of American women who have gained high places in English society, but I have mentioned those who are most prominent as hostesses in the west end of London. The present Duchess of Marl-

borough spends most of her time at Blenheim, though she has a town mansion at Warwick House, St. James'. Some day, perhaps, the Churchills may be able to regain the original London residence of their family, Marlborough House, built for the famous founder of

their dual line, but long used as a royal palace. Other prominent American women of England are the Countess of Essex, Lady Vernon, Lady Cheylesmore, the Marchioness of Dufferin, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, who is now in India with her husband the viceroy, and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who at the time of writing is on her way to South Africa.



The Greatest Sailing Ship Afloat.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN G. CROWLEY.

THE MASTER OF THE SEVEN MASTED SCHOONER THOMAS W. LAWSON STATES HIS IDEAS ON THE BUILDING OF MAMMOTH SAILING VESSELS AND HIS HOPE THAT THEY MAY REGAIN FOR AMERICA HER MARITIME SUPREMACY.

EVER since I was eleven—and that was thirty five years ago—I have sailed in schooners. For more than twenty years I have been a master and owner of schooners, from some of the smallest to the very biggest. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but it is my belief that if America is ever to regain her position as mistress of the seas, it will be the schooner—the typical American vessel—that will most help her towards it. I regard the building of the seven master Thomas W. Lawson as a step in that direction.

Real supremacy on the high seas depends on the merchant marine—the vessels that carry the world's cargoes—and the merchant marine must, of course, like any other commercial enterprise, be profitable, if it is going to exist. Placed on an equality, sailing craft would be more profitable freight carriers than steamships, for they are naturally much more economical to manage; but they have been handicapped by their slowness and their comparatively small capacity. Most of the steam freighters are not very fast nor very

large when you set them beside the passenger "greyhounds," but they have beaten the sailers in size and speed. In the Lawson I have tried to reduce this handicap by the use of steam power for everything but propulsion.

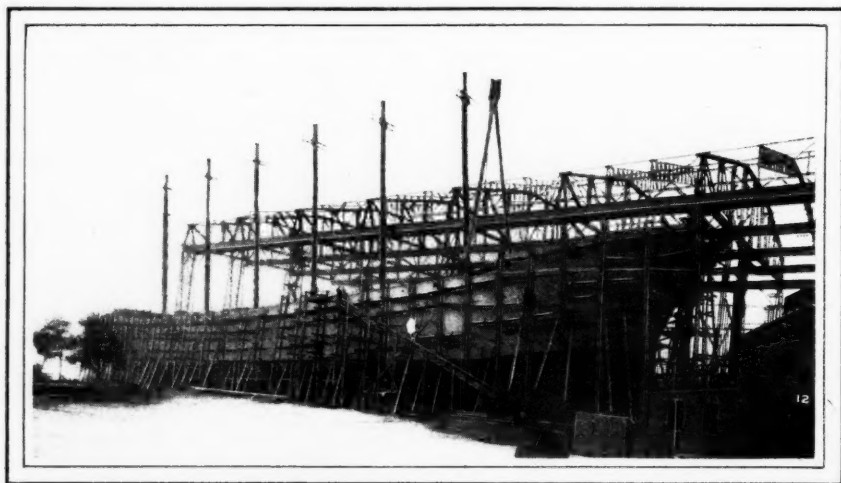
THE FIRST AMERICAN SCHOONERS.

The great trouble with schooners has always been that their size—and that means their cargo room—has been limited. The first fore and after was launched nearly two hundred years ago from the shores of Massachusetts Bay, not thirty miles away from the Fore River yard in Boston Harbor, where the Lawson was built. This early type of vessel had only two masts. She did so well that she became the typical American merchantman, and by degrees her hull was enlarged to give her greater carrying capacity, until there came a time when the rigging that two masts could carry safely was not enough to give her any speed, and the square rigger began to take the schooner's business away from her.

About the middle of the last century

a third stick was added, but for a long time there seemed to be a sailor superstition against the innovation. What the reason for it was nobody seems to know, but the feeling was so strong that the *Magnolia*, the first three master, was looked on as a "hoodoo" wherever she went. Sailors and skippers imagined that all the bad luck in the world sailed with her, and the first glimpse of her raking masts was the signal for everybody to stretch every stitch he had

courage to build a schooner so much larger than any of her predecessors that an additional mast had to be put into her. I built the first of **my** big five masters, the *John B. Prescott*, in 1899, and the first six master that was ever floated, the *George W. Wells*, the year before last; and now, in the *Lawson*, the first steel schooner built in this country, and the first seven masted schooner in the world. I think I have an entirely new type of sailing vessel.



THE HULL OF THE SEVEN MASTED SCHOONER THOMAS W. LAWSON ON THE WAYS AT FORE RIVER.

From a photograph by Foxcroft, Boston.

aboard and scuttle for the nearest shelter. During the Civil War, the *Magnolia* was a blockade runner for a while; then she went on foreign voyages, but the old feeling against her extra pole never seemed to wear away. She came back to the coastwise trade when the war was over, but one of her masts had disappeared, and she finally went to the graveyard a two sticker.

Very few three masters are built nowadays. The smaller vessels are like the original two masters, and those designed for bigger cargoes have at least four masts. There is only one three master on the register now where there were four a dozen years ago, and those that founder or wear out are not replaced.

FROM THREE MASTS TO SEVEN.

Every now and then, since the *Magnolia* appeared, somebody has had the

In spite of the increased cargo capacity of the schooner, the square rigger kept ahead of her for a long time. Each additional mast increased the number of men necessary to handle her, and also put a heavier strain on her hull. It became necessary to strengthen her against the fearful wrenching that came when her great length was hung from bow to stern between the crests of two waves, and then balanced amidships on top of the swell. The keelson by means of which this was done—a framework of heavy beams that braced the hull from inside—cut down the cargo room and added to the load; the timber for that of the *Wells*, for example, being in itself a burden that brought the three master which delivered it to the builder down to her waterline. Besides, the great spread of canvas, divided into a few large sails instead of several smaller

ones like those of a ship or bark, was too heavy to be managed economically by hand. This put the schooner, big as she had become, at a disadvantage again, and in the Wells I made the first move towards overcoming one of the troubles by providing two engines to help in hoisting the sails and anchors and pumping her out in case of a leak—in fact, for doing all the heavy work.

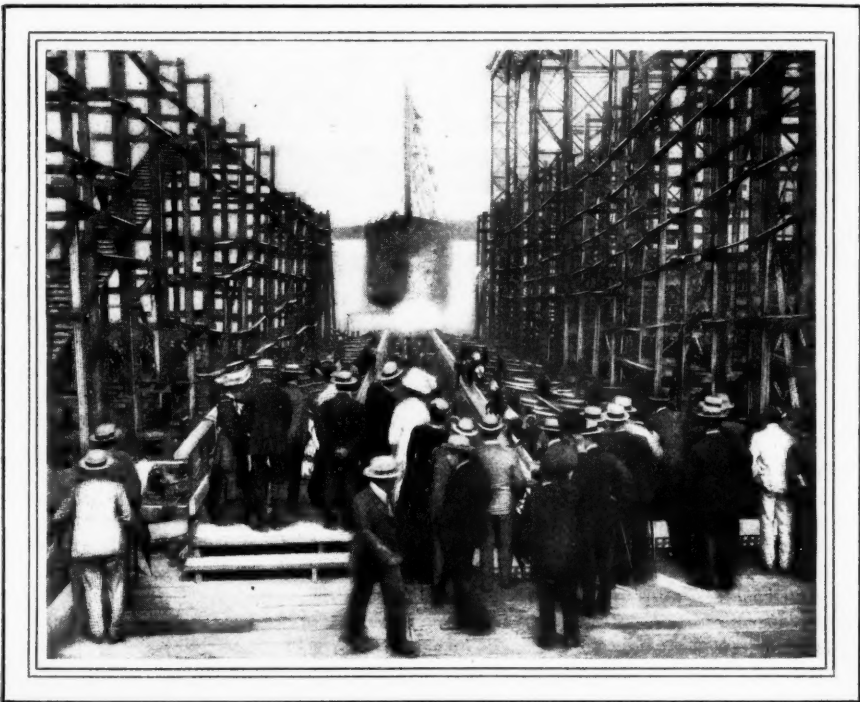
Some of the old skippers laughed when I built the Prescott, and more of them scoffed when I launched the Wells, but the big ships have turned out to be two of the best and most profitable that ever sailed, and my belief in the schooner was only strengthened by my experience with them.

THE BUILDING OF A GIANT SCHOONER.

When it came to the seven master, I tried to overcome some of the bad features of the big schooners by having her built of steel, and manning her by steam. Steel construction gained for cargo room the space taken up by the

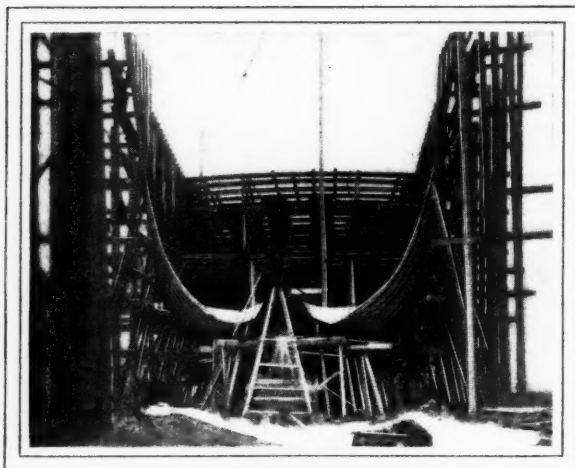
keelson which would have been necessary in a wooden vessel, in addition to the saving in the difference in the thickness of wooden and steel hulls. It also made her stronger than a schooner—or any other sailing vessel, for that matter—ever was before. The equipment of engines to hoist and lower sail saves crew and stevedore expenses, the two heavy items on the debit side of a merchantman's account, and gives her all sorts of conveniences that she could not otherwise have, such as electric lights, steam steering gear, and an easy way to hoist the big anchors. Strange as it sounds, it was steam that made this sailing vessel possible.

The Lawson is built much as a big passenger steamer might be, except that she has no staterooms and no propellers. Not only her hull and ribs, but her decks and houses, are of steel, and her one hundred and thirty five foot masts are steel cylinders topped with fifty six foot spars of Oregon pine. She has a double bottom four feet deep, which is



THE LAUNCH OF THE THOMAS W. LAWSON—A VIEW FROM THE UPPER END OF THE WAYS.

From a photograph by Foxcroft, Boston.



THE STEEL FRAMES OF THE THOMAS W. LAWSON—A NOVELTY IN AMERICAN SAILING SHIP CONSTRUCTION.

From a photograph by Fawcett, Boston.

divided into watertight compartments by four collision bulkheads, and if a hole was torn half her length she would still float. When she is going light laden, a thousand tons of water ballast will be pumped into the double bottom as a steadier. Two decks are above this, and altogether there is room in her for eighty one hundred tons of cargo—say coal, for instance—which is nearly twice the capacity of the six masted Wells, and about double what the ordinary steam freighter carries. She is four hundred and three feet long over all, or three hundred and sixty eight feet on the waterline; she is of fifty foot beam, and thirty five feet deep. When she has a full load she will draw twenty six and a half feet of water.

STEAM ON A SAILING SHIP.

With these dimensions I had size enough to make seven masts necessary and stability enough to make them possible; but to set the great ship in motion, and give it any speed, tremendous sail power was required, and that meant rigging so large and so heavy that if it could be managed at all by human muscles there must be a very large crew. That is why six little engines are ranged along the middle of the Lawson's deck. Five of them are just alike, of twenty five horse power each; the sixth, up for-

ward, has forty horse power, and will do nothing but turn the capstan for the two big stockless anchors, which weigh five tons apiece. This and the aftermost engine are in deckhouses, with the two steam boilers; the other four stand in the open air. Each has what is called link motion—that is, it can be reversed by a lever so as to exert strength in either direction, like a railroad engine, and pull down as well as up.

Having this power at hand, why not make further use of it? So the engines were placed

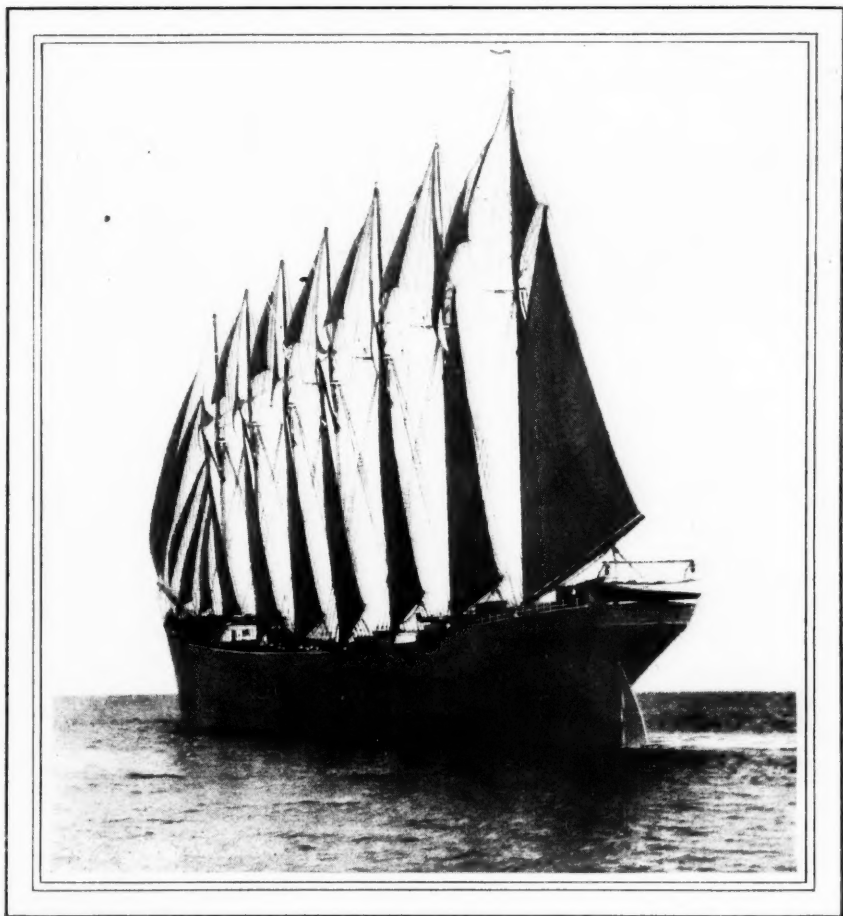
in such a way as to be convenient to the hatches as well as to the masts, and they can do stevedore work besides crew work. They take the place of a large number of men, and that is the greatest single economy that can be worked on shipboard. A square rigger the size of the Lawson would have to have a crew of at least thirty five; the Lawson has only sixteen men, including her master, engineers, and cook; but her sail can be changed in five minutes, while the old fashioned ship takes a quarter of an hour to do the same thing.

What speed a ship like the Lawson can make it is too soon to say, but big schooners often do ten knots, and the Wells has gone as high as fifteen in a strong breeze—the record, I think, up to now. The average steam freighter plugs along at eight knots, and that is called doing well. The lines of the seven masts were drawn by Bowdoin B. Crowninshield, the designer of racing yachts, and perhaps she will turn out to be a regular giantess with seven league masts for boots.

HANDLING A GIANT SCHOONER.

When the wind blows strong, and the night is dark or the weather thick, it will surely be no easy matter to handle her. No voice can carry the length of

her deck; no hand, however quick and strong, can turn her on her heel if a stranger looms suddenly on her bow; and these big schooners are erratic and pioneer seven masted schooner will be the founder of a new generation of sailing merchantmen—the greatest and finest merchantmen that have ever



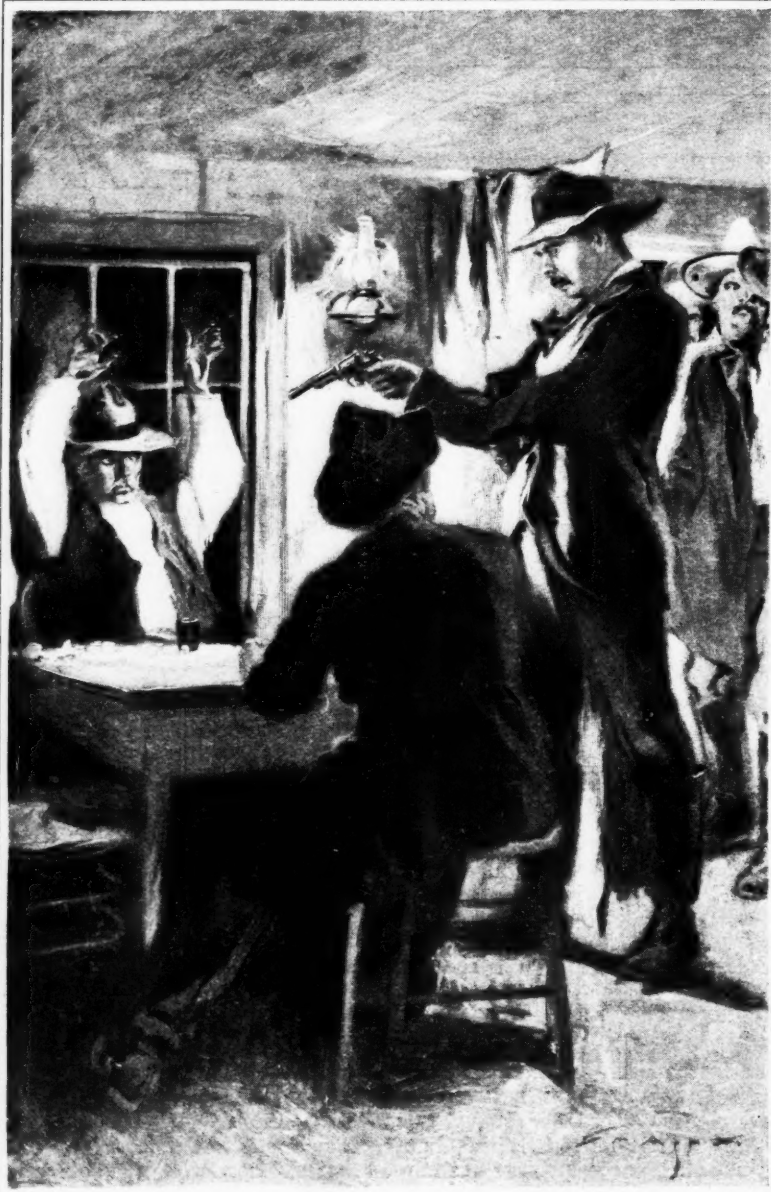
A WHITE WINGED GIANT OF THE SEAS—THE THOMAS W. LAWSON LEAVING BOSTON HARBOR ON HER FIRST TRIP.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1902, by George W. Davenport.

not to be managed in the same way as the smaller fry. But by the telephone, orders can be heard above any gale; powerful electric lanterns, set in "light-houses" such as the bigger ships have, give warning of her approach while she is many miles away, and steam steering gear that can be connected by the helmsman in thirty seconds puts a bit in her mouth that simplifies her handling not a little.

I venture the prediction that this

sailed the seas. The new type of ships will be typically American—economical and efficient, speedy and capacious, stanch and good to look at. There are those, I know, who profess to think that the fore and after can never have the grace and imposing picturesqueness of the old time square rigger; but I think they can never have seen the shining hull and towering masts of such a white winged giant of the seas as the Thomas W. Lawson.



"UP HANDS, YE GANGLE LEGGED VARMINT!" MCQUEEN ROARED. LILYWHITE OBEYED. "GEN'L MEN," SAID HE, "YOU ALL HAS CERT'NLY GOT ME BEAT."

[See page 723.]

The Departure of Lilywhite Avery.

THE STORY OF A CONVICTED CARD SHARP'S LAST GAME IN SPEARFISH.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

WITH his back against the wall, Lilywhite Avery faced the three solemn committeemen and regarded them with a fluttering eye. His submissive bearing irritated Judge McQueen visibly. A year ago, when the committee had made a similar demand of Three Card Hendricks, the result had been a joyous running fight as far as War Bonnet Creek. Avery's conduct was insipid, disgusting, and distinctly unbusinesslike.

"I understands, Mr. Nugent," said Lilywhite. "It's quit er git."

Cornelius Nugent, a citizen of property and consequence, nodded, and received the formal surrender of the gambler's six shooter.

"So I quits," concluded Lilywhite. "I quits fer good—monte, dice, stud, everythin'. Cross my neck an' heart I'm through, an' I stays in the village."

"There won't be no second warning," said the disappointed judge. "You make another crooked play in this here town of Spearfish, South Dakota, and—over the river!" He bent an expressive forefinger.

"That goes—and if you fellers don't treat me right—"

"Hey?" broke in McQueen eagerly.

"All I wants is a chance," explained Avery, subsiding. "I was agoin' to quit gamblin' anyhow. Mr. Nugent, he knows why. If ever I plays dishonest ag'in, bring on yer funeral."

In resentful contempt, McQueen led the committee to retirement. Avery remained, leaning against the clapboards and staring at the velvety mud of the street where it gleamed brown under the four red lights of the Senate Concert Hall. The distant tinkling refrain of the piano was caught by a lounge on the opposite corner.

Mamie, Mamie, pretty Mamie,
All her love belongs to me.

Spurs jingled to the shuffle of the dance. Lilywhite smiled contentedly. He was a slight, swarthy man, with a tense, thin neck and sloping shoulders. A girl picked a zigzag path across the street, and Avery extended a hand to assist her to the plank sidewalk.

"Mercy, John!" she gasped at the bashful energy of his pull.

"Had yer supper, Miss Angeline?" he said.

"No, I ain't." She glanced through the window of Mrs. Major's restaurant. "Nobody's there," she said. "Come on in, John."

He followed her awkwardly into the empty diningroom. By the murky lamp light Angeline Nugent looked older than she really was, and the feather in her ugly hat made disfiguring shadows on her young, pale face, and on the innocent gray eyes, where shyly hovered the problem of awakening womanhood.

"Fried ham and eggs," recited Mrs. Major, hurrying from the kitchen, "fried steak, fried—"

"I guess I'll take a cup o' tea. I guess that'll do."

"Y'ain't feelin' noways hove down, is yer, Miss Angeline?" said Avery.

"No, indeed. I ain't got a call to be nothin' only happy tonight, John. But I'm that nervous—John, lookahere. When I see you standin' there, it come over me to say somethin'. First I planned to send these things, but now I'm goin' to give 'em to you."

From her pocket she took a roll of yellow paper, elaborately tied with a pink ribbon. There was a moment's pause. She watched the man's lips.

"Those are your presents," Angeline said bravely. "Oh, John, I hates to hurt you!" She was twisting the scarlet fringe of the tablecloth in her fingers. "You've been as good as a brother to me since you come to Spearfish. But I can't never love you—I've tried and I can't. And now I've found—I've found more'n a brother, and somehow—well, it just don't seem square for me to keep these tricks of yours."

Avery ran his thumb mechanically around the edge of a plate.

"That's right, Angeline," he said. "Yes, sir. That's dead right. Goin' ter git married, I shouldn't wonder?" he asked, bending over the knots of the ribbon, while Miss Nugent slowly sprinkled sugar into her steaming cup.

"I'm goin' to get married tonight. I

reckon dad and everybody'll be surprised when they find out. I was surprised myself, John. I promised—I promised him not to tell until it's settled; but of course I had to tell you part of it. My! That tea's awful hot."

"Try one o' them there candy crackers. I remember how yer liked 'em the night we—go ahead, try one."

"No, I don't guess I want anythin'."

They pushed back their chairs and walked out, each waiting for the other to speak. In the shadow beyond the door she half cried, under her breath:

"John, you ain't sore, are you?"

"No, Angeline," he said doggedly. "I ain't no kicker. Don't yer worry. We're pals, same as ever."

"Sure we are, John;" and she left him alone in the darkness.

The group of loafers on the corner chanted sentimentally to the wiry accompaniment of the piano in the dance hall. Lilywhite Avery stumbled into the shaft of light which escaped underneath Mrs. Major's blue window shade, and there he unloosed the tissue paper and spread the contents of the packet on his palm—a coral bracelet, a book of cigarette pictures, a ring, a button with his photograph on it. He turned them over curiously, and the grip of a pain he could not understand began to steal about his heart.

"Must 'a' hoodooed my fool self," he muttered, vaguely rebellious.

The ring, stuck on the end of his little finger, mocked him with the sparkle of its gaudy stone. Laughing and singing, the loungers flocked through the doors of the Senate, and Avery shook his fist at the deserted street.

"Oh, laugh!" he said fiercely. "You kin laugh come mornin', too, after she—by thunder, she mustn't do nothin' ornery!" He tilted his chin in defiance at the stars. "She shan't hitch up to no cuss that'll misuse her, an' shame her, an' put the laugh onto her. No, sir. She ain't fer me, ner the likes o' me, an' she shan't do nothin' ornery. You jus' look out, John, ol' boy, an' lay low."

The phrase brought a certain comfort. He repeated it as he drifted into Schaeffer's saloon. Gene Clay, the solitary customer, leaned on the bar, talking to the landlord. Champagne stood between them. In the Bad Lands the consumption of champagne is significant of extraordinary occurrences, past, present, or to come.

"You're in time, sport," said Clay, slapping the bar rail. "Here we go!"

Clay wore the parade dress of a cow puncher—black clothes, trousers over his boots, a stiff shirt which creaked when he moved. His bullying mouth asserted itself beneath the sleekly curled mustache. Down the side of his face ran the thread of a scar, made by the knife of a half breed woman whom he had cast off in Deadwood. The scar turned red whenever Gene was excited, and tonight it flamed.

"Holdin' 'em kinder high, ain't yer?" said Lilywhite, draining his glass affably.

"You betcher!" Clay became grave as he unwound the strip of rattlesnake skin from his pocketbook. "Say, charge up the wine, will you, Dutch? I needs all the stuff I got."

"Sure," said Schaeffer, wheeling to the slate. Gene's purse lay open for an instant, and Avery observed within it two long green railroad tickets.

"Guess ye're goin' travelin'," he suggested.

"Guess again," suggested Clay. Somewhat embarrassed, he shifted his glance. "That there's a swell lady's ring you got, Lilywhite," said he. Lilywhite covered the jewel with an involuntary gesture, but Clay's attention was focused on the finger. "How much d'you want for it?" he asked.

"Tain't fer sale. Leastways, I don't reckon you're man enough to buy it off of me."

"Aw, don't get fresh," advised Clay, frowning. "I tell you, I could just use that ring," he explained to the bartender.

"Well, well, keep your fore hoofs on the prairie," interceded Schaeffer amiably. "Gene's well heeled." He pointed at the pocketbook, and, with a mind for trade, produced a leather dice box. "Roll the bones with him for the ring, Lilywhite."

"Ain't got over much time," said Clay, with a swaggering look at the clock; "but no tin horn gambler's goin' to stump me!"

Avery fondled the dice box thoughtfully. He was unarmed; he had nothing but his craft wherewith to fight against Gene Clay for the good name—for so he was now convinced—of Angeline. It was ten miles from Spearfish to the railroad. Without public scandal, if he could, he must block this knife marked betrayer of women.

Gene misconstrued the hesitation, and showed his teeth in a sneer as he bit off the end of a cigar.

"Nobody'll stump me!" he repeated, and blew a cloud in Lilywhite's face.

"I'll roll yer a few," said Avery.

Mr. Schaeffer scuttled from behind the bar and drew back the calico curtains which screened a table in the corner next the door. The two men slouched after him, Avery carrying the leather box. As he followed Clay he emptied Schaeffer's dice into his pocket and substituted five of his own.

They sat down. Lilywhite took the corner seat with his back against the window.

"Twenty five beans," announced Avery, tossing the ring, but within his reach, on the stained oilcloth.

Clay contemplated it with studied indifference. "What do you say, Dutch?"

"Twenty five goes, I guess," said Schaeffer. Avery watched him rub the stone on his wiping rag. "Twenty five's right."

The dice rattled. Schaeffer yawned, trimmed the wick of the single lamp, and retired into the columns of the *Spearfish Scimitar*. The minutes slipped by, punctuated by the soft thud of the dice box. When the door swung open, Lilywhite Avery hitched about sharply in his chair. The ring still lay in the angle of his wrist, and beside it was now a little pile of gold and silver.

The newcomer was Gow Wong with a tin pail. The trickle of the beer into the pail attracted Gene; he looked up, called for another cigar, and swore loudly at his evil fortune. The Chinaman, bland and silent messenger of Nemesis, pattered to the street, and to his laundry, where Judge McQueen sat waiting for his Sunday linen and passing the gossip of the town.

"Schaeffer, lemme have a stake, old man, till next week, will you?" said Clay. "Dangedest luck I ever was to!"

Schaeffer drummed on the lid of the cigar box. "Oh, Lilywhite'll give yer a chanst fer yer money," he temporized consolingly.

"Seen a railroad ticket or so in yer wallet from Deadwood ter Buffalo Gap. I'll roll agin that," drawled Avery, grim and nonchalant.

Clay scowled doubtfully across the oilcloth.

"Ef yer sand's run out——" added Lilywhite.

"Let 'er rip!" growled Gene, crunching his cigar between his teeth. He made a throw and calculated the result.

"Pair o' bed posts—six—deuce——" he began, but raised his head at a quick flurry of footsteps beyond the door.

"Pears like we'd 'most have ter wind this thing up," said Lilywhite laconically.

The men outside halted at the threshold, talking. Avery spun the dice, then Clay, then Avery, and immediately the latter snatched the tickets from the table and tore them once across the middle.

"What the devil's this?" cried Gene, springing up.

"They're mine. I won 'em. There goes yer honeymoon, Mr. Hewgene Clay! An' ef yer lets loose the gal's name in this gang, I'll——"

The crowd surged in before he could conclude. McQueen stormed in the lead, brandishing a pistol, determined on the center of the stage. "Up hands, ye gangle legged varmint!" he roared.

Lilywhite obeyed. "Gen'lemen," said he with a deferential cough, "you all has cert'nly got me beat."

"Not an hour gone you lied to me, Avery!" yelled the judge. "He sniveled off from bein' run out o' town," McQueen went on. "He passed us a pledge to quit skin games, and now he's bust it!"

"I know that," assented Lilywhite. "What then?"

"What then? I told yer what then."

The judge lurched forward murderously, but Cornelius Nugent laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. Gene detailed his losses to a cackling group of sympathizers ranged along the bar, behind which Schaeffer, his fat, rosy face distorted by excitement, was wiping glasses automatically. Lilywhite Avery surveyed a dingy lithograph on the wall.

"I'm a lot sorry there ain't no more hilarity about this finish, fellers," he said, moistening his lips; "but I ain't got no gun, and—well, I guess it's up to you, Mr. McQueen."

"Ye sponge livered greaser!" exclaimed the judge. "Is there anything more you want to——"

"Yes," interrupted Avery. "I wants a short talk with ol' man Nugent. No gum games. Yer kin trust me."

"Guess that's so, considerin' circumstances," said Cornelius. He advanced, stroking his gray beard. The others noisily engaged the services of the bartender, and listened to Clay's fourth shrill recital of the maneuvers of the loaded dice.

"This here's a double cinched fix, Avery," said Angeline's father. "I can't help you nohow. What'd you go for to lie to us all for?"

"Tain't that," whispered Lilywhite. "I don't care a Injun cuss. Lookahere what I lifted off of Gene Clay. Lookahere the writin's into the book of it."

Mr. Nugent inspected the band of the

ring, spelling the engraved letters somewhat laboriously.

"My darling Angeline," he grunted. "My darling—blazes! Him!"

"Pair o' railroad tickets ter the Gap fer this night," continued Lilywhite remorselessly; "coral bracelet—bunch o' money—an' him in his other clothes, fer no reason 'cept one."

Nugent blinked rapidly, and reached under the flowing skirt of his coat.

"Hol' on," interposed Lilywhite. "You mustn't make no gun play that'll start the gang laughin' at her. Don't yer see?" He spoke quick, for McQueen was becoming restive. "She ain't hurt yet. You just go home an' talk to her father-like, an' watch over her, an' nuss her same's yer wife might do ef she warn't dead, and save the shootin' till a better chance. Keep her name quiet. I couldn't get no word to you before, an' I couldn't let Clay outter my sight. Guess that's about all."

"I—I'm obliged to you, Lilywhite," said Nugent.

"Didn't see no other way than this," apologized the other huskily. "She's only a kid. Kinder didn't like to see her git all messed up."

"You're a sort of a low lived crook, Avery, but there's only a single cayuse on the hitchin' rail in front, an' if you had a start, I dunno—" Nugent paused, deliberating.

"Angeline, she give me my medicine this evenin'," murmured Lilywhite, half to himself. "Put me straddle a horse and you'll never see me no more."

Judge McQueen whirled impatiently on his heel at the bar. "Time's up, over there!" he called.

"The window's handy," said Cornelius softly. "Now, ye homely son of a sea cook, hump!" Whereupon he shook the ceiling with a frontiersman's whoopee, and a forty five revolver crashed a barking volley from his hip.

Old man Nugent's aim was true. His

shots riddled the lamp, filling the room with the blinding, livid smoke of burning oil. In the stifling and hot confusion the men plunged wildly for the door, but there, as ill luck would have it, sprawled Cornelius Nugent, entangled in two chairs and effectively blockading the entrance. Over him they tumbled in a profane pile, and no one heard the shiver of the window panes and the rush of a horse as Lilywhite Avery galloped away.

"Take your big foot off my nose, McQueen!" shouted old man Nugent from the bottom of the heap on the threshold. "The dod gasted greaser had a knife, and I took a crack at him. Why doesn't that Dutch fool make a light?"

"Avery, he's skipped," observed the judge, when the citizens of Spearfish had disentwined themselves. "Reckon there's no use chasin'. He'll never come back. I've seen you shoot better, Cornelius."

"But he's got my stuff!" Gene Clay complained.

"No, he ain't," snapped Nugent. "I got your stuff. We'll talk about that later, you and me."

On a rise of ground beyond the town Avery drew rein and turned in his seat, searching the valley in vain for the shadow of a frame house he knew, and the twinkle of its windows. The darkness defeated him.

"Well, so long, anyhow, Angeline!" he sighed. "You're well shet o' such cattle as me, Lord knows, and—"

He looked down in surprise at the horse's back underneath his hand. Behind the saddle was a pad of cloth, arranged as for a woman's pillion. Lilywhite bent forward and examined the bridle.

"Why, this is Clay's horse!" said he. "Yes, sir, Gene Clay's. She might be settin' there!" And, smoothing the pillion every now and then with his fingers, he steadily burrowed a hole in the night as he made his way towards the Powder River country.

ILLUSION.

"BEWARE!" cried Age; "yon luring flowery way
Let not thy young feet press.
So once to me its false fair colors glowed.
'Tis all enchantment; farther out, the road
Winds through a wilderness."

Unheeding Youth passed on; magician Love
Looked down with a rare smile.
To him then Age cried out in tones of pain:
"Have pity, and deceive me once again,
Just for a little while!"

William Hurd Hillier.

THE GOLD WOLF.*

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

XXXI (Continued).

REUBEN MORRIS questioned the two men with the skill of a judge.

"You came here to meet Mr. Beckstein, eh?"

"We did, sir, and Mr. Mallard, his manager."

"Oh, does Mr. Mallard live next door?"

"We have been given to understand so, sir."

"Ah, that accounts for the passage between the houses. Didn't suit him to use his own parlor sometimes, I suppose. Had his watch dog near him, eh? And what did he say to you—something nice?"

They fingered their caps, looking down abashed to avoid that keen glance.

"He wished to speak about Mr. Hatton, sir. There's to be a meeting tonight at the sheds in Kennington Lane."

"Oh, there's to be a meeting, is there? And you were to be there, I take it?"

"Yes, sir; he wanted us to go, but we refused."

"Refused?"

"Indeed, sir, yes. We don't approve of what's to be done there."

"How do you mean? Why don't you approve? Come, be plain; it will help you in the long run."

The elder man looked up and answered frankly:

"If there's any friend of Mr. Dudley Hatton in this room, he'd better go to him at once and say, 'For God's sake, keep away from Kennington Lane tonight!'"

"What? Do they mean to murder him, then?"

The man answered bluntly—

"I won't say that, sir; but there might be an accident."

Reuben Morris waited for no more.

"To Kennington Lane!" he cried, turning away and snatching up his hat. "There's not a moment to lose!"

XXXII.

THE night fell dark and starless, with promise of a harvest moon and a gentle summer breeze. Upon the Great South-

ern Railway the beacon fires had flared up almost as soon as twilight set in; and, thereafter, the armies of the workers came out and ranged in angry ranks, threatening and mutinous. From the terminus away to Kennington and the distant suburbs, the patrols of discontent kept their anxious vigil. Gaunt faces bent over the reddening fires and swore that tomorrow should give them bread. The prudent counsels of the terrified few earned coarse oaths and the bravo's threat.

In and out of these grim companies, greatly fearing, greatly daring, went Daphne with little Beryl, hand in hand, upon their quixotic mission. They had set out to seek the man they loved, and they would not turn back until they had found him. All the terror of the scene did not affright them. The Dantesque vignettes of the darkness, the flares, the flashing lights, the confusion, the clamor, could not turn them from their purpose. Very close together, very silent and afraid, driven by brutal tongues, believing that Dudley's very life was at stake, they went on heedlessly over the tangled rails and the flinty track, by deserted stations, now in a blaze of light, now in the fuller darkness. Men had said that Dudley would be at Kennington; others, with an oath, wished that he might be there. The crisis had come, all declared; the night would decide it.

There were others going to Kennington, and not the least worthy among them old Patrick Foxall and Romer, the giant. These, too, were appalled by the scene of mutiny and riot everywhere confronting them upon that once great railway. They had not believed it could be like this. The truth surpassed the stories even of imaginative reporters; desolation, utter and supreme, proved the fruit of those terrible weeks.

At any other time, the fascination of the grim picture would have delayed their step or won upon their interest; but Dudley's need drove them headlong. They believed that in his folly he would risk all upon one last rash throw, and facing the men in anger would pay folly with his life. They knew him so well; his pride, his

* Copyright, 1902, by Max Pemberton.—This story began in the July number of MUSEN'S MAGAZINE.

courage, his indomitable will. And to save him from himself they hurried on with bent heads and raking strides, asking each other, "Is it too late?"

And Dudley himself? Where shall we look for him whom so many seek? Patrick Foxall once had said that it would be in such a place as a fool would think of and a wise man overlook. The event justified the prophet. For ten days exactly Dudley had been staying at the Metropole Hotel. For nine of those days he would admit that he scarcely knew how he lived or what he did. Crisis, which once stimulated, now maddened him. He believed that he had lost the power to reason calmly or to act upon those stable principles by which prosperity had come to him.

At war with all the world, he regarded himself as the sport of a malicious destiny, whose challenge awakened all his combative instincts. What were these men to him that he should mete out to them a human measure, and not that of the sterner creed which commerce preaches? What was it to him if women wept and children cried for bread? Did these suffer as he suffered? Was their burden lighter than his?

This great railway had been his own creation, his very child, the pride of his eye and the glory of his hand. Should weakness destroy it, he asked, when by strength it would live? Day by day he fortified himself in his sterner resolution, and surrendered to that argument fanatical. The men must submit, they must perish—what mattered it? Charity was a thing apart; philanthropy had no place in the director's faith! Let the parsons see to it, he cried, the parsons who believed in God. His own task was clear: he must save the Great Southern.

Many saner judgments pleaded with him in that week of trial; but none with a finer instinct for the truth than his partner, James Macalister.

"For the sake of all those ye hold dear in this world, do justice to your men!" was Macalister's daily prayer. When he went on to speak of plot and counterplot Dudley closed his ears.

"They threaten me, James? Very well! I will remember that! Go back to the office; my mind is made up. It will be a fight to the finish; we dare not give in!"

Macalister wrung his hands and left him in despair. Dudley had read somewhere in an evening paper that the men were to meet at Kennington Lane that night, there to reaffirm their unflinching resolution. A patronizing gossip spoke

of personal danger, and declared that Dudley was afraid. When Dudley read it, he resolved to go to Kennington without delay. Fear of man he had never known in his life. He would show them if he was afraid.

He spent the day alone in London. The morning carried him to ride in the parks and to forget the city round about him. He was at the office for one short hour, and away again at noon. Clubs, which he had long forgotten, opened their doors to him, but gave him no welcome. He sat out one act of a pretty love play, and laughed at its simplicity.

Returning to his hotel, an event befell. In a crowd of faces, he beheld one face whose image he had recreated so often, to worship it, and long for it, and say, "I love—I shall always love!" It was the face of Daphne, passing swiftly as a vision in that hurrying throng. Dudley stopped as though a hand from the grave had touched him. He could hear his heart beating. All things went black before his eyes. He wondered that a memory could afflict him so.

It was an hour for gentle reason now; and reasoning slowly, but with clear brain, he walked on a little way and asked himself if it were really Daphne or another. Some good instinct assured him that he had not been mistaken. She had come to him upon this fateful day that she might—but he dare not pursue the question further. Like a man in a profound reverie, he returned to his hotel and his room.

Good God, the woman he loved in London at last! He flung himself upon a sofa and pressed cold hands to his aching head. She had come to seek him out! Daphne, at whose word he had suffered so much! A great longing for love and the friendship of love was the first fruit of her sacrifice. Already his delirium abated and began to be forgotten. He said that he was very tired. The fatigue of reaction fell heavily upon him, and, turning his face to the wall, he slept. In his sleep he uttered her name aloud.

A knock at the door awoke him from this heavy slumber at eight o'clock; and he knew that for the first time for many weeks he had rested. The crisis of these harassing days passed as miraculously as it arose. He awoke like a man freed from chronic pain, with a clearer brain, a mind more active, a surer instinct for truth and justice. The mad strife in which he had been engaged seemed like some evil dream of yesterday. He knew that it was at an end; that never would it trouble him again.

Even at the moment of waking he remembered that Daphne was in London. What else mattered now? She had come to say, "I understand;" to lead him from the past to the future of her love. And never did a man so sorely need the help, the affection, of those dear to him. At any cost, he would find Daphne that night. He did not doubt that she was already at the Great Southern Hotel, asking for news of him; he wondered that he had delayed an instant when he saw her in the Strand. She had come to him; all was forgotten in that.

When they waked him from sleep, he was quick to believe that her messenger waited, and he opened the door with a trembling hand; but the summons came from other sources. He had little patience to hear it.

"What do you want? Why do you trouble me at this time?"

The man, a servant of the hotel, offered a sheepish apology, and did not confess that a guinea bribe had sent him upon the errand. In the hall below, he said, were two of the engineers from the Kennington sheds. No other explanation was asked or given. Dudley knew that these men had come to tell him of the mass meeting to be held that night at Kennington, perhaps to restate their ultimatum and demand an answer. That which yesterday had seemed of such transcendent importance, now presented itself as something commonplace and trivial. He wondered why he had ever quarreled with the poor devils on the railway. Was it for money? No, assuredly, for he had money enough to buy a kingdom. Was it at the bidding of ambition? Then, truly, the affection of his men, and not their hostility, must be his interest.

The scales had fallen from his eyes, indeed, and a woman's hand had given him sight. He told himself that he was going to Daphne, and that her justice should prevail that night. She would applaud his resolution. It would be reward enough if he might say: "I love you! Beyond anything in my life, I love you!"

He called the engineers to his room, and heard them out patiently. They pointed out that the men's terms were moderate. Dudley admitted it with a brief word. The railway was being ruined, they put it. He granted that. There were many starving, they said. His face blanched, but he would not controvert them. Tonight at Kennington those terms would be confirmed in a new resolution, they declared. Dudley said he supposed so. They asked him if he had no message for the men; they

implored him, for God's sake, to bring peace. His answer was a single line written upon a piece of note paper. The men went sobbing from the room.

It was half past eight then, but he would not wait for dinner. Having drunk a glass of sherry and eaten a sandwich, he put on a long dark overcoat, and, wearing a golfer's cap, and carrying a stout oak stick in his hand, he set out for the railway, because he believed that he would find Daphne there.

A messenger sent to the Great Southern Hotel had already returned with tidings of the best. They had been there, those little friends of his, and, finding him not, had gone to seek him where he should be found. He said that the hunted must now become the hunter. It was an ecstasy to imagine the moment of their meeting, to rehearse the words of his affection, and to believe that this night he might win all. Of his own case, he did not think at all; he feared nothing from the men now.

There was a great crowd about the terminus when he entered it, and many evidences of that which the terrible weeks had cost the company. A very army of idle employees swarmed about the converging streets and passed the news boisterously. The night express to Havre, which should have left at eight o'clock, was still belated at the platform, where frenzied passengers besieged the stanch officials and asked ironically if they must walk. Confusion was everywhere; and with confusion the disorder and the doubt of riot. Interminable rows of empty carriages confessed the company's inactivity and the strikers' victory. Angry faces and wild eyes were the tribute of the few who remained faithful. A single express from the continent, threading the labyrinth to its peril, was met by a storm of hisses and an answering shout of triumph. Porters there were none, to help the overbold who had ventured in. You beheld the spectacle, here amusing, there grievous, of fat men who had never done a day's work in their lives struggling with giant portmanteaus or swearing by unknown gods that they would write to the *Times*; of women, strangers to the city, frankly abandoning hope and surrendering themselves to tears. A magnificent inspector, hither, thither, like the genius of the night, could conjure up no order out of this dire mêlée. Local traffic had entirely ceased. But half the lamps were lighted on the iron bridge which spans the Thames. The man in the signal box had worked for twenty hours, and dragged his feet as he walked. Beyond the station, into the darkness of the night,

there went little companies of strikers ready for any devil's work, and abandoned to the pursuit of it. One name you heard above all others—the name of Dudley Hatton. Men swore to God that they would kill him could they but lay hands upon him.

He walked among these men unseen, unrecognized, save by one or two who kept his secret. It was no new thing to him to hear men curse his name, or to see them cringe at his command. Such tributes of hostility did but confirm his resolution yesterday; tonight he was deaf to them. To the beggars he cast money freely; to the men themselves he would not refuse a certain pity. The beacon fires revealed to him a measure of the suffering and a price of that distress he had not yet realized. Wan faces and shrunken figures, savage eyes and nerveless hands, met him at every turn. He saw little children at their father's side, paying in tears, as children pay, but trusting still. He listened without flinching to a man who told him that his little girl was dead, though he knew the implied charge and could have answered it. He would have given the fellow money; but the man, who recognized him, flung it back with a father's oath. And it was fate, he thought, that this man should betray him to the rabble. Doggedly, persistently, the fellow began to follow one whom he believed to be the author of his woes; and as he went, he beckoned to others, crying: "Yonder's Dudley Hatton! Do you want to see him, mates?"

The news ran on like tidings of battle. Ruffians debouched from secret corners, and, quitting the fires and the shelter, followed Dudley. Their purpose was unmistakable; he knew his danger, and went on the faster. But every shed, every station, every shop and siding, contributed its quota to the pursuit. There were a thousand men upon his heels when he sighted Kennington Lane and remembered his destination. They followed him like wolves, with stealthy foot, determinedly; and from time to time a low murmur, like that of some human sea upon an unfriendly shore, rolled over this swaying, jostling crowd.

Dudley did not believe that he had five minutes to live. It was decreed, then, that he should not meet Daphne again. So did destiny play with him; but at least he would die unafraid.

There were many houses about the engine sheds of the Great Southern Railway at its junction at Kennington; and in one of these, the machine shop of the works, two thousand of the strikers were gathered

when Dudley approached the place. Some idea, perchance, that he would claim the protection of this meeting and escape by the moderation of its leaders, came to his pursuers as they pressed about his heels. When the station's lights burst into view, the bolder among them ran on ahead and barred the road he would have followed. No longer were the hunters silent. Some pressed about their man and cursed him to his face; others, from a safer place, threw granite stones until their comrades were struck and turned upon them. Always in the forefront of the throng was the man who had spoken of his child's death and charged it to Dudley's account. What vengeance he planned he himself, probably, did not know; but, animated by a reluctant malice, he raised his hand from time to time and said, "Not yet, mates—not yet!"

The minutes were to Dudley such minutes as a man may pass at the scaffold's foot; he knew not from instant to instant what hand would strike him down. The savage cries in his ears, sticks brandished, the flying stones, left him without word or sign. He did not answer the threats, he did not turn to confront the mob. Quietly, doggedly, he pursued his road until that road was barred.

Here, he thought, the end must come. The immense deserted offices, peopled in common times by the engineers of the line, were black and tenantless upon his left hand now. In the distance, to the right, he could distinguish the mighty arc lamps giving a mellow glow to the faces of the gathered thousands who had waited for his ultimatum. There would be safety among those men, he reflected bitterly; but five hundred barred the passage! He read murder in their eyes; he knew not what miracle could help him.

There were the deserted offices upon his left hand, and the door of one of these was open. The police who guarded the building shrank back into the shadow of the wall when the mob came up; and Dudley admitted that they were prudent men. The temper of the mob behind him brooked no resistance from such as these! Leisurely as he went, and with an assumption of nonchalance which even won upon the admiration of the ruffian horde, his keen glance none the less was hither, thither, in that last frenzied desire of life. Whither should he turn? What hand could snatch him from those wolves around him?

He answered the question for himself. With a quick, agile movement he leaped for the open door, and by this very audacity parried the counter stroke. Hoarse

shouts of rage answered him. Headlong, men sought to fling themselves in his path; but his stick beat them down, his swiftness daunted them. They cried to one another to brain him; in their rage they threw their weapons after him. But the iron bars rang impotently against the open door; the gate was shut; the prey was caged.

Dudley bolted the door with ironic calmness. He was safe, at least for the time.

Yesterday, by his own instructions, the doors of this very building had been clamped with iron and doubly barred against such an emergency as this. Did they give way, he said, the refuge of the shops was still open to him. His familiarity with the building would permit him to thread a passage which would defy the rioters. For the danger itself, now that the crisis was turned, he cared nothing.

His first act, upon entering the room, had been to switch on the electric light and to go to the window. A thunderous roar of baffled rage greeted this dramatic defiance. He beheld a writhing carpet of human figures, from which arms were thrust out and faces uplifted—here of youth and vigor, there vacant countenances, anon the visages of men whom the vortex of existence had caught in its eddies and cast out blind and raging. Far and wide, the trembling lamps shone down upon a scene of hysterical ferocity. The hail of stones was incessant, the clamor deafening, the purpose unmistakable. They would kill the man who had denied them bread—drag him out, strike him down!

Dudley marveled at the indifference with which he heard them. The ring of light in which they stood was like a great golden circle described upon a field of intenser darkness. Beyond it, he could distinguish the wan lamps of squalid houses, and the glimmering rails, running like a silver ribbon beneath the clear light of a harvest moon. Church bells chimed the hour; the hum of the distant city was audible in that high place, even above the outcry. Impossible to believe that he, who an hour ago had all the world free to him, was now the prisoner of this swaying mob which snarled and thundered its recriminations at the apparition of the window. How they threatened him! Their voices were like the anger of winds, now droning and gentle, anon moaning; or, upon that, dying away in hoarse whispers of the blast.

It was odd that they should be echoed by other voices, the voices of those in yonder sheds, where the saner of the workmen were in counsel. Dudley could not

mistake that rolling volley of cheers which an iron roof gave back to him and the night breeze carried. His concessions to the men must be made known by this time. They were cheering because they learned that peace was to be the recompense of their labor. He would not begrudge them a triumph so emphatic. By and by these others, also, those who bellowed beneath his windows and demanded his life, would have the tidings and act upon them. Their praise would find him as indifferent as their blame. The iron nerve which permitted him to stand immobile before that storm of groans and hisses owed little to his native courage, but much to the hope beyond it. Even in the hour of crisis, he had remembered Daphne and little Beryl, and wondered if they stood in the midst of scenes so violent.

This train of thought occupied him while he stood at the window; and he would have pursued it still further but for a sound in the room which caused him to start suddenly, like one conscious of the presence of danger, and to tell himself that he was no longer alone. Unseen, unheard, another had entered there—and, having entered, had closed the door and locked it. Dudley perceived at a glance that it was Courvoisier. How he had come there, why he had come there, Hatton knew no more than the dead. Indeed, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes, so humble was the man's attitude, so suggestive of that habit of obedience with which long service had endowed him.

"Mr. Hatton, I must speak to you, if you please."

Dudley seated himself upon the corner of the bare oak table, and watched the man for many minutes without uttering a single word. It was apparent at once that, whatever were Courvoisier's present circumstances, they had not robbed him of a nice taste for good clothes. The dark cutaway coat must have come from a West End tailor; he had a diamond pin in his black scarf; he wore a silk hat and suede gloves; he did not carry any stick. At the very instant of recognition Dudley looked to see if there was a pistol in his hand; but his weapon was nothing but a sheet of paper, and that was folded.

"Well, what do you want?"

The words came clear and cold, with the old habit of authority which no servant, who has once served, is able to resist. Courvoisier released the door handle and took off his hat; he advanced, holding it by the brim in both his hands.

"I wish to speak to you, sir, if you please."

"You have told me so; I am listening."

"Thank you, sir, I'm sure you're very kind to me. This is a dreadful night, Mr. Hatton."

"Since you have helped to make it so, you ought to know. Go on!"

The valet plucked up courage, and put his hat upon the table. He knew what he wanted and was not afraid to say it.

"It is a dreadful night, sir," he repeated; "but I think I could make it better. There's a road out of this shop, Mr. Hatton; and my friends have got the key. I should be very glad to think that you took it!"

"Ah, money, I perceive! You want money, Courvoisier?"

"Frankly, sir, it is that. I want ten thousand pounds—for which I will sell you this paper."

He laid upon the table a thumbed and dirty check. It was the identical check which Dudley had given to Dr. Hadley on the day following his wife's death. The valet laid it down as if it had been a precious document; but Dudley did not even lift it from the table.

"Do you know, my man," said he, "how very big a rascal you are?"

Courvoisier looked at the crown of his hat as if he read a name there.

"That's as people find me. I am dealing fairly with you tonight. Frankly, sir, my new employer, Mr. Beckstein, doesn't suit. I'm back to the old one, and what I offer him is worth the money—that, and something else which goes with it."

"Oh, there is something else, then?"

The man drew a step nearer, and almost whispered in Dudley's ear.

"Yes," he said, "there's something else, sir; it is about Lady Hermine."

"Ah! About my wife!"

"Yes, sir, about the night she died."

He watched as with an animal's eyes the expression upon his master's face when the mask was at length cast aside and the bald truth revealed. Dudley knew in that instant why he had come and what his secret was. He could admit to himself that he would give ten times the money to lift the shadow which had closed about his life; but to Courvoisier, the blackmailer, he would not pay a halfpenny.

"No," he said at last, "I am not a buyer, Courvoisier. Take your goods elsewhere."

"Ah, to my friends below, sir?"

"To your friends below—yes, if you have the chance."

He stepped back from the table, and pointed with his finger to a glare of crim-

son light which rolled itself out upon the walls of the opposite houses like some golden curtain drawn upward from the ground. Side by side, master and man beheld this dreadful omen and read it truly. The mob, driven to the last point of madness, had fired the building!

Already the flames raged in the sheds and offices below. Volumes of dense smoke rolled away over the deserted track and the squalid houses. Serpentine tongues of fire licked up the ancient woodwork and the flimsy walls. A mighty roar silenced even those who had done the work, and held them awestruck. Sobered men cried for aid. Women ran from the scene shrieking. Hoarse voices cried, "Save the master!"

The valet was the first to speak in this moment of surpassing peril. He had still wit enough to snatch his paper from the table, and to play one desperate stroke for liberty; but Dudley was before him in the act, and his hands were about his throat ere he could take a second step.

"No, by heaven!" said that pitiless voice. "We'll see it out together—you and I, Courvoisier!"

He gripped the man in both hands with that almost superhuman strength which desperation gave him. Foot by foot and inch by inch he dragged him to the window, and forced him to look upon his handiwork. No woman could have raved as did this wretched creature in that moment of retribution and of agony. To and fro, terror in his eyes, the sweat upon his face, now half choked, now screaming like some stricken animal, he wrestled vainly with that terrible hand; but Dudley had him surely. He dragged the man to the window, he pressed his face against the misted pane.

"Sell me your secret now! Sell it me!" was the defiant cry.

Courvoisier fell back, half fainting, to the floor. He raved no longer. The fear of death, and such a death, drove the words from him one by one. Old beliefs, old superstitions, played upon a mind distraught. There, in the hour of judgment, he spoke as to a priest.

"Let me go—hear me, for Christ's sake! You were not guilty—I killed her—she threatened me—she found me at the door listening—I put my hand upon her throat to silence her—she died before I could get help—I did not wish to kill her!"

His voice failed him, and he fell, a huddled mass upon the boards.

Dudley stood like one transfigured. He did not touch the man again. He could not utter a word. It was as if a great

light shone out to him suddenly from a distant heaven. He was not guilty! He was not guilty!

"Go!" he said at last. "Go! For God's sake, hide your face from me!"

The man staggered to his feet, sobbing like a child. Dumb with fear, he turned to the door he had locked, and opened it violently; but a vomit of smoke and flame, leaping with the draft, drove him shrieking to the window. None heard him, none heeded him. Dudley forgot that he was there. Those devils of an hour ago, ah, they did not curse the master's name now! Wild cries echoed above the surges of the flames, resounding cheers were to be heard, the pity and the prayers of those who would have saved him.

Dudley could not see the fire, but volumes of golden smoke, blown northward upon a breeze of the night, this and the crash of bursting floors and tumbling beams proclaimed the holocaust and declared its advance. He was astonished at his own calmness and the patience with which he surveyed the efforts of those who would have saved him. In truth, it was another's courage, the courage of her who, white and wild with fear, looked up at him in mute farewell from that human sea below. Aye, he could send a message to Daphne now! She would understand. She would understand and know why he had died.

A hundred hands dragged a ladder from a neighboring yard and reared it against the wall of the doomed building. Many were ready to mount the ladder, but one man thrust others aside and went up with a seaman's foot. A tempest of cheers bore witness to the heroic act. The storm ebbed and died away, changing to a shuddering cry which declared that the ladder was too short.

"He cannot reach the window," men said. "The master dies!"

Ah, they did no justice to the unknown. No difficulty defied him, no danger appalled. Like some acrobat sent for the salvation of the doomed, he sets about his work, now balancing himself upon nimble feet, now poised upon the ladder's topmost rung, anon gripping the window sill with tenacious fingers. He will; he will not; he is over, he is down! Five thousand at last tell you as one that he has gained the window and the room.

The crowd sees all things as upon some lurid stage far above in the crimson light. There are figures at the window; men wrestling with men; shadows upon the curtain of the smoke, a wild creature climbing out when others would hold him

back, and feeling for the ladder with uncertain feet. God help the man, they say; for he has missed his hold and fallen headlong! Bent over the huddled body, men tell you it is not the master, but the servant.

For the second time, a man is helped to the ladder; a rope is about his waist; he does not hurry, he measures every step. The sailor at the window cries: "Be careful, sir, be careful!"

And Dudley answers: "Thank you, Mr. Garth; I think I can manage it."

The crowd, released as from some spell, proclaimed with five thousand throats that he was safe. He lay senseless at the ladder's foot, and a woman's arms were about his neck.

XXXIII.

THE steam yacht *Diadem* lay out in the Solent, cradled upon a glassy sea. It was the last day of the month of October, and the blue *Peter* at the mast head spoke of a journey to the south and a winter shore. On the hither water, the yacht's launch, ploughing gallantly towards Portsmouth and the harbor, carried our old friends Patrick Foxall and Romer Hatton upon a trivial errand. Dudley himself, drawing Daphne to his side, watched them go and hazarded the opinion that they were a pretty pair.

"There's not a truer man afloat than old Pat this day," said he, with much affection. "We'll never forget what we owe to him, little Daf; we couldn't do that if we tried."

She laid her cheek upon his arm and answered as he wished:

"They were your friends, dearest—how could I forget them?"

"Old Pat will come to shoot with us if we're back in December," he continued presently. "I've written to the agent to-day to say I must have Wolcott Hall if money can buy it. You'll like Derbyshire, Daf; you'll like the hunting, and the people, and the house itself—it's just one of those great boxes which ought to have the ghosts of half a dozen kings in them. After all, a man does best to make his home in his own country. The other thing is mere affectation, or gout. I shall live in England and teach Romer that two and two make five in Draper's Gardens. He'll have the business—let's trust it will keep him in collars!"

Daphne laughed brightly; and the launch having entered the harbor by this time, they began to walk up and down the deck together and to speak further of their

plans. In the saloon below, Beryl Garth played "Iolanthe" with her own variations. The sea was like a silver mirror; a blue sky gave an immense heaven; the autumnal breeze was still the child of summer. Dudley did not dare to think of that which tomorrow must mean. The seamen below were trying on their new kits for the wedding. From hour to hour boats were rowed out from Portsmouth, each bearing a new gift from those who had heard the rumor.

To Dudley it seemed that an immense gulf lay between him and the terrible months. He never spoke of them—unless it were to say that through them he had won happiness.

"Yes," he went on reflectively, "the gold wolf is killed, Daf, and we have buried him together. I shall not give up my business, but all that was ignoble in it will go. You'll help me to do that, Daf; and we'll work together."

"Always, dear Dudley, I will try to help you always."

His hand closed upon hers in a gesture of gratitude, and he said:

"There's so much a fortune like mine could do. I've been thinking of it these last few weeks, Daf; illness is a fine philosopher. When you're down on your luck doing nothing, you begin to see things as they really are."

She looked up at him mischievously.

"I was there every day, Dudley."

He kissed her to silence and would be heard seriously.

"Of course you were, Daf. God knows what would have happened to me if you had stopped away. But that's not the point. I mean to say that a rich man who does not use his opportunities, who does not make opportunities, work and strive as in his own business for the greater business of humanity, is little short of a scoundrel. That's going to be my market now, Daf. I want to see the poor man's scrip go up. I want to see a rise in the children's securities. There's where you can help me; there's where a clever woman comes in!"

"But I'm not a clever woman, dear Dudley; I'm just a very ordinary mortal who used to think a lot of romantic rubbish, and doesn't think it any more because

somebody's taught me what reality is. But of course I mean to try. Even the common mortal may do that."

"We'll work together, Daf. We shall find plenty of time. It's not going to hang upon our hands, any way."

"It couldn't, dear Dudley; not while you hold them so."

He caught her mood; and caring nothing that the ship's men should be his witness, he kissed her forehead and said that tomorrow she would be his wife.

"Tomorrow, little Daf! Say that you won't run away tonight!"

"The world's not big enough for that, dear. You'd follow me and find me wherever I was."

"Yes, yes, wherever you were! You believe it now, Daf!"

"And bring me home again——"

"And say, 'Thank God for little Daf!'"

The sun shone down upon them, the placid sea droned its summer song; they were alone upon the deck. The evil of the darker days was forgotten, and heart to heart they said: "Tomorrow!"

Now, while these things were happening upon the yacht, old Pat Foxall made straight for the best hotel in Portsmouth; and as he went he asked Romer what Dudley meant to do for Roderick Garth.

"He owes his life to that same honest body, and is not the man to reward him with the half of a threepenny bit. 'Twill be a difficult business, for there's the little girl to look after."

Romer did not see it in this light.

"He's going to make him land agent or something at Wolcott Hall, if he gets the place. It was just like Dudley to employ him on the railway and say nothing about it. Of course there was that nasty affair down in Cornwall, but we think we can set that right. We shall keep Beryl, though they must not be altogether separated. We are under some obligations in the matter."

Old Pat, cocking an eye maliciously, said: "Obligations, indeed! Ye regard yerself as a father to that same young lady, now?"

"In a measure, yes, Pat."

"In a measure!" It amused old Pat very much. "Bow wow!" said he.

THE END.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

HER feet upon the land of lands,
Between the centuries she stands;
Crowned with the dead years' legacy,
And in her hands—what is to be!

Frank Preston Smart.

ETCHINGS

LOVE'S SEVEN AGES.

WHEN I was fifteen years of age,
And less, and thought myself a man;
The girls I loved with storm and stress
Had various names from Kate to Bess,
But every one, I must confess,
Had lived of life a generous span—
For so in youth my fancy ran.

When twenty years had passed me by
I loved a maiden debonair,
Who counted three more years than I,
But would not give me sigh for sigh.
She called me "boy," and drove me nigh
Distraction—but I banished care
By loving other maidens rare.

When twenty five had come and passed
My fancy dropped to twenty years,
For tho' my heart still throbbed as fast
At beauty's smile, that heart was cast
At youthful feet; for love, to last,
Dare have, I said, no timid fears
Of coming wrinkles—grooves for
tears!

And now that I have thirty seen,
I choose them somewhat younger still,
I never go above eighteen,
And often less. The fruit that's green
Will ripen soon enough; I mean
To wait a while, to wait until
The buds of next year bloom and fill.

Indeed, experience seems to show
That as the years go on apace
Man's taste in girls doth younger grow,
Until at last he comes to know—
At sixty five, we'll say, or so—
How vain to wait, so ends his race,
Still dreaming of the youthful face.
William Wallace Whitelock.

A CHANGE OF VIEW.

MADGE was seventeen that day,
When I begged in ardent way
For her heart and hand, and swore
Never man loved maiden more.
Laughed she: "Goodness sakes alive,
You're a man of thirty five—
More than twice my age! You see
Such a match could never be!
Think of all the woe 'twould mean,
Thirty five and seventeen!"

All my pleading came to naught;
Madge declared she'd always thought
Spring and Winter should not wed.
"Thirty five's too old," she said.
"Though I like you well, in truth,
I shall wed some manly youth
Near my age, some knightly chap
Laying favors in my lap.
Love 'tween us two might grow cold;
You're a dear, but much too old!"

Thus dismissed, pray what could I
Do but say a long good by?

* * * * *

After nine long years have sped
I return, and still unwed.
Madge I find a prim old maid—
Knightly chap had never laid
Favors in her lap; so I
Woo again, with this reply:
"We're just suited! Joy's in store!
Twenty six and forty four!"

Roy Farrell Greene.

THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

TIME should never be a bore;
Yet I wish that we might flee
Straight to Nineteen Hundred Four,
Skipping Nineteen Hundred Three.

Superstitions may appear
Foolish to a man of pluck;
But I fear the coming year
May be loaded with ill luck.

Add the figures, then you'll see
Very quickly what I mean:
1 - 9 - 0 - 3

Give the threatening sum—13!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

WHO TOLD?

I did not tell them—no, not I!
I only sang while at my task;
The linen sewed, nor made reply
When laughing questions they would
ask.

I did not tell them, when I went
That summer morning to the town,
And all my little savings spent
For slippers, gloves, and wedding gown.

So, when we waited, after kirk,
 How was it all the people knew,
 And gave us sidelong glance and smirk?
 I had not told them! Say, had you?
Cora A. Matson Dolson.

THE DESERTED SCHOOLHOUSE.

It stands forsaken near the road,
 The schoolhouse that I used to know,
 And holds unbroken through the years
 Its memories of long ago.

The ceilings drop long cobwebs gray,
 The doors' old hinges creak and groan;
 But ghosts of childhood days live there,
 And hear the old time hum and drone.

The sun looks through the windows dim,
 As if to watch some task or game;
 The wind slips o'er the benches old,
 And stirs the dust on some carved name.

The wide crack still is in the floor,
 That once kept straight our restless feet.
 How hard it was to read and spell,
 When summer's harp strings softly
 beat!

When shadows sit at battered desks,
 And moonbeams pale peer through the
 gloom,
 Faint echoes from the voices gone
 May whisper softly in the room;

Faint echoes from our merry songs,
 Or some far off, forgotten prayer,
 May rise and fall like dying breath
 Upon the silence brooding there.
Adella Washer.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Oh, the throb of the screw, and the beat
 of the screw,
 And the swing of the ship as she finds
 the sea!

Oh, the haze of the land as it sinks from
 view—

The land that is dear, since it harbors
 you!

The land holds you, and the ship takes
 me.

Oh, the swing of the ship, and the heave of
 the ship,

And the race of the foam as it slides
 astern!

Oh, the mist of the eyes and the quivering
 lip

And the tearing of heartstrings as sea
 miles slip—

The long, long miles ere the ship re-
 turn!

Oh, the toss of the sea and the moan of
 the sea,

The widening sea as the great ship
 drives!

The greed of the miles between you and
 me—

The pitiless greed of the ravening sea,
 That eats up the years of our hunger-
 ing lives!

Charles Buxton Going.

SAVAGERY.

THE king is mighty, his frown is death,
 His word is heeded with bated breath;
 Enthroned in splendor, he sits in state,
 With slaves to serve him—and slaves to
 hate!

While out in the sun in a shining ring
 The little boys dance to amuse the king.

The weaver is spinning his gleaming
 thread,

Royal purple and gold and red,
 Weaving his tapestries rich and rare,
 Regal stuffs that a king may wear;

While scantily clad, in a shining ring,
 The little boys dance to amuse the king.

A flashing dagger, a groaning sound;
 A king lies prone on the blood stained
 ground,

Alone, unsoothed, as a dog is killed.
 The slaves have vanished, the loom is
 stilled.

While crowding around in aneagering
 The little boys scoff at the fallen king.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

WELCOME.

So glad the word of greeting,
 So sweet the kiss and smile,
 That parting, for such meeting,
 Were almost made worth while.

George Alison.

MY SPIRIT SOMETIMES GOES.

My spirit sometimes goes
 Up and down with the wind;
 And I scent the stinging arctic snows,
 And all the attars of Ind.

I know the wild thyme bloom,
 And Araby's laden airs;
 But best I love the faint perfume
 Of the violets Sylvia wears.

Delicate as they are,
 Sentient with sorcery,
 Yet are they flowery fathoms far
 Less marvel sweet than she!

Clinton Scollard.

THE ROMANOFF CZARS.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE ROYAL HOUSE WHICH FOR ALMOST THREE CENTURIES HAS HELD THE MUSCOVITE CROWN—IT HAS HAD FEW STRONG AND MANY WEAK EMPERORS, AND ITS RECORD HAS BEEN ONE OF STRIFE AND ASSASSINATION—UNDER ITS RULE RUSSIA HAS BECOME GREAT BUT NOT FREE.

THE Czars of the house of Romanoff undoubtedly possess a powerful personal hold upon the imaginations and affections of the huge population whose titular rulers they are. Beyond the fact that they have been Russia's sovereigns for almost three centuries, history scarcely accounts for their prestige. To say that they have not been a line of strong men is to put the fact mildly. They have not been great warriors or great lawmakers. None of them since the first Peter, who died in 1725, has been a great organizer. With one exception, they have been identified with no genuine movement for the betterment of their people. The vast extension of the Russian territory has been no personal achievement of theirs.

THE LUCK OF MICHAEL ROMANOFF.

If anything in history is to be called chance, it was chance that raised the Romanoffs to the lofty place they hold. Why the Muscovite *boyars*, or nobles, in 1613 elected Michael Romanoff to the vacant throne is one of the puzzles of the Russian annals. The extinction of the ancient royal house of Rurik had been followed by the *Smutnoye Vremya*, the Time of Trouble. The country was in a state of anarchy and ruin, torn by civil war, and harried by the armies of Sigismund, King of Poland. Pozharski, the leader who had revived the sentiment of national unity, and who was making head against the invading Poles, would have been the natural choice of the *boyars*; but their vote fell to a lad of fifteen, a noble of only second-ary rank.

Different chroniclers have accounted for the strange choice on various theories. Some attribute it to the good repute of Michael's father, Philaret Romanoff, a high official of the church; but those who intrusted the scepter to the son cannot have done so in reliance upon his father's counsels, for Philaret was at the time a

prisoner in Poland. Others point to the fact that Ivan the Terrible, strongest of the early Czars, and the first Muscovite prince to claim the imperial title, had married a Romanoff some eighty years before. It is true that relationship to a Czarina conferred great privileges; but Ivan took six other wives besides Anastasia Romanoff, so the distinction she acquired for her family could scarcely have been unique.

Yet other historians hold that Michael's name was put forward by certain *boyars* who hoped to be the real holders of the power nominally placed in the hands of the fatherless boy. Or, again, they conjecture that the jealousies of stronger aspirants led to the election of what in American politics is termed a "dark horse"—the choice of the young Romanoff as a compromise candidate being practically a matter of pure chance.

Thus it was that the Romanoffs were borne to the throne on the wave of a great national movement which they had done nothing to arouse. After the Time of Trouble there came a revival of the Muscovite spirit and a recovery of strength. The Poles were expelled, never again to constitute a serious danger to the empire of which they have since become an unwilling province. The boy Czar did not remain fatherless, for a peace was patched up with Sigismund, and Philaret Romanoff came back to Moscow, where he was associated with his son as joint ruler.

TODAY AND THREE CENTURIES AGO.

Politically, it may be doubted whether Russia has advanced or retrograded since the time of the first Romanoff Czar. Socially, the masses of her population were in those days but little removed from Asiatic savagery; their present status would be differently estimated by different observers. Avoiding controversial questions, it is safe to describe her government as being today a strict bureau-

cracy, under which her hundred and thirty million people lie inert, and content to be inert—for the revolutionary propaganda, despite all we hear of it, has no popular following. Her only trace of representative institutions is the existence of the *zemstvos*, or town meetings. Patriotic Russians have spoken of these as if they were provincial parliaments, but it is utterly misleading to give them such a name. Their authority is strictly limited and parochial, and indeed exists only on sufferance, as was shown by the Czar's recent speech at Kursk. The *zemstvos* of the district having apparently shown a disposition to inconvenient activity, his majesty warned the members of these bodies that their sole business is the consideration of local financial matters.

Such are the political liberties of Russia at the opening of the twentieth century. Compare them with the conditions existing three hundred years earlier.

The ancient traditions of the Slavs were democratic. The Byzantine historians—such as the Emperor Maurice, who knew them from meeting them in war—describe them as a free people, impatient of any control. Later they were gradually organized into monarchical states with a privileged order of nobles. Rurik, who is regarded as the founder of the Russian power, was a prince of Novgorod in the ninth century; in the fifteenth his hegemony passed to the grand dukes of Moscow. But even a hundred and fifty years later, when the Romanoffs came to the throne, their authority was far from being autocratic. It was limited by the vested rights of two assemblies, roughly analogous to the two houses of a modern legislature—the *douma*, or council of nobles, and the *sobor*, which was rather a states general than a parliament. Michael, at his election, pledged himself to consult the *douma* on all important questions, and apparently he kept his promise. The *sobor* had jurisdiction in matters of commerce and finance, and every subsidy that the first Romanoff emperor received was granted by its vote.

THE GROWTH OF AUTOCRACY.

But neither of these assemblies was destined to withstand the growing power of the crown very much longer. Michael's successor, the Czar Alexis, made no covenant to respect their rights. He habitually acted without consulting the *douma*; and though a *sobor* was called to confirm the act of his coronation, it was one of the last meetings of the old Muscovite assembly. Peter the Great swept both

bodies away, and established an absolute monarchy, ruling through bureaus, and resting ultimately on the bayonets of a powerful standing army. The political status of the country has since stood without any vital change—with the difference that where the strong Peter ruled through his bureaus, under his weaker successors it has usually been the bureaus that have ruled in the name of the Czar.

The condition of the people was bad enough when the Romanoffs gained the crown, and their accession did nothing to improve it. The peasants, descendants of those liberty loving Slavs whom the Byzantine emperors could not subdue, were "bound to the soil"—an effective form of slavery without the name—a few years before Michael's election; and in the succeeding reigns their position grew steadily worse. A ukase of the Czar Alexis, a counterpart of the Fugitive Slave Law, recalls the darkest days of human slavery in America. It is true that Alexander II, forty two years ago, formally liberated the serfs, who in return had to surrender to their former masters most of the land of which they had had the use, and to pay—too heavily, as Tolstoy insists—for the redemption of the part they retained. But the subsequent drift of things has been distinctly reactionary. Professor Kovalevsky, a loyal but enlightened Russian, declares that "the great reforms of Alexander II have largely come to naught under his successors," and he thus sums up the present political status of the individual subject in the Czar's empire:

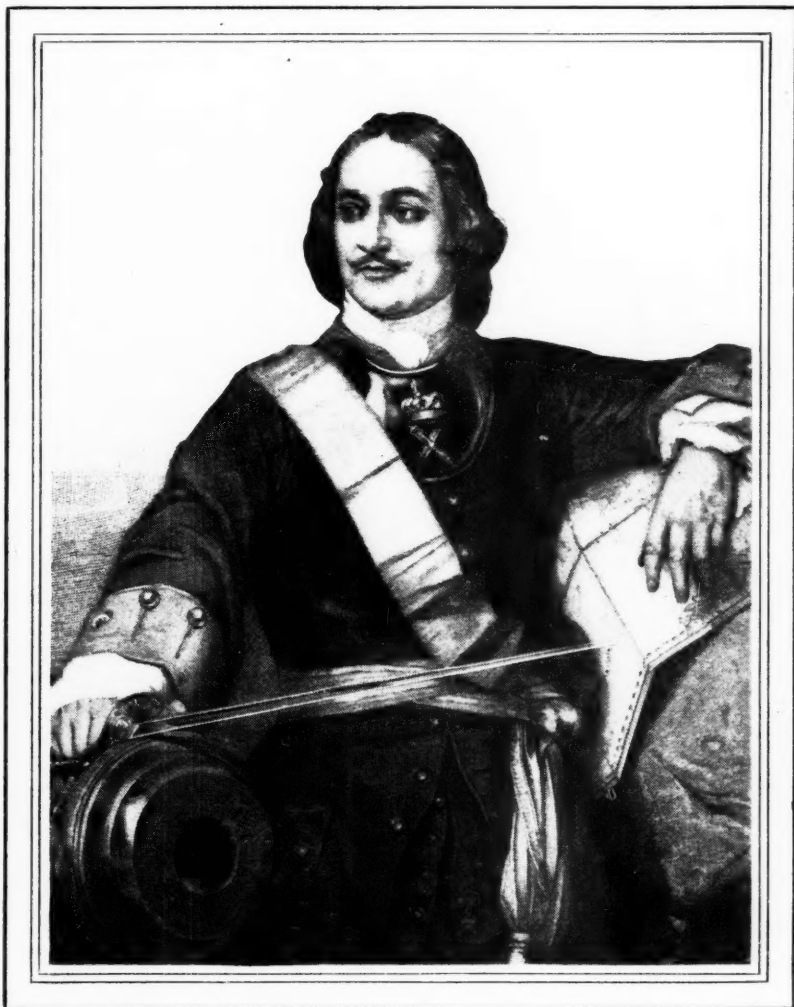
If you add to the want of personal liberty the intolerable position created for the press, the practice of opening private correspondence and interfering with the choice of books and newspapers, and the difficulties created in the way of natural propaganda by every sincere believer of his creed, you will see that the one headed bureaucracy has deprived the people not only of their political rights, but also of the enjoyment of that amount of freedom which was accorded Englishmen by the Magna Charta, and which Americans enjoyed years before the establishment of their great federation.

THE RECORD OF THE ROMANOFFS.

The family history of the Romanoffs is in striking contrast to that of the Hohenzollerns. They have been short reigned and short lived, and their sons have usually been few. There have been sixteen Czars and Czarinas of the dynasty, besides the two Catherines, who held the scepter by right of their marriage to Romanoffs. The reigns of these eighteen sovereigns span a period of two hundred and ninety years—an average of

only sixteen years to each ruler. Excepting the second Catherine, a Teutonic princess, but one of the eighteen lived to be sixty. Only thrice since Peter the Great has the crown descended in regular sequence from father to son.

joint Czars, with their sister, Sophia, as regent; but when Peter came to manhood sole power fell into his stronger hands, his brother resigning and his sister being shut in a convent prison. From this Peter, and from the peasant woman



PETER THE GREAT, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1682-1725, THE STRONGEST PERSONALITY OF THE ROMANOFF EMPERORS.

In 1682, near the end of Charles II's reign in England and the middle of Louis XIV's in France, Feodor, third of the Romanoff line, died childless, leaving an imbecile brother of fifteen, a ten year old half brother, and a sister, to dispute the succession. It was settled that the two boys, Ivan V and Peter, should be

Martha Skavronska—a slave whom he saw and coveted in the house of one of his ministers, and whom he made first his mistress, then his wife, and finally his empress—the present Romanoffs are directly descended.

Peter was the outstanding personality of his house, the strongest Czar that Rus-

sia ever had. Besides remodeling the whole system of his country's government, he did much more. He created a new army, and, though not successful in all his wars, he extended and consolidated his empire, securing its recognition as one of

his death, the Muscovite nobles preferring their ancient system of an equal division between their sons; but most of his work was lasting.

Peter the Great pointed the way to civilization; but his idea of paternal disci-



CATHERINE THE GREAT, CZARINA OF RUSSIA 1762-1796, A GERMAN PRINCESS WHO PLAYED A PROMINENT PART IN THE HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF ROMANOFF.

From the portrait by Rosselin.

the great powers. He built St. Petersburg, "the window by which Russia looks at Europe." He abolished such old Tartar customs as the seclusion of women and the whipping of debtors, and introduced at least the semblance of many western institutions. One of these, the law of primogeniture, was abolished soon after

pline suggests a doubt whether the guide and guardian of his people had himself trodden very far along the path that led away from Asiatic savagery. His only son, the Czarevitch Alexis, for the offense of criticising his father's political and social innovations, was seized and knouted to death. The prince's untimely



ALEXANDER I, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1801-1825, THE FOUNDER OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

From the portrait by Bazin.

demise was officially announced as having been due to an apoplectic stroke—one of those sudden ailments that have been suspiciously common in the medical history of the Romanoffs.

The taking off of Alexis left Peter, at his death, with only one male descendant, his grandson Paul. Paul died childless in 1730, after a three years' reign; and again there was a contest between claimants who were mere puppets in the hands of rival groups of nobles. The crown went to Anna, Duchess of Courland, a princess of the elder line, one of the two daughters of the imbecile Ivan V. She too died without issue, and was succeeded by her sister's infant grandson, who, after nominally reigning for a few months as Ivan VI, was deposed by the partisans of Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the great Peter. Little Ivan was sent off to the Schlüsselburg, a fortress which still stands on an

island of Lake Ladoga, haunted by infamous memories.

TWO MURDERED CZARS, PETER III AND PAUL.

Elizabeth, who is described by the biographers as "an idle, superstitious woman of lax morals," was another Romanoff to die childless. The crown fell to her sister's son, Peter III, a drunken weakling who, five months later, was dethroned by his ambitious German wife, aided by Alexis Orloff and others. Peter, too, was ordered to the Schlüsselburg, where Ivan VI was still a prisoner after twenty one years of captivity, with two more years to pass in confinement before he was murdered in his cell, in 1764. Peter was more fortunate; he never reached the Russian Bastille. On the way to it he was seized by an attack of "colic," due to the grip of Orloff's thick fingers upon his windpipe.



NICHOLAS I. CZAR OF RUSSIA 1825-1855, WHOSE DEATH WAS HASTENED BY THE DISASTERS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

From an engraving by F. Stodart.

The Saxon princess who now came to the throne as Catherine II was the second Russian sovereign to earn the title of "great." In spite of her foreign birth, she thoroughly adopted Muscovite ideas—among them the moral standard of the Romanoff court, for, to quote a polite historian, "the paternity of her children was a matter of serious doubt." A strong ruler, successful in war and in diplomacy, she left an enlarged empire to her son Paul.

The new Czar was below the Romanoff average—a tolerably severe statement. After a reign of four years, at first in active warfare against republican France and then in close alliance with her, he was murdered by nobles who disapproved his wavering and spendthrift policy. Assassination, it must be remembered, was then and is still the only effective

way of voicing political opposition in Russia. Paul's foreign minister, Count Pahlen, one of the murderers, wrote to the British government:

It has pleased the Eternal to call to Himself his imperial majesty the Emperor Paul, deceased in the night of the 11th-12th of this month [March, 1801] by a stroke of apoplexy.

THE FIVE LATEST ROMANOFFS.

The beneficiary of the plot—to which, indeed, he is said to have been privy—was Paul's son, the first Czar Alexander. Like his father, Alexander was now the bitter enemy and now the sworn friend of Napoleon. Personally, he was a benevolent and cultured mystic, who regarded himself as a special envoy of the Almighty, and who talked alternately of the sacred duty of suppressing liberal ideas throughout the world—for which purpose he

organized the Holy Alliance—and of his desire to resign the intolerable burden of a crown.

In 1825 Alexander died childless; his brother Constantine refused the crown, and Paul's third son, Nicholas, took it at the cost of suppressing a futile insurrec-

tion. His reign of thirty years was successful until it ended with the Crimean War—a costly blunder for France and Britain, a disaster for Russia. The sting of defeat helped to cause Nicholas' sudden death, which brought to the throne his son Alexander II.



ALEXANDER II, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1855-1881, THE LIBERATOR OF THE SERFS, AND THE MOST ENLIGHTENED OF THE ROMANOFFS, MURDERED MARCH 13, 1881.

From an engraving by Sartain.



ALEXANDER III, CZAR OF RUSSIA 1881-1894, FATHER OF THE PRESENT EMPEROR.

From an engraving by Weger.

The second Alexander, the one Romanoff Czar who had both liberal views and personal strength to enforce them, is immortalized as the emancipator of the serfs from their bondage to the soil. Had he lived only a few more days, perhaps even a few more hours, he might have won a still grander fame and done a much more important service to his country. There is good reason to believe that on the very afternoon of his terrible death by a nihilist's bomb he was about to sign a ukase giving Russia a constitutional government. The full bearing of so tremendous a reform can scarcely be estimated. It belongs to the vague realm of the "might have been"; but it is safe to say that it must have begun a wholly new and better era for the great empire and her people.

It is understood that Alexander III, son and successor of the murdered Czar, brought his father's edict before the next meeting of his councillors, expressed his intention of signing it, and secured their approval; but before the momentous document could be promulgated, the reaction-

ary Pobiedonostseff persuaded him to suppress it. And never since has Russia had a statesman like Loris Melikoff, the enlightened mentor of Alexander II.

The two latest emperors have at least added nothing evil to the record of the Romanoffs. Nor, on the other hand, beyond the bettered moral tone they have given their court, have they added anything markedly good. As far as can be judged, the present Czar is an amiable young man of worthy intentions, whose high ideals were evidenced by his proposal of a conference for the abolition of warfare. As the St. Petersburg war office has continued, during and since that conference, its steady increase of the Muscovite armaments, it seems natural to conclude that in the management of Russian affairs the bureaucracy is a stronger force than the emperor. The tales of the Czar's physical weakness and melancholy, of his dependence upon occult influences, and the like, may very probably be inventions; but apparently it is true that when he received the news of his father's death he fell into a hysterical paroxysm, and for a

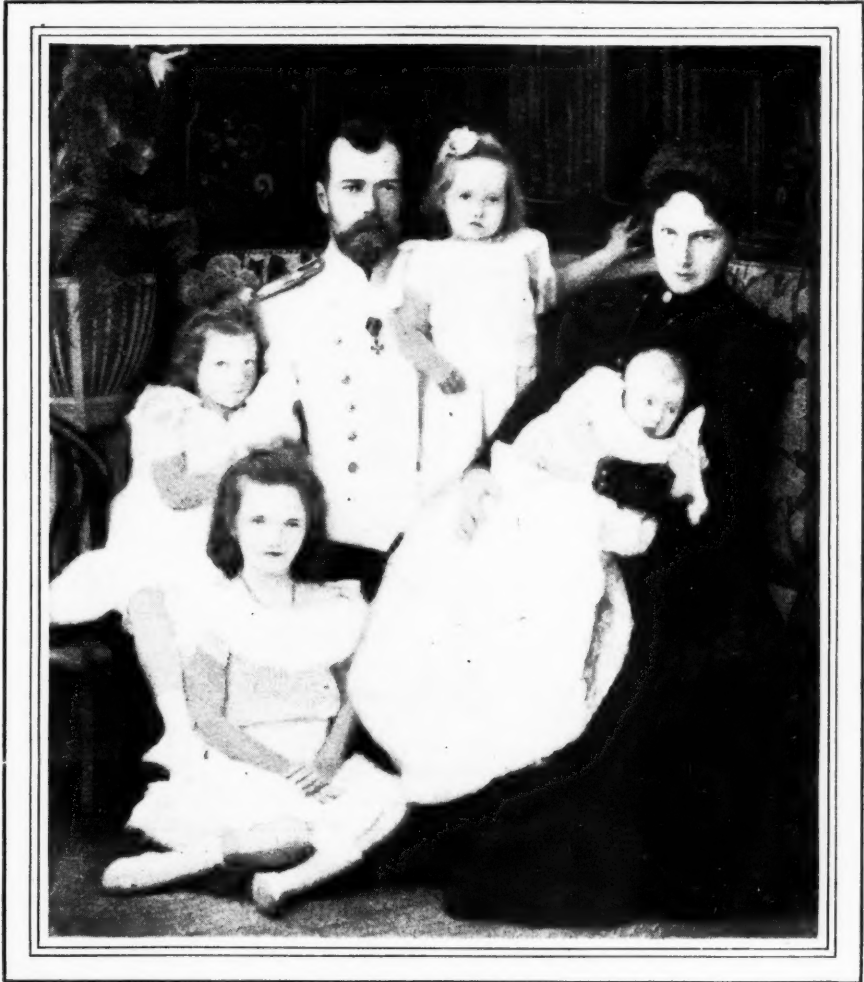
time sought to decline the crown that is the splendid but blood stained heritage of his house.

RUSSIA AND HER RULERS.

The Romanoffs cannot be said to have had a dynastic policy. Repeatedly a new

Alexander II, after whose death Alexander III went back to the old conservative lines.

The greatest achievement of Russia has been the extension of her rule and influence over the vast northern region of Asia. In no way has this movement, one



THE PRESENT CZAR (NICHOLAS II) AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA. WITH THEIR FOUR LITTLE GIRLS, THE GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA, TATIANA, MARIE, AND ANASTASIA.

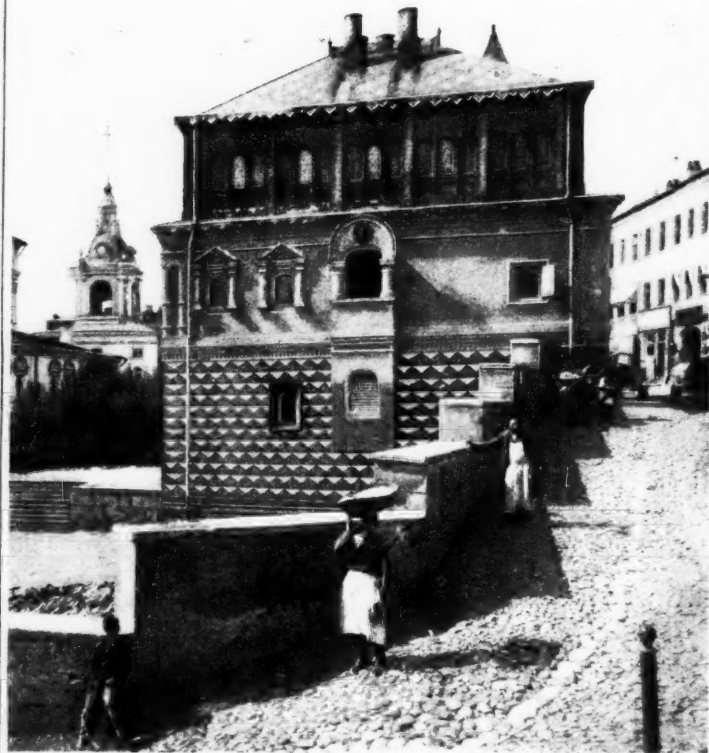
From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

Czar has undone as much as possible of his predecessor's work. It was to prevent such unfilial conduct that Peter the Great killed his son. Paul reversed the policy of his mother, Catherine, and had his own reversed by his son. Alexander I. The iron Nicholas was followed by the reforming

of capital importance in the progress of civilization, been due to any foresight or energy on the part of the Romanoff Czars. It was begun before their accession, when the Cossack chief Yermak crossed the Ural Mountains in the reign of Ivan the Terrible; and it was continued by ad-

venturers and colonists who received little aid or recognition from the government. In the first year of Peter the Great, when Khabaroff pushed into the Amur region,

great forests, and much mineral wealth, including rich stores of iron, coal, and mineral oil. She has every variety of climate, and her navigable rivers give her



THE MODEST PALACE OF THE EARLY ROMANOFFS—THE HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFF CZARS, IN THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW.

his act was disallowed, and the country he annexed was given back to China, not to be regained by Russia till 1858. How wavering St. Petersburg's policy has been up to our own time is shown by the cession of Alaska to the United States in 1876 and of the Kurile Islands to Japan nine years later.

Russia is a tremendous fact in the world of today. In territory and population she is second only to the British Empire. Her military strength is immense, and only the United States is as invulnerable as she. She has almost boundless natural resources—vast stretches of fertile land,

a network of channels for trade. She has a hundred and thirty million people, with room for countless millions more.

And the Russians are not an exhausted race. The Slavs, their dominant type, are of the same stock as the French, the Germans, and the English; and the admixture of these with other strains has produced a population as vigorous and hardy, and potentially as able, as any in the world. But politically Russia is utterly inert and backward, and though a better day is surely in store for her, there is no promise of its dawning under the present régime.

STORIETTES

Arnold Beach's Bluff.

WHEN Arnold Beach left the law school, he settled at his old home. Holbrook was not a large place, but it had the advantage of being near a city, on whose largess it fed. The few local lawyers could not expect very much, but Arnold Beach figured it out that he could live better on a certain income in his own village than he could on a doubtful prosperity in the city. And besides all that, he would have time for study. That was really what he wanted. He had entered law seriously—not simply to graduate, hang up a shingle, and then play golf.

There was something else. Edith Foster lived in Holbrook. She was a remarkably attractive girl. A mountain brook is beautiful even without the music of its dancing waters, and Edith Foster was lovely enough even without conversation; but she had a constant vivacity that was sweeter and livelier than the music of the brook. Benjamin Foster's millions made him solemn and gloomy; they could not stop his daughter's joyousness.

Human life is full of foils and contrasts. It seemed strange that the serious Arnold Beach should adore the irrepressible Edith Foster, and that the irrepressible Edith Foster should be glad of it; but so it was. Not unnaturally, however, Edith's father could not appreciate an attachment between the heiress and a poor young lawyer.

But the poor young lawyer studied and struggled along—especially studied. He had been struck by a peculiar phase of one of the great cases that drag their length through American courts as if eternity was made for them alone. The law journal which printed his article on the subject commented on his views rather enthusiastically, and sent him a number of free copies. He made bold to present some of them to friends, including Mr. Benjamin Foster, whose interests were deeply touched by the case in question.

Arnold Beach himself read the article for the twentieth time, and felt satisfied with it. Urged by his confidence that he had done a worthy thing, he set off for the Foster home, determined to interview Mr. Foster. He was very civilly received.

"Quite an interesting article of yours," said the millionaire. "I thank you for the copy of the review."

Arnold Beach bowed, and then plunged.

"Mr. Foster," he said, "I came tonight to ask you a very personal question. You must have seen that I am deeply in love with your daughter, but I've said nothing to her until I might be assured of your consent——"

"Oh, of course," interrupted Mr. Foster. "Now I want to ask you: how much did you get for that article?"

"A few free copies of the publication," answered Beach, blushing in spite of himself.

"About what I thought," said Mr. Foster. "Now, Arnold, I like you, but liking doesn't count when a life contract is involved. You've given all that time and trouble for nothing—and the world cares very little for men who work for nothing. The only things that score are results." He paused, and then, looking the young lawyer calmly in the face, added: "I don't think I need say anything more."

"I thank you for your candor," said Arnold, rising. "Good night."

He met Edith Foster in the hall.

"I have just had a talk with your father," he said, "and I bid you good night—and God bless you!"

He rushed out through the door and up the street, and almost ran into a stout, elderly gentleman who was toiling up the hill.

"Phew!" said the man. "Why don't you have carriages at the station? Please tell me where I can find Benjamin Foster's house."

"Because I don't keep a livery stable," growled Arnold. "The Foster house is the large one on top of the hill."

"No offense intended," declared the stout gentleman. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," said the young man, and he strode along his unhappy way.

The stout man pulled the Foster door bell, and without preliminaries said: "Tell Mr. Foster that Warren Hodge wants to see him."

Mr. Foster almost ran down the stairs. "Why," he said, "this is an honor. What brought you here?"

"You've got a young lawyer in this



"NOW LISTEN. MR. WARREN HODGE IS IN THERE."

village named Arnold Beach. Know him?"

"Yes. He was here a few minutes ago. You probably met him on your way up; but sit down and make yourself comfortable, and have something to eat and drink."

But Mr. Hodge broke out in a loud guffaw and slapped his knee. "Well, well, well! That's one on me. Asked him why he didn't have carriages at the station, and he snapped back quick as a wink that he didn't keep a livery stable. Now I know he's the man I want."

"What's it all about?" asked Mr. Foster.

"It's about us poor lawyers trying to save your millions for you. That young man has struck the right lead in an article I read today, and I haven't lost a minute trying to find him. Is he personally all right—honest, reliable, industrious, and all that sort of thing?"

"I think he is," said Mr. Foster with a slight hesitation.

"Then send a note and get him up here

as quickly as you can. I want to be home before midnight."

After the note was sent, Mr. Hodge explained that the accidental discovery of the young man, if known in the beginning, might have saved a hundred thousand dollars in litigation; that now he probably had it in his power to upset them if the other side got hold of him. "We must have him at any cost; but if, as you say, he has only a local practice, I guess a thousand dollars might satisfy him."

Edith Foster had heard the conversation, and she was standing on the step watching the moonlight when Arnold Beach—with evident reluctance, for he was coming in spite of his own desire—was approaching. She put her lip to her finger.

"Now listen," she said in a low voice. "Mr. Warren Hodge is in there."

"Warren Hodge!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, but let me do the talking. Your article has hit somebody. He has come all the way here to get you. He has been talking tens of thousands, but he thinks he'll dumfound you by offering you a thousand. What I want to say is that if you don't bid high for yourself you need never bid anything for me. Now go in!"

There was a good deal of hemming and hawing in the talk that ensued, and Arnold Beach was the calmest of the three. He saw the other two men veering around to an offer. They referred to his youth. They touched upon the opportunity of a city reputation. Finally the proposition came.

The poor young lawyer smiled. "I suppose, Mr. Hodge, you mean that as a jest."

"Why, certainly not. It is a large sum for—"

"It is ridiculous—simply ridiculous," declared Arnold Beach. "And if you will excuse me, I will say that it is a mistake to think any man a fool because, knowing what he is doing, he settles where he can do it best."

"Well, then, say two thousand," said Mr. Hodge, while Mr. Foster's eyes grew wider and wider.

"Really, Mr. Hodge, much as I appreciate your kindness, I am not a person put up at auction for minor bids."

"You call thousand dollar raises minor bids!" exclaimed Mr. Foster, who could not keep out of the situation.

"Of course," said the young man, more calmly than ever. "In order to shorten this interview I will name my own terms—a fee of twenty five thousand dollars and an equal interest in the contingent."

They both declared it impossible.

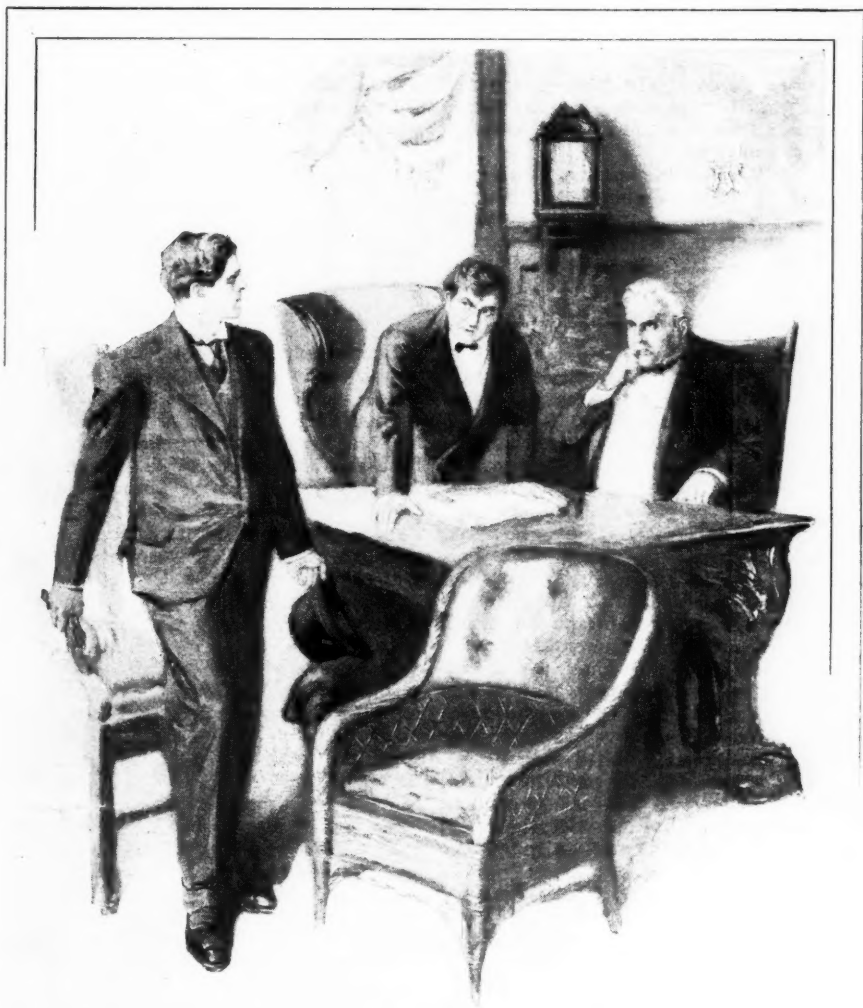
"Gentlemen, I bid you good evening," said Arnold Beach, rising. He got to the door.

"Hold on there!" exclaimed Mr. Hodge.

"I shall certainly hold on to the figures

Stop! Stop!" she cried softly. "They're calling for you to return!"

"Your terms are accepted, provided you have all the material in the directions you have indicated," said Mr. Hodge.



"GENTLEMEN, I BID YOU GOOD EVENING."

I have given," was the reply. "Others will pay more."

"At any rate, give us a few minutes to talk it over."

That was reasonable, and Arnold left them. In the parlor he found Edith. He quickly told her what had happened.

"If it had not been over twenty thousand," she said, "I wouldn't—" His strong arms were around her. "Stop!

"I have more," said Arnold Beach. "We shall win the case. Further than that, we shall be able to win other cases controlled by the principles and facts that must be established in this case."

"They will be worth a good many dollars," said Mr. Hodge, nodding gravely to Mr. Foster.

"They will be worth a good many dollars," repeated Arnold Beach.

Congratulations followed, and Arnold slipped away to the parlor. He took both of Edith's hands.

"You have made my success within an hour; now you must guard and direct it for a lifetime."

"What is your bid?" she asked with a beautiful laugh.

"Gratitude—and a heart."

"In the words of Mr. Hodge," she replied, "your terms are accepted, provided you have all the material in the directions you have indicated."

He saw Mr. Foster somewhat later, and the smiling father declared that human judgment was most prone to err when it judged other men.

Lynn Roby Meekins.

What Brought the Curtain Down.

It was an awful thing to do, but I simply couldn't help it. My feelings ran away with my judgment. But I must go back and start from the beginning.

To tell how I came to go on the stage is no part of this story. Enough to say that from dabbling in amateur theatricals, I grew to be absorbed in them, and when I happened to cross the ocean on the same steamer with Frole, the big manager, my fate was sealed. He told me I would just suit a small part in a piece he was bringing over from England, and offered me the chance to play it.

To be sure, it was very small indeed, but it gave me the chance to get a sniff of the footlights, and I didn't hesitate a minute. My law practice had never bothered me very much—I had inherited a small income—and it seemed that my friends had all been prepared to have me step upon the professional boards. So the step didn't turn out to be such a great departure after all.

Well, after a season in "A Woman's Way," there was a play famine, and the only thing Frole had to offer me was a character part in "Bartley Buck," a dramatized novel of country life. I took it, of course. Wild horses couldn't have dragged me off the stage after the taste of it I had had; but that six months of road tour as *Montague Mix* very nearly sent me back to the law.

But I had my reward. Late in May, Mr. Frole summoned me to his office and looked me up and down critically.

"Yates," he said, "how would you like to play with Miss Arley?"

I gasped. Helen Arley was the star of the Frole constellation. Her plays were always the pick of the bunch, and she in-

variably stayed for half the season in New York.

"I should like it above all things, Mr. Frole," I managed to say.

"Very well," he went on. "Of course you will not speak of this until the formal announcement is made, but I have purchased the American rights of Tackerton's latest play. Miss Arley will have the leading rôle, and you are to be the lover."

I gasped again. Hitherto I had been allowed to make love only to soubrettes.

"Is—is it—do you mean for me to play the lead, Mr. Frole?" I stammered out.

"Well, in one way it is the lead," he made answer; "but I am bringing over an Englishman to do the heavy business. He'll be the other lover, but you are the one *Eylene* will prefer;" and a suspicion of one of his rare smiles lurked in the corner of the great manager's mouth.

For the whole summer I went about in the air, as it were. Of course my salary would be raised, but that was nothing to the privilege of playing with Miss Arley. She was an actress who stood in a class by herself. Women raved over her, and men bought her pictures by wholesale. And yet she kept herself very much to herself. She was never interviewed, and it was said that when she was away from the theater she scarcely ever spoke of it.

The utmost secrecy was preserved regarding the plot of Tackerton's new play. He stood in the lead among English dramatists, and his latest piece was to be given in New York for the first time on any stage. It was called "Bells Jangled," and was to afford Miss Arley a chance to do something of a kind that had not fallen to her hitherto.

When the parts were given out, I realized with a blush why Mr. Frole had picked me for *Stanley Atherton*. He was just the sort of fellow my mirror reported me to be. Although in a sense this was flattering, in another way it was not so complimentary. It seemed that my histrionic abilities had not been the sole test of my fitness, after all.

Never mind, though. I told myself that I would prove to them all that I could do more than look the rôle.

When we began to rehearse I found it hard to stick to my resolution. *Stanley Atherton* was an awful cad. By the force of circumstances, *Eylene* is placed in peculiar relations to his rival in the third act, and although in the fourth she almost goes down on her knees to him, he turns from her, picks up his hat, and walks out of the house and out of the play. The situation gave Miss Arley a magnificent



"IT'S ALL RIGHT; LEAVE IT TO ME, HARRY."

opportunity for strong acting in making her plea of innocence, and of course I could see that I was a mere "feeder."

She made a rousing hit in that scene the first night, and the play was a big success. One or two of the critics were good enough to intimate that I played a necessary character acceptably, and Miss Arley seemed satisfied with my work. But the thing went terribly against the

grain with me. After I had gone out at the door up stage, I would tiptoe around to the left entrance and peer in at Miss Arley, sitting there rigid on the couch among the ruins of her life; and actor though I was myself, so consummate an actress was she that once or twice I caught myself crying out softly: "Atherton, you despicable cur, see what you have done!"

Miss Arley herself seemed to under-

stand my feelings perfectly, and used to say consoling things to me when she came off after her triple and quadruple calls at the end. She was certainly all that my fancy painted her.

One memorable Sunday I was invited to her apartments to tea. I realized that this was no common honor. Miss Arley seldom mixed with the profession, and yet they were one and all as devoted to her as was the public.

The next night I found it harder than ever to go through with my rôle. As she stood there before me, making her plea, *Eylene* of the play seemed wholly merged in Helen Arley of the pretty little home I had visited the afternoon before.

"As God is my witness, Stanley," she was saying, "I am as worthy of your love today as I was the night you placed this ring on my finger!"

This was my cue to take her hand, hold it firmly in mine an instant, while I looked searchingly down into her face. Then, with a sudden movement, I was to wrench the ring off, and fling it to the floor.

But this night I did nothing of the sort. Gazing into those clear, true eyes, I lost sight of everything but the purity that was mirrored there. With a sudden movement I dropped her hand, opened my arms, and folded her into them.

Then, like a dash of ice cold water, it came over me what I had done. I had of course diverted the whole trend of the play. Miss Arley would be deprived of her great pantomime scene, and Tackerton, stickler as he was for having everything done according to the letter of the prompt book—what would he say when he heard of the affair?

But Tackerton was three thousand miles away, and just now I had something more important to think of than his displeasure.

What was I to do next? How was I to get off the stage, and what was Miss Arley to do when I did go off? My veins seemed to be filled with ice as I thought of her opinion of the awful deed I had done.

All these things darted through my mind in the fraction of a second, while I stood there with my arms about her. If only the curtain would fall! But it was a box scene, and just then no one happened to be looking on from the prompt entrance.

But what was this that came to my ears? A perfect salvo of applause. Usually at this point there was a deathly silence in the audience, and I knew that the people out front used to say to themselves: "What a bound that fellow *Atherton* is!"

"It's all right; leave it to me, Harry."

Miss Arley whispered under cover of the hand clapping.

And on the sudden the ice in my veins turned to hot blood again. She had never called me by my first name before. And she wasn't angry. But what was she going to do?

The applause finally died away, and then that wonderful woman, withdrawing herself from my embrace, lifted her face and said: "Come, Stanley, my love, these walls are too confining for such happiness! Let us walk in the garden, where I may share it with the stars."

And with my arm about her we turned our backs on the footlights, and, she setting the pace, we walked slowly up stage and out at the center door.

"Curtain, quick!" she called out then to the first stage hand she passed, and promptly fainted in my arms.

But this faint was only acting behind the scenes. The report in the papers next day had it that Miss Arley, being suddenly indisposed, had whispered to Harold Yates, who was playing with her, that she must get off the stage as soon as possible; and with rare presence of mind, they had devised a new ending for "*Bells Jangled*" that seemed to make quite a hit with the public.

Whether or not Tackerton ever heard about it I do not know. Helen told Frole the truth the night she announced our engagement.

"So after this, governor," she added, "you see it will be safer for you to east us for lovers all the way through!"

Which he has taken pains to do.

Matthew White, Jr.

The Waking of the Princess.

I.

CAPTAIN CAPEHART was explaining the intricacies of the Army Bill to Nelly Sherwood, whose pretty, puzzled face showed encouraging interest.

"Don't tell me anything more about your colonel. If he is as brave as you say he is, surely the President will make him not only a major general, but even a brigadier!" Capehart groaned. "Did I get them mixed again? I can't keep my mental balance where the rank is so high. Tell me how the bill affects you."

"It will put me in clean sight of my majority. When I received my promotion, I was by some years the youngest captain in the line, so this bill will assure my military career, so far as promotion goes."

"How you love the army!" she said, somewhat irrelevantly.

"I have no near kin, so from the time I went into the Academy the army has meant almost everything—until I met you. You will love it, too, when you belong to it?" He ended with a question.

She tipped her chin a little higher. "You seem so sure of me," she said, pouting, "and I've never told you to be."

"I know you haven't," he answered, "but I love you so entirely that I can't picture any life without you."

She looked up a little wistfully.

"I can't tell you just how it is, but sometimes I feel like the sleeping princess in the fairy tale. I want to be waked up some day, and I think I wish you to be the prince—perhaps. But I don't wish to wake up quite yet! I'm so happy as I am, life is so sweet—let me sleep a little longer! Perhaps when you come back from the Philippines—" her voice trailed off into shy silence.

"Not a word shall tease you until then, my princess!"

He kept to this resolve in the letters that followed from Lipa, Batangas, and many scattered posts in Luzon. Then came a day when Miss Sherwood read in the papers an account of a midnight attack upon a handful of Americans, made by natives supposed to be friendly. They had been repulsed, and the despatch briefly mentioned the gallantry of the captain in command, Capehart of the Sixteenth Cavalry, "shot in the leg."

She heard no more for two months, when her father ascertained from the War Department that Captain Capehart had reached the United States, and was to be retired for disability. His leg had been amputated. She wrote him a letter so full of compassion that it cut into the man like whipcords.

"Thank God you did not wake up! A one legged piece of a man would cut a sorry figure in the rôle of prince," he replied.

II.

THE United States transport MacSedg-
lan was leaving the pier at the foot of
Whitchall Street. It was carrying a
battalion to Porto Rico, besides a few
officers bound for Cuba, and a number of
Congressmen, who were to make a tour
in the West Indies. Most of the latter
were accompanied by their wives, and
Mr. Sherwood had his daughter with him.
A great bunch of Parma violets was
pinned to her coat, and her arms were

heaped with roses, as she stood smiling a
good by to her friends on the pier.

To Capehart, who suddenly caught
sight of her, she seemed the very incarnation
of youth and joy. He felt as if he
could not bear to speak to her in that
crowd of chattering strangers, and he
made a movement to leave his steamer
chair. To his annoyance, he saw that a
small boy had captured his crutch, and
was riding it for a horse.

"Here, little man, bring that back!"
he called kindly.

A shrill negative came from the boy,
and Miss Sherwood turned, realizing the
situation before she recognized Capehart.

"Let me have it," she said, and the
boy yielded it reluctantly. "Here is—"

She stopped suddenly, paling, flushing,
tremulous. "Oh, I didn't know it was
you!"

He had taken the crutch and rose to
meet her, grimly feeling that the moment
was more unpleasant than his amputation.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he
said tritely. "Are you with the Con-
gressional party?"

"Yes, father thought the sea trip would
do me good. I haven't been very well this
winter. And you—where are you go-
ing?"

"To Porto Rico. How do you do, Mrs.
Sherwood?"

There was such unmistakable relief in
his voice as her mother joined them that
Nelly moved quickly away. Capehart did
not know that she fled to her stateroom
and locked the door, forgetting to open
her last box of flowers.

If Capehart made no effort to be with
Miss Sherwood for the following day or
two, he was alone in it. She was always
surrounded by a group of officers. Her
steamer rug seemed to be bewitched, so
often did some one find it in need of re-
adjustment. Nelly was an excellent
sailor, and when the band came up on
deck to play in the afternoons, she could
dance as lightly as on a ballroom floor.

Once she felt that Capehart was looking
at her, and turning, she caught the un-
disguised longing in his eyes. She went
quickly to his chair when the dance was
over.

"I wish we could have a dance," she
said simply.

"I *was* dancing with you, dancing
over our last waltz. I count myself a
very lucky fellow to have a store of jolly
memories to fill up some of the dull places
ahead." His tone was bright and cheer-
ful. "Won't you sit down a little
while?"



"I WISH WE COULD HAVE A DANCE!"

They talked all the rest of the afternoon, their conversation never once verging towards deep waters, but both started with surprise when the gong sounded for dinner.

Capehart claimed her for a part of each day after that; but the time slipped swiftly by. On their last day together—they were to part at San Juan in the morning—the wind freshened; most of

the passengers were sick, and the rest were listening to a lecture in the saloon.

"It's so hot and stuffy in here, would the deck be too cold for you?" asked Capehart.

Nelly assented gladly, and they went on deck.

"How strange to prefer that close room to this glorious air!" she said. "The awning keeps it off, but isn't it raining?"

"Just enough, I hope, to keep the others from coming on deck. You are the best little sailor on board."

"I am sorry you leave us at San Juan tomorrow."

"It was wonderful good fortune to see you on this trip. Frankly, I should never have tried to see you again; but it has been a great happiness, and you have been very good to me."

There was a long pause.

"Do you remember when we last talked together, before you went away?" she asked tremulously.

"I think we had better not talk of that. Some day, somebody worthy of her will wake up the princess, but he won't hobble up the avenue."

"I wish your voice wasn't so—so remote," she said.

Just then, in the sudden flare of a ship's lamp, she caught sight of his eyes, yearning, loving, suffering. She gave a deep sigh of relief, and made up her mind—always a formidable process in a woman!

She rose and put his crutches out of his reach.

"Why?" he asked, puzzled.

She was trembling visibly as she sat down. "I have something to tell you, and I don't want you to run away." She found her words with an effort. "I have waked up. When I read the news in the paper, I knew I had cared all along. I thought when you came back that you would come to me, so that I might help you to bear giving up the army and—"

"Don't, Nelly! It is your youth and your sweet pity that make you think this now, and the last thing in the world I will do is to take advantage of it. God bless you, child! Let me tell you once that no woman shall ever take your place. Let us go down stairs again now."

He reached for his crutches, but they were beyond him, and Nelly gave a half frightened laugh.

"I knew you would try to run away!"

Then with a mighty effort, for she was as modest as a flower, she laid her head against his shoulder. Capehart looked straight ahead of him and gripped the arms of his chair.

"Nelly, don't you see I should be the sorriest cur in the world to take advantage of your divine compassion? It has been the single desire of my life to make you my wife, but you must not be tied to a lame man. I know more of the sacrifices it entails than you could picture. I bless you—I adore you—but, Nelly, *please* take away your head!"

For answer, she deliberately burrowed—there's no other word for it—in his coat.

"I knew before that you were brave; but now that I see you giving up the army, your hunting, your golf, your polo, all the things you like best at once, and yet always being so splendidly cheerful, I should be a thousand times prouder to be your—what you said."

He drew in his breath sharply, and Nelly saw with satisfaction that his hands were clenched.

She heard steps. "Please, dear!" whispered Capehart.

"I won't!" a muffled voice answered, and in a moment Mr. Graves, of the Congressional party, had reached them.

"Is Mrs. Graves' book—pardon me!" and he jumped as if a bomb had exploded.

"No, I don't think her book is here," answered Miss Sherwood sweetly, not lifting her head at all.

Graves sped away. Capehart groaned. "He is a dear old gossip, he'll tell everybody on the steamer by morning; so I think it would be nicer for you to mention it to father quite early, don't you? He likes you, and he is so good, it won't be very hard."

"You make me seem like a churl and a fool, but, darling, I should be something worse than either if I accepted your sacrifice."

There was a perceptible weakening in his voice. He summoned all his self control, but it seemed to him that she must feel the loud pulsing of his heart.

"It took a great deal of courage to put my head here," said Nelly meditatively; "but after it was done, I was very comfortable. I thought you would—do the rest; but you are making it very hard for me." She lifted her face a little, and he saw that her eyes were brimming with tears. "Ralph, have you forgotten the fairy story?"

All the bitterness and yearning and despair of the past months were blotted out as he held her closer to him and kissed his princess.

Slowly the transport wound its way into the blue harbor of San Juan. The

yellow walls of the Morro dazzled in the tropical sun, the band on the Mayflower played "Yankee Doodle," and a native band replied with "La Boringueña." Nelly stood by Captain Capehart and said good by to one of the officers of the Porto Rican regiment. "This is your station?"

"Yes, I am glad to say," he said briefly, and Capehart caught the meaning of the youngster's look and tone.

"See what you've done," he said to Nelly. "You've chosen me instead of a handsome boy like French! I hope you are satisfied with the predicament you're in!"

She breathed a little happy sigh.

"So satisfied!" she said.

Margaret Busbee Shipp.

The Love Story of an Ugly Girl.

ROSALIND opened the door of her room, and, entering, closed it after her. Perhaps it was the change from the rain and chill, but the luxury of the scene before her impressed her as if she had never seen it before.

Some thoughtful hand had lighted a fire on the brass andirons. The leaping flames shone capriciously on the blue tiled hearth and the divan with its multi-colored cushions, or coaxed to a brighter gleam the silver of her dressing table. She turned on the lights—pink roses with hearts aflame—and as the rosy glow submerged the apartment, paling the fire's glory, she let her eyes rest a moment on the familiar objects about her.

That clock, grown ordinary through usage, had cost hundreds. She had admired it in Switzerland last summer, and on her birthday her father had made it her own. Those pictures on the softly tinted walls art galleries had coveted. That desk of rare old wood was an invaluable antique.

Yes, it was all very lovely, very beautiful. She sat down by the fire, and, removing her hat, absently stroked the damp feathers. She had more than most girls, she knew that; more even than most rich girls. There was nothing she might not have, did she desire it. It had been always so.

She glanced from the deep reds and greens of the Turkish rugs to the quaint symmetry of the furniture. Truly, everything the room held was beautiful, except—there was a tightening in her throat, and her face hardened—except—she could not say the word.

She had never admitted even to herself that she was plain—not until now.

Parisian gowns and a maid who knows her calling are great beautifiers, and she had thought herself fairly well looking; not beautiful, of course, not even pretty, but not plain.

It had come to her all at once at the reception that afternoon. She had thought of staying at home; it was raining so. If she had! If she only had! She would not have seen her, then—or him.

It had happened as she stood isolated for a moment, waiting for an opportunity to speak to some one. Her eyes in their roving caught sight of a girl reflected within the gilded lines of a mammoth mirror. The girl was tall, with the easeful poise of a fresh young plant. Her delicate skin showed the red blood through, and her mouth drooped a little, like a scarlet flower. Rosalind had been uncertain which to admire more—the frank blue gray of her eyes, or the pale gold of her hair, which in the brilliantly lighted room shone with a silver sheen, like moonlight.

And then she wondered indifferently who the plain girl was beside the beautiful one—until, with a start, she recognized herself. She had not had time for more than that first start. A man was moving towards her through the crowd, and every other thought was forgotten in the throb of her heart and the swift rush of blood to her cheek. She had turned to greet him, trembling foolishly, as she always did when he came, and trying to look calm, when—the recollection burned—he had passed her by, unseeing, to take the hand of the girl in the mirror. She had seen the scarlet flower part in a smile of welcome and the man's face brighten.

It was foolish of her to leave at once, but the cry of her whole being was for solitude. Then, too, she felt that she could not bear to let him see her after looking into that girl's beautiful face. But escape had been denied her. At the door she had come upon him, so suddenly that she could have screamed, and had listened to the usual polite things said in his courteous way. She had answered easily and brightly, she hoped, but once in her carriage her sick heart had sought solace in a passion of tears.

Rosalind left her chair by the fire. The chill gray light of a dark December day still fell with unflattering frankness on the pier glass by the window. No less cold was Rosalind's gaze as she surveyed herself. She was unsparing. Where the defects were she lingered longest. A pale,

dark girl looked back at her. There was no warmth of color in the small eyes, no luster in the coils of her brown hair. The girl was short and poorly made; even a French corset could not force her figure into beautiful lines.

Her maid tapped lightly on the door. Did she want anything? No, she did not, Rosalind told her almost sharply. Why, even her servant was prettier than she; her hair waved, and her cheeks were softly pink. Rosalind could hear her light footsteps hurrying away. A sudden rage filled her. She would discharge that girl tomorrow. Her next advertisement would read: "Wanted—A maid, must be plain; one who will not overshadow an ugly mistress."

She laughed aloud, a bitter, cutting little laugh that died before it scarce was born. Oh, the mockery of it all!

What a fool she had been, what a fool! What right had she to think for so much as an instant that he could prefer her to girls with golden hair and flower-like cheeks? Because he had been courteous when they met, and had called now and then, why should she have taken it to mean that he gave her a thought when gone from her? She had made herself believe it, she remembered now. It was such a dear, bright thought, how could she resist it? Not that he loved her, of course—though she had even thought of that in the silence of the night, and had hoped it might come later—but thought of her differently from the others and cared a little, a very little!

Her reverie broke off with a shock. Care a little, more than for the others? Care for what? For lack luster hair and colorless eyes? Ah, no, men were all alike, and who could blame them? Even she, a girl, had been moved to admiration of wild rose cheeks and brilliant eyes. Why not he?

A fierce resentment burned in every vein against the girl she had seen that day. Would the doll faced beauty be ready to follow him to the world's end if need be? Would she be able to ignore his faults, seeing only his virtues? Could she love him and honor him and cherish him as plain faced Rosalind would?

What was she saying? Her burning face dropped in her open hands. Never before in her communings with herself had she admitted that she loved. It had always been upon his side that she had looked. Trembling with shame, and sick with fears confirmed, she staggered to the divan. Face down she lay there, her scarlet cheeks hidden in her hands. Ten

minutes passed—half an hour; she lay immovable. The slight knock on her door passed unnoticed. Only the presence of her maid at her side aroused her.

"I thought you were asleep, miss," the girl explained. "It's a letter; the messenger just brought it. Aren't you well, miss?"

Rosalind did not answer. Standing under the rosy glow of the chandelier, she was reading. The maid stole away.

A CONFESSION TO ROSALIND:

That you should be told was the last thing I thought; but there was something in your "good by" today—a cold withdrawal of the hand I had scarce clasped—that makes me think you do not understand.

I thought it was so clear that the world might look and read, and that your dear eyes could see all of my heart. But today, when I need your kindness most to help me to be strong, when the whole world seems a dreary place without you, you will not give me the sweet solace of your friendship, even. And so it seems you do not understand. For if you did, I know that great heart, warm with love for every suffering fellow mortal, would not pass me by without some word; were it only a "good by" as you can speak it; as you have spoken it—and thank you, dear—to me.

Have you not known, have your dear, blind eyes not seen, that I love you? I thought they had understood, and, understanding, pitied. So I tried to be worthy of your friendship, and did not speak and—forgive me—selfishly cursed the money which is yours, and which must still the words all eager to be said. But today, when you said that cold "good by" I thought your sweet mouth trembled just a little. So do you care? Ah, dear, say you do! Say you do!

But it is not to make you sad, dear, if you read and feel you cannot care. It is not to grieve you, not the slightest. And it is not as a prayer or petition that it comes. It is just to tell that I love you, love you, that you are the woman whom my lonely heart has dared call "wife."

Ah, sweetest, could it be? If you loved me it could. If you loved me I would fight and win and defy that which rises up, a sordid barrier, between us. If you loved me!

But now you know. Have I lost your friendship, or won what is dearer? It is the courage of the desperate that asks. I kiss your eyes, your mouth, your hair; and once again the dear, soft eyes. Have I offended?

But now you know.

She held the letter to her heart, she raised it to her lips. Something wonderful and new and dazzling seemed hovering quite near, to be swept in with every quick caught breath and pulsed with the throbbing of her heart. Standing so, before the pier glass, her eyes fell upon a girl opposite; a girl with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes; a girl who trembled, laughed, and cried with happy tears; a girl who clasped a letter to her heart.

Ethel Sigbee Small.

LITERARY CHAT

FOR A LIBRARY.

Who seeks this place shall come as one
Who craves old friends' companionship;

Eager to see each face, and slip
His hand in theirs, neglecting none.

Who enters here shall sit at ease,
A quiet soul his friends among.

When tales are told and songs are sung
And all the room is hung with peace.

Who leaves this place shall go as men
Part from old friends a little day,
Yet at the threshold turn to say:
"How long before we meet again?"

THE JOURNALISTIC HEROINE—As a Queen of Hearts she puts the stage heroine to the blush.

If you are a young woman wishing to taste the joys of unlimited conquest, go into newspaper work. This is not the advice of any woman reporter in active service, to be sure, but it is the lesson taught by two recent newspaper novels, both written by members of the guild; and as such it should be heard reverently.

Carrington West, of Alice MacGowan's "The Last Word," blows breezily and wordily into New York from a Western ranch, and in the space of a few weeks she sees all hearts her captives—even the heart of the chief capitalist of the syndicate for which she works, a woman at that. Her managing editor, though prudence and previously plighted vows keep him from fervid emotional flights, is nevertheless sufficiently in thrall to her to cause the president of the syndicate serious jealousy. The chief illustrator neglects pictorial art in order to compose extremely poor verse in her honor. As for the president, he is hers from the first minute he sees her—on a train from Texas, bound to the subjugation of New York.

Equally felicitous are the emotional experiences of *Emily Bromfield*, Mr. Davis Graham Phillips' heroine in "A Woman Ventures." *Miss Bromfield* is a Washington society girl instead of a Texan product, but in a well regulated

newspaper office no one captiously insists upon any particular origin. On the New York *Democrat* all the men are as willing to bow their necks to *Miss Bromfield's* shapely foot as if she were from the Southwest, and a newspaper woman from choice rather than from the necessity born of a sudden loss of fortune. Office boys, crusty editors, and cheerful, irresponsible reporters, all yield to her fascinations.

Miss Bromfield's hair is red gold, and *Miss West's* is curly. This is added merely by way of warning to any straight haired, drab hued sister who may contemplate an immediate entrance into the conquering ranks of newspaper women.

With the exception of the invincibility of their heroines, the two books have nothing in common. Mr. Phillips' is a rather clever study of the development of character under certain conditions. Miss MacGowan's is a "breezy" effort, not unentertaining to those who regard slang and irrepressible volubility as conversational charms, but not to be seriously considered as literature.

A MODERN TRAGEDY—We do not entirely sympathize with Mr. Risley's "Barbara."

In "The Life of a Woman," by R. V. Risley, there is matter to make the old fashioned rage. The woman's tragedy is that she is forced into the mold of the commonplace, though fashioned for higher things. She must live in the suburbs, and superintend her children, and her husband will not take her abroad. The husband, though he hurts her feelings, does not actively ill use her, and she has plenty of money and no cares; but her soaring spirit pants for its true atmosphere, which seems to be represented by the cafés of the Paris boulevards. She submits angelically to the yoke, and sacrifices all her dreams of—one does not exactly know what—on the altar of suburban domesticity.

What the young woman really needed was to join a golf club, take up horseback riding, and collect a few friends of her own generation. It is undoubtedly pleasant to go abroad, but, after all, for-

eign cities are not universal panaceas, and freedom is an internal state rather than an external condition. For a woman who has no specific art or crusade, in the long run the world has little that is satisfying to offer except home and children, and the glamour of the Paris boulevards is stronger from this side than it is over there. No, what *Barbara* needed to secure contentment and peace of mind was initiative, whereby women pluck figs from thistles; and more exercise.

ARTIST AND HACK — Maxwell Gray's lament over the sordid needs that impel writers to literature.

Maxwell Gray, who will be recalled, though perhaps with some difficulty, as the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," has been having a shy at the novelist in a recent essay. She—for the name is the pseudonym of a lady, as some critics would infer from the rather hysterical quality of her one notable work—is inclined to take a gloomy view of the present state of fiction and of letters in general. If she were world dictator, she would forcibly suppress the story teller and the poet for a term of years, and she would abolish all such elementary instruction in the schools as now sends the masses scurrying to cheap literature.

She also has limitless scorn for the "hack." "Nor should any," she says, "write fiction in cold blood or of set purpose as a toil or a task, for joy is necessary to artistic creation. When jaded or outworked powers are spurred to activity by the actual need of money for the day's wants—as is usually the case when literature is the only source of income—the work must be poor, the artist's talent enfeebled, and his genius gradually atrophied."

This is a pretty theory, and many will indorse it. It has a noble sound to declare that work done for the love of itself, without other spur, must be finer than that done for meat and drink. Yet the most cursory glance at the great names of literature suffices to disprove such an allegation.

Would Shakspeare, to take the immortal example, have written better poetry had he not been dependent upon his literary creations for his living—had he been a professor, like Mr. Longfellow, or a banker, like Mr. Stedman? Would "Raselas" have been a more exquisite fancy or a more sonorously lovely piece of English had Samuel Johnson been able to

pay for his mother's funeral from his salary as a grocer's clerk? Would Dickens have created more characters had he not been a literary hack, but only a dilettante? Would "Vanity Fair" be more marvelous if Thackeray, who had to be driven to his task like a schoolboy, had written "for joy in artistic creation" and not to provide for his loved little girls? If Heine had been a banker, would his "Travel Pictures" have been more beautiful, his lyrics more thrilling? Would "The Vicar of Wakefield" be a more tenderly human classic if Oliver Goldsmith had been in receipt of fat rent checks? Would Sir Walter Scott have written better romances if he had paid his debts by a brokerage business, say, and devoted only his leisure to literature?

In Maxwell Gray's and Rudyard Kipling's good time coming "no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of working." But meantime the genius that is driven by the one driving need of man, the need of money, may thank its lucky stars. Pegasus turned into a hack carries his owner farther than Pegasus soaring at his own sweet will.

"MRS. WIGGS"—Her remarkable popularity, and the secret of it.

One of the unlooked for successes of last year—a year that produced but few "good sellers," as popular novels are termed in the book trade—was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." This little story of about twenty thousand words—one fifth the length of an ordinary modern novel—is a simple and well told tale, by Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, a writer previously unknown to the reading public. It treats of an unfortunate but sunny tempered woman, the widow of a drunkard, the mother of several small children, and a sufferer from poverty in its worst form, who nevertheless takes a cheerful view of life and finds a silver lining to every cloud that darkens her horizon.

It is rather late in the day to speak critically of the book, which first appeared nearly a year ago, but its success is worth noting as indicative of a certain trend in the public taste which might be followed to advantage by other writers. The reason of its popularity probably lies in that genial desire to be charitable which it provokes in even the hardest heart—in which respect it may be likened to Dickens' "Christmas Carol." It is impossible to read about the misfortunes of

this excellent if ungrammatical woman, whose life is simply one long story of hard luck, without feeling a benevolent desire to aid her. It makes the heart glow to think of some nice Christmas present to give her, and the most delicate way of offering it. And when the final chapter is reached, we can lay the book aside and actually feel that we have been doing charitable deeds all afternoon without spending a cent.

Another feeling—not an entirely charitable one—is apt to bubble up in the breast of the professional writer who reads what Miss Hegan has written, and proceeds to estimate, in the swift professional fashion of his kind, the number of words which she has written and to guess at the sum of her royalties. That feeling is one of envy of the woman who can make so much money out of a book that might have been written in a month.

As yet, no dramatic version of "Mrs. Wiggs" has been announced, but there is material in it for a successful and perhaps a charming play.

"PERSONAL MENTION"—And how it is manufactured to delight an eager public.

The dime museum business has had its day in New York. The tattooed ladies have veiled their charms from the public gaze and retired to private life. The snake charmers have found in the quiet of the home circle an affection far more gratifying than that of the too demonstrative boa constrictor. The bearded ladies are toiling, pick in hand, in the new subway. The museum press agents, however, have been fortunate enough to find in the publishing business a new field for the exercise of their rhetorical gifts, and may be found hard at work in the preparation of what are known in the trade as "interesting personal anecdotes" of the different authors whom they are paid to exploit. P. T. Barnum would turn in his grave if he knew the opportunities that he missed when he took up the "what is it," the "wooly horse," and the "cherry colored cat" instead of exhibiting to an admiring public a happy family of American authors.

In the skilful hands of these former dime museum press agents, log rolling has become one of the learned professions, and the tickling of the popular fancy with interesting anecdotes a useful and honored art.

One of the best known publishing firms in the country is said to have a "Pleasant

Personal Mention" department which occupies an entire floor and boasts of a staff of fifteen experienced puffers, nearly every one of whom is a graduate of the dime museum.

A simple but effective anecdote, almost certain to be widely read and quoted, may be fashioned in about the following style:

Galoot Snapperfield, the author of the great New England novel "Them Good Old Punkin Pies," is a fisherman as well as an author. Although his book is now in its fortieth thousand, he takes more pleasure in fishing with a hand line from his flat bottomed skiff than in his fast increasing bank account. Mr. Snapperfield's favorite game fish is the bullhead, and a highly amusing anecdote is told of an experience of his last summer, while angling in Nigger Pond for his chosen prey.

Having fished for fully an hour without any result, the author of "Them Good Old Punkin Pies" began to reel in his line for the purpose of rebaiting his hook. He was delighted to find that something heavy—probably a huge bullhead—had become attached to it. For a few moments he deftly played the supposed monster, and then rapidly hauled in his line. As the hook neared the surface of the water, he was ready to swear that he could feel the struggles of some living thing on it, while the outlines of a dark shape became visible beneath his hand. Two long, hard pulls brought this shape to the surface and then over the gunwale into the boat.

"A five-pounder at least!" cried Galoot gleefully, as he reached for his spectacles, for he is terribly near sighted.

He was right, for it was a chunk of water soaked log which weighed just five pounds. Mr. Snapperfield has decided to incorporate the incident in his forthcoming rural romance, "Apple Sass."

"THE HOLE IN THE WALL"—An interesting slum story which is imaginative rather than realistic.

Arthur Morrison is one of the few living writers who know how to make what is technically known as "slum fiction" interesting rather than disgusting. His book "The Hole in the Wall" shows this characteristic very clearly, but it also reveals a quality on the part of its author which is far more important. It shows him as a writer who can create a world of his own, different from anything that we have read about, and from anything that we have known in real life. Slum writers there are a plenty these days, but most of them are content to do their work with a camera, supplementing their photographic studies with catalogues of disease, crime, and dirt. Mr. Morrison is too much of an artist—and possibly too much of a literary gentleman—to show us every garbage heap and offend our senses with every foul odor

that he encounters in his travels. Being also a man of imagination, he constructs his story from his own brain, and peoples it with the characters of the slums as he sees them in his own fancy.

The result of this is an interesting story of the life that has its center about the bar of the Hole in the Wall, a public house on the Thames waterside, kept by a man who does not scruple to deal in stolen goods, and frequented by sailors, thieves, and dock laborers. The book deals entirely with the hangers on of this place. Not a single scene in so called "high life" is introduced for the sake of the "contrast" of which hack writers are so fond; and when we reach the last page we are glad that the interest of the story has not been interrupted by any such inappropriate scenes.

An oft abused term may be fittingly applied to Mr. Morrison's work. It really shows something like the true "Dickens touch."

BORROWED CHARACTERS — The Rev. Thomas Dixon's unauthorized appropriation of Mrs. Stowe's villain.

It is a serious question how far an author has a right to introduce another writer's created character into his book. The etiquette of the craft has so far been protection enough, but it may not always prove so.

We are surprised and vaguely irritated to find *Legree*, the brutal overseer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," playing a small part in a recent novel, "The Leopard's Spots." It was natural enough that an author handling the race problem should be tempted to borrow this striking character, but it savors of presumption. Moreover, it is too dangerous a precedent. We do not wish to find *Colonel Newcome* or *Lucy Snow* in the hands of any one but their respective creators. If a writer cannot produce characters sufficiently potent for his effects, other professions are open to him.

MATRIMONY AND FICTION—Is there any connection between the decline of the one and the modern trend of the other?

Do those earnest social students who argue upon the decline of marriage and learnedly debate whether clubs, bachelor apartments, or the extravagance of women is to blame for it, ever consider the modern novel as a cause?

"The Long, Straight Road," by George

Horton, provokes this question. It is a novel of Chicago life—of Chicago married life. It is difficult to say which makes the worse showing, the city, or the state commended of St. Paul to be honorable. Both are unutterably dreary and dingy. Soft coal pervades the former, and there is an atmosphere of soiled wrappers and bill collectors about the latter. The Chicago Board of Trade and the Society for the Promotion of Happy Marriages, if so worthy an organization exists, should buy out the entire edition and persuade Mr. Horton's publishers, in the name of Chicago and the Home, not to issue a second one.

IN AN ITALIAN COURTYARD—The boys with whom Edmondo de Amicis played, and a social problem connected therewith.

In Edmondo de Amicis' fascinating "Memories of My Childhood and School Days," of which a translation has recently been published, the author touches upon a subject well worthy the consideration of pedagogues, sociologists, and other good people who cannot enjoy themselves without a moral in plain sight. In his account of the ragamuffin companions whom he, having the instinct of all well housed, well bred children for playmates of the gutter, managed to collect about him, he says:

Some may think that I had too much liberty, that such associates must have been harmful. I, on the contrary, am grateful to my father and mother for having given me so free a rein, for having permitted me to become as intimate as I liked with those little ragamuffins—from whom, besides, they could only have kept me sundered by isolating me completely. It was then that I learned to know the life and the character of the poor, as no one can ever do who has not lived among them as a boy. These early friendships prevented my ever entertaining the "little gentleman's" feelings of vanity and pride which, developing as time goes on, finally close many a heart to those sentiments of humanity and justice that knock when it is too late to find entrance.

As for what pedagogic prigs call "moral infection," the notion makes me smile. I know that between the boys whom I knew at school and the barefoot urchins who should have "infected" me in our courtyard there was no kind of difference in the extent of their knowledge of forbidden things, or of their vocabulary for describing them. If there was any difference, it consisted in this—that the well dressed were much more prone to the discussion of interdicted topics than the poor, preoccupied as the latter were by hunger only half appeased, fatigue of body, quarrels at home, and indiscriminate beating administered by father, mother, and brothers alike.

But apart from the ethical problem

arising from social inequalities, the description of the group that used to gather in the Italian courtyard is delightful. There was the mighty *Clemente*, who reduced Edmondo to a state of vassalage by his boasts of the murders he had committed, and of the various dark crimes for which the police "wanted" him. He exacted from the little aristocrat a regular tribute of fruit from the dinner table, as payment for his protection; and he was altogether as picturesque a boy bravo as any Italian alleyway could show.

Then there was *Nuccio*, the fisherman's son, who had an amazing vocabulary of slang, which he would sell for four dried figs the morning or afternoon long. There was *Giacometto*, the milk woman's boy, "a pleasant little rascal, inveterately, almost idiotically, good natured, but capable when pushed too far of 'seeing red' and putting every one to flight by his rage."

So charming are the sketches that one wishes Signor de Amicis would do for the boys and girls of the Piedmontese town in which his childhood was passed what Kenneth Graham, for instance, has done for a little group of English boys and girls.

THE "COPY SEEKERS"—The myopic philosophers who see nothing in life but material for their art.

Mr. Howells, in his latest collection of casual confessions and opinions, "Literature and Life," makes an acknowledgment which is likely to bear evil fruit. He says that he is "never quite sure of life unless he finds literature in it."

To distrust and disavow literature which has not life in it would be a safe rule for criticism; but the converse theory is a questionable one. In Mr. Howells' own case, indeed, the transposition does not greatly matter. He himself is humanly interesting, gentle, and graceful. But the tribe of young "copy seekers" who will adopt his admission as their motto, take his weakness as their boast—the spirit shudders thinking of them.

There are many of them already. They are feverishly anxious for what they call "copy." They bring to all human experiences their literary foot rule. Their personal life becomes self-conscious and artificial, and as a result their work is not to be taken seriously. They will regard the utterance of the dean of their school as a royal warrant bidding them to go on putting what they call "art" above that of

which the finest art is but the dim, imperfect, partial portrayal.

DR. HALE'S "MEMORIES"—Some of them are interesting, and some are trivial.

It is only natural, no doubt, that Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years" should contain a good many first personal pronouns, and should chronicle many things more interesting to the writer than to the reader. For instance, of an early visit to Washington Dr. Hale says:

I do not remember the detail, but I do remember that under the protection and auspices of Judge Story, who had been a friend of mine all through my college life, I was pleasantly housed in the lodging house where the Northern members of the Supreme Court lived. I had put myself in communication with Edward Webster, son of Daniel Webster, who was in some sort a godbrother of mine, if there is any such relationship, for we were within a year's age of each other, and he had been named, as I had been named, for Edward Everett. He had gone to Dartmouth College, because it was his father's college, and I had gone to Cambridge about the same time, but we often met and were close friends.

And a good deal more of the same sort follows. A little later he received a call from a Washington church, which moves him to record:

I was very much tempted by the proposal, but I did not accept it. I knew perfectly well that there was to be a gulf of fire between the North and the South before things went much further; and I really distrusted my own capacity at the age of twenty three to build a bridge which should take us over.

If in 1845, at the age of twenty three, Dr. Hale really "knew perfectly well" that a rupture between the two sections of the Union was approaching, he was marvelously more sagacious than the public men of his day, who derided the idea that Civil War was possible up to the moment of its outbreak. But besides being a political prophet, it seems that Dr. Hale was also a strategist in those troublous days. Narrating his visit to Butler at Bermuda Hundred, in 1864, he says—the italics are ours:

We had planned this attack on Petersburg, and the department at Washington, which had but little confidence in us, had ordered Smith off just in time to defeat us.

What does Dr. Hale mean when he speaks of an officer who "with sufficient profanity exorcised the roads over which we had ridden"? To exorcise, according to the dictionaries, means either "to expel by conjurations" or "to free from evil spirits." How the word can properly

be applied to bad roads we do not see. Does Dr. Hale mean that the officer *execrated* the roads?

AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS—It may be for years that they have to wait, and it may be forever.

Twenty years ago, it is said, a young admirer of William Dean Howells wrote to the author begging him to send his autograph whenever he could find time. A few months ago the admirer, no longer young, received a courteous little autograph note, saying that Mr. Howells had at last found leisure to grant his request.

Truly, the mills of the gods grind slowly. Admirers of Hall Caine cannot expect their declining years to be gladdened by the same pleasant little joke, for the author of what has been called "The Infernal Pity" has publicly announced that he no longer attempts to meet the autograph demand. He adds that at first, on reaching this harsh decision, he religiously put all the stamps accompanying such requests into the waste basket, not caring to profit by his cruel neglect of devotees; but that he was discouraged from this scrupulous practice by the discovery that Mrs. Caine was "as religiously sorting them out from among the waste paper and using them." He does not explain what he has done with them since.

AN ARTIST AUTHOR—Who might have done well to remain simply an artist.

In his new capacity of novelist, Fred-eric Remington reminds us of the writer who decides to pocket the publisher's profit by bringing out his own book, or of the actor who determines to save royalties by writing his own play.

For many years Mr. Remington has been widely and favorably known as an artist who made a distinct place for himself as a delineator of far Western life and character in the army, on the plains, and in the Rockies. In the course of time he learned how to write descriptions of the sort of life that he drew; and his moderate success in this line finally led him to venture into the wide and difficult field of fiction. We have the result in "John Ermine," a book that purports to be a novel.

The story bears many of the earmarks of the familiar type of Western literature which idealizes the valor of the cowboy, the beauty and charm of the New

York girl who is visiting her relatives' ranch, and the treachery of the Mexican lover. Moreover, it is illustrated by Remington himself, an artist who in the eyes of New York publishers is as trustworthy an authority on the life of the far West as Jacob Riis is on that of the New York slums. It is only when we try to read what he has written that the lamentable truth forces itself upon our understanding. He has not yet mastered the art of telling a story, and although his work may possess the value of accuracy, it is woefully deficient in that quality of interest which is the absolute essential of good fiction. His book is not a novel in the true sense of the word.

The moral that the whole thing points is that the cobbler should stick to his last.

AN IRISH EPIC—Lady Gregory's translation of the hero tales of the wars of Ulster and Connaught.

It is an interesting fact that the translation of the great Irish epic, "The Life and Death of Cuchulin," which some enthusiasts agree with Mr. Yeats in calling the best book that ever came out of Ireland, was made by a woman. Lady Gregory has put into Anglo Irish prose—the idiomatic speech of the peasantry of Galway—this series of historical tales concerning the wars between Ulster and Connaught fought about the end of pagan times in Ireland. The events are held to belong to the fourth century A. D., and to have received their literary shape three or four hundred years later.

It is a stirring string of tales of chariot fighting, of javelin throwing, of the beauty of women and the valor of men. There is magic as in the old Greek epics when the gods take a hand in the wars of mortals; there are fairies and soothsayers and heroes so mighty that to them the lifting of a castle wall is a little thing. There are women who wail over slaughter and glory in the prowess of their men.

The idiomatic peculiarities of the translation one soon comes rather to enjoy. At first it is a slight shock to find such phrases as these:

Now just at that time peace was after being broken.

And he saw a beautiful young girl, and she sitting there alone.

It is beautiful you were up to this, proud and tall, going out with your young hounds to your hunting; it is spoiled your body is now; it is pale your hands are now.

In explanation of this idiom, which may seem something of an affectation, it is said

that Lady Gregory's translation is intended primarily for the Irish who, without being Anglicized in anything else, have lost the Gaelic tongue. The Galway dialect which she employs is a living form of speech, as Lowland Scotch is for the peasantry beyond the Tweed, and as such it is far from ill chosen as a medium for the Irish epic.

DID SHAKSPERE NOD? — Apparently he did, and Milton nodded with him.

An ingenious grammarian has come forward with a defense of the phrase "than whom," as used where syntax seems to demand "than who." He produces the following quotation from Milton:

Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat,

and these lines of Shakspeare's:

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent.

Shakspeare and Milton, he argues, are sufficient authority for anything. The answer is simply that they are not. We may attempt to justify their phraseology by supposing that four centuries ago the use of "than" as a preposition governing the objective case was permitted or permissible. If so, and it would be difficult to substantiate such a theory, the same is certainly not the case today. In correct modern English "than" is not a preposition governing a case, it is purely a conjunction, connecting like cases.

It is much easier to explain the "than whom" of Shakspeare and Milton as a mere laxity of language, such as it would be easy to parallel in the famous writings of their period. To the great masters, who are a law unto themselves, such aberrations must be permitted; but let no small imitator dare to attempt the same liberty!

WAS IT BARRIE?—Or was it simply inspiration that wrote the best parts of his latest books?

His sworn oath would not make us believe that Barrie knew what he was going to write about when he began "The Little White Bird." He had a warm vision of gardens and a little boy, and a gush of inspiration that carried him flying through half a dozen idyllic chapters. Then he looked back and saw that it was good.

"Go to," he said; "I know how that is

done. Gruff on top, pathetic and tender underneath, and there you are!" And so he did more chapters, about a club waiter who took the liberty to have feelings. But since the gush of inspiration had died down, he had to make it up himself, and the pen squeaked audibly. That evidently irritated him, so he decided to tell fairy tales.

We do not care much for fairy tales. They seem to us too easy. But we read on, knowing that the gush might rise again at any moment. And it did, when he came to a lonely old man putting a little boy to bed, and never stopped till the end of the book. But Barrie deserves no credit—he was inspired, and any one can write under inspiration. The parts he did himself show him no better than the rest of them.

CANINE SENTIMENTALISM—It has carried Alfred Ollivant far from the high standard he set himself in "Bob, Son of Battle."

The noble army of women who invaded the aldermanic chambers of New York one day last December, and protested with word and sneer and tear and bark against the proposed statute barring dogs out of apartment houses, will love "Danny," by Alfred Ollivant. Others will not.

After "Bob, Son of Battle," that faithful sheep dog, pride of the kennels and joy of story readers, Mr. Ollivant's new book is a severe blow. *Bob* and his people, in their simplicity, their fine, pastoral faiths and failings, belonged to the epic school of story; *Danny* belongs to the mere lachrymose sentimental. *Danny* is *Missie's* dog, and *Missie* is the wife of a grim laird—a regular "property" laird of the Scottish drama.

Missie catches her death of cold while out watching for *Danny*, and expires to the slow music of last requests to her husband that he will cherish her canine favorite. This the laird learns to do so thoroughly that he is finally found dead with the dog in his arms, *Danny* himself perishing the victim of poison. The final scene shows the kirkyard—as cheerful a place as any in the book—with the laird and his lady sleeping side by side. *Danny* lies as near as the interment rules permit.

With the memory of "Bob" still vivid, it seems ungrateful to call anything of Mr. Ollivant's "sloppy," but no more dignified reprobation seems appropriate to this effort.

The Burton House Beautiful.

A CHAPTER FROM THE CHRONICLES OF AN UNCONVENTIONAL HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARY AND ROSALIE DAWSON.

I.

AS the smart little station wagon bore him swiftly through the May freshness of the lanes at Wyndham, George Curtis told himself that in the future he would not regard anything short of an absolute miracle as too improbable for a chapter in his experience. A week ago he would have considered an over night stay with the Burtons as one of the most improbable things in life. Yet he found himself on his way to claim their hospitality, and that upon the strength of a mere verbal invitation from one of the daughters.

It was not that the Burtons were people to be avoided from a social standpoint. The sturdy Van Dieman family tree, of which they were a branch, was infinitely more ancient and honorable than his own. But he had always cherished an ideal of feminine, sweet voiced womanhood. The Burton girls affected him much as a caricature of an Old Master would jar upon the sensitive nerves of an artist.

There were five of them, so much alike in every way that he found it difficult at times to distinguish them. It was no secret in club smoking rooms that the hair of the entire group had once been much darker than it now appeared. They all talked continuously and at a pitch bordering on vociferation, often dispensing with the conventional bonds of phrase and topic. They carried their masculine freedom to the point of smoking in public. And all of these things Curtis held that no woman should do.

Fortunately for the Burton girls, his prejudices were not shared by nine tenths of the men of their acquaintance. Wherever one of their unnaturally golden heads glowed in a drawingroom, it was invariably surrounded by an outer darkness of black coats. Hostesses, too, appreciated the fact that the presence of one of the boisterous sisters insured against dullness in a house party, however hastily collected.

Many stories were afloat of the rollicking character of the week end parties at their country house at Wyndham, and Curtis had hitherto rejected their good

natured advances with a decision bordering on severity.

The one thing he found to disapprove in Margaret Lawrence was her friendship for Eugenia Burton. So when he had stopped in the day before at the bazaar in aid of the Horses' Rest he had been more than disappointed to find the third Miss Burton ensconced with Margaret in the recesses of a pink and white doll booth.

Eugenia Burton had apparently failed to remember or failed to resent his chilly demeanor on former occasions. She turned from the broad shouldered devotees who were recklessly purchasing birthday gifts for their small relations, to greet him with unwelcome cordiality.

"I knew you'd be here, Mr. Curtis," she said in her strident tones, her showy eyes gleaming with intent to tease. "You're just the man to bid on our bride. It's only a quarter a chance, and I've named her Margaret."

She held up for his inspection a doll toggled out in a nursery imitation of point lace and orange blossoms.

The other purchasers, admitted to the joke by Curtis' scowl and the dull red oozing through his skin, laughed appreciatively. He placed a dollar upon the counter and moved in silence to the opposite side of the booth, where Margaret was evincing a rapt interest in the mechanism of a phonographic puppet.

"I want to get something for my sister Polly's child," he told her. "I haven't had much experience in this line. What do you think would recommend itself to a young lady of eight who is just getting over the measles?"

When the selection had been made, and Margaret was enveloping the gift in masses of pink tissue paper, he approached the real object of his visit to the bazaar.

"I'm coming to say good by, if you'll let me, before you sail, Miss Lawrence," he said. "Won't you spare me an hour for a walk or a drive tomorrow or Sunday?"

The ball of tinsel cord dropped from Margaret's hand and rolled across the counter.

"I'm sorry, but I've promised Miss Burton the next two days," she said as

he returned the ball. "I'm going down to Wyndham tomorrow morning, and we sail on Monday."

Eugenia Burton caught the sound of her own name.

"I don't intend to give Margaret up," she called to him over her shoulder; "but we expect Bobby Pierce and some other men down. Why don't you come along, Mr. Curtis?"

Curtis grasped at the friendly rope with the unreflecting haste of a drowning man.

"Why, I should like to, very much," he stammered. "That is, if you're sure I won't be in the way."

She nodded away his embarrassment with a good natured—"They're to come down on the four thirty," and turned to greet a new instalment of patrons.

As Curtis walked home along the darkening avenue his conscience smote him, and Miss Eugenia's coals of fire burned uncomfortably under his hat. He might have known, he thought, that any girl whom Margaret liked, and who appreciated Margaret, had some good in her. A smaller spirited girl would have taken pleasure in thwarting him in punishment for his churlishness.

Returning from the office the following afternoon, he glanced anxiously through his mail for a tinted note from Mrs. Burton supplementing her daughter's invitation. The hope of finding it was based more upon his own regard for social conventions than upon his knowledge of the Burton ideas of formality.

The trip for which Margaret was preparing was a summer tour of the Continent. His uneasy imagination pictured Europe as a place populated by fascinating foreigners with titles to vend, and by yet more dangerous characters in the shape of English and Americans of the wealthy, leisure class. All of these gentlemen, he thought, would exert themselves to prevent a girl like Margaret from returning to America unmated.

There was no time, in his case, to be lost; so, failing to discover the note, he decided for once in his existence to waive ceremony, equipped himself for an over night stay, and went down to Wyndham.

II.

It was comforting, when he reached the little country station, to find that Eugenia Burton had not forgotten. For although he had missed the earlier train taken by the other men, and arrived barely in time for the late dinner, he found the station wagon awaiting him.

In the new and chastened attitude towards the entire Burton family induced by Eugenia's magnanimity at the bazaar, he was even prepared to overlook the bad taste of the table littered with cards and poker chips which occupied the center of the living hall, and which was the first object to greet the eye of an arriving guest.

At least, he thought, there could be no questioning the taste which had fashioned and furnished the house itself. His artistic sense was not sufficiently trained to grasp the scheme in all its details, but he was vaguely conscious that in the doorway vista the different color plans of the rooms blended into one another in a wonderfully pleasing fashion. He approved, too, the novelty of the half walls surmounted here and there by potted plants and statuettes, which served to partition off the rooms. These, together with the broad and doorless doorways, imparted an open, cool effect most attractive in a summer home, and gave a suggestion of space to what was, at best, a house of moderate size.

It was some moments after the man had disappeared with his suit case that Eugenia Burton arrived to welcome him.

"We'd almost given you up," she cried, beginning the conversation in her characteristic way before the stairway had revealed more than the flounces of her white lawn gown. "Margaret wanted to cry, I know. She looked very cheerful under the strain, but it was all put on, of course!"

"It was very good of you to ask me down," Curtis replied, with unwonted cordiality in his hand grasp.

"Well, I can honestly say my intentions were good, Mr. Curtis, but it did occur to me afterwards that it might have been better to fake a case of Asiatic cholera down here and send Margaret back to town," she answered, laughing. "I'm afraid a couple like you and Margaret will find this house—well, inconvenient."

"Bobby King designed it for us. I mean to square him for it some day. You see, my sisters and I thought he was a friend of ours, and when he hung out his architectural shingle we got father to give him a lift. This is the way he repays us."

Curtis glanced around him, his eye wandering from point to point of the attractive ensemble.

"Why, I should say he'd done famously," he said. "It all looks stunning to me."

"Oh, it's pretty enough, I suppose," said Eugenia. "But imagine a man who is

young enough to know better designing a house like this for a family with five unhappily unmarried daughters! There isn't a real wall in the whole place, and the acoustic properties are simply magnificent. Just wait till you try to make love to a girl in a house where a whisper carries from the parlor clean out to the kitchen, so that even the cook knows just how you're getting along. It isn't as if the house was large, either, or our family small. There are so many of us that we'd have to move about by schedule to prevent interruptions. In the evening father usually sits in the library, which opens into the parlor and the hall. He's heard so much of it that he wouldn't bother to listen, but of course the men don't know that and it makes them uncomfortable."

During this account Curtis' face had been undergoing a gradual process of elongation. He realized with an appalling sense of predestination to misery that this was the house to which he, a man of no great self confidence, had come to put the all important question to a girl of whose sentiments he stood in doubt.

Eugenia went cheerfully on, making matters worse with every sentence.

"And there's Barry, too. You haven't met Barry, Mr. Curtis. Barry and this house make an awful combination. Sometimes it seems as if his only object in life is to tease. He'd rather play gooseberry, or break up a *tête à tête*, than draw a straight flush at poker. He knows perfectly well that our only salvation is his den, but he won't allow us in there when he's at home. We get in with an extra key when he's out. It's three flights up, and it's built out in the wing over the kitchen, so that you feel more private there. Whenever the acoustic properties and other things become unendurable down here, one can take a man up there to show him the mantelpiece made of railroad ties. I mean, of course, if Barry's out of the way."

But here the speaker suddenly became aware of the despairing expression of her audience.

"Why, you poor thing!" she cried with a burst of Burton laughter. "I declare I've been frightening you. Cheer up! We must try to arrange to have Margaret show you the den after dinner this evening. Oh, you needn't blush. She's been there before. Well, I mustn't keep you any longer now. You'll find the men up stairs in the second story front. Don't drink too much, any of you, for dinner's going to be ready in three minutes."

When he came down stairs with the

three other men who constituted the masculine leaven of the party, Curtis found Margaret surrounded by a noisy group of the Misses Burton. He wondered if the other men did not notice what an admirable foil these tall, athletic figures formed for her dainty and feminine charm.

In the diningroom he first made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Burton, a placid pair whom nothing, to judge from circumstantial evidence, could disturb or astonish. Their temperament, he reflected grimly, was a fortunate one. He could not imagine nervous or quiet loving people existing for any length of time in such a domestic pandemonium.

But the worst was yet to come. Dinner had progressed to the salad course when his introduction to the eighth member of the family took place.

The formidable Barry materialized in the shape of an undersized youth of seventeen, pug nosed and dark haired, who entered the diningroom in all the informality of flannels.

"Now, don't all jump up. Keep your seats, girls," he said, flopping into a vacant chair. "What? Do I get the seat beside you, Margaret? This is *very* pointed. Give us a kiss, dear. Not bashful, surely! Never mind, you can make it up to me after dinner. Jove, I'm hungry! I'll take everything you've got, James."

"Don't mind Barry, Mr. Curtis," apologized the eldest Miss Burton. "We always have to explain him to people. He graduated from the nursery three seasons too soon, to do duty as an escort. Nobody pays any attention to him."

"Don't you think I resemble my sisters, Mr. Curtis?" retorted Barry. "I did once—before they began to grow so divinely fair, you know. Maud looks a little like me again. Your hair's getting dark, Maudie. Better give it another dip."

"Barry dear," remonstrated his mother in her caressing voice.

"Barry, hold your tongue," echoed her husband placidly. "Mr. Curtis, your glass is empty."

"Well, it's all Margaret's doing," mumbled Barry through a mouthful of roast. "I'm intoxicated with the joy of being in her presence. I believe I'll stay home all evening and devote myself to her. I promised Cissy Fenton that I'd go over there, but I've about decided to break her heart and see as much as I can of Margaret, now that she's to be away from me so long."

From what he had learned of Barry's propensities to evil, Curtis did not for a

moment doubt that the intolerable young cub would attempt to carry out his threat of monopolizing Margaret. But that Margaret should aid and abet this nefarious design by developing a sudden and absorbing interest in cricket, regardless of the rights of others, was a treachery for which he was totally unprepared.

He retired that night after an evening spent, not, alas, in the den with Margaret, but in a discussion of palmistry, *matinée* actors, and kindred topics with the two youngest Burton girls.

He lay awake, smarting under a sharp sense of the injustice of things, and debating whether Margaret had been actuated in her cruelty by maidenly reserve or whether, as Barry would have phrased it, she did not give a hang for him.

III.

"THERE'S one good point about Wyndham," observed Eugenia Burton as they left the breakfast table next morning. "That is that the nearest church is about a hundred miles away. And besides, we always make Sunday a day of rest for the horses. I always tell people that when I'm asking them down, if I think of it. It's an inducement. But there are ideal walks around here, Mr. Curtis. Why don't you ask Margaret to go walking with you?"

Curtis was a little shocked at the Burton views on the subject of church going, but Eugenia's last suggestion was an inspiration. There was something highly attractive in those green country lanes which stretched away so invitingly in all directions. Once more he reflected gratefully that Eugenia Burton was an awfully good sort of girl in her way.

Aloud, he said that the suggestion was a pleasant one, and that he would ask Margaret to go.

Margaret appeared to hesitate over the matter with an indecision which revived all his torturing doubts of the night before. She agreed after what seemed to him an interminable deliberation, and went up stairs for her hat.

He waited for her at the foot of the stairs in the most cheerful mood he had known for twenty four hours. When he came down to breakfast he had left Barry snoring away in a cheerful oblivion which promised to last till noon. For the moment, the fates seemed in his favor; but alas, it was only for a moment.

"What a pity! It has begun to rain," said Margaret, coming down the stairway. "It will spoil our walk, I'm afraid."

Curtis swung about with a cry of pro-

test, to find the windows misted with drizzling spray. Were the very elements in league against him?

"Won't you sit down and talk to me instead?" he said desperately. "I have something I want particularly to talk to you about."

He looked eagerly around for some unoccupied corner which would afford a little privacy. On every side were half walls, doorways like Dewey Arches, and acoustic properties of the best!

The eldest Miss Burton and a portion of the masculine leaven were plainly visible in the diningroom, engaged in violating the Sabbath with ping pong. In the nook under the stairs, Eugenia was noisily instructing a possible affinity in the art of rolling a cigarette. Mr. Burton, his bald head rising moonlike over the back of his chair, made the library an impossibility. The parlor portières were drawn, but Curtis felt sure that this room, too, was occupied.

He selected, as best for his purpose, a carved oaken seat in the hall, which stood close to the partitioning wall.

"It may be only fancy on my part," he began reproachfully, "but you seem to be avoiding me. Is that kind, when you know I came down here expressly to see you?"

As he took his seat at her side a bass voice in amorous murmur floated over the partition behind them.

"I wish I could tell you how those wonderful eyes of yours influence me!" it said.

They started up guiltily, and the opportunity was lost.

"I think I must go up stairs and write some letters," said Margaret. "I have some which are rather important, and letter writing is such a bore at sea!"

As he stood watching her trail whitely, delicately, up Teddy King's artistic stairway, Curtis felt that he too would welcome an opportunity to "square" that rising young architect.

It continued to rain in a dismal, all day long fashion during the next four hours. Dinner came and went without an opportunity to see Margaret alone. With a feeling of despair, Curtis realized that the golden moments were flying onward at an appalling rate of speed. What if he should not succeed in speaking to her to-day at all? He would have to catch an early train in the morning, and would not get so much as a glimpse of her.

But after dinner Eugenia Burton again assumed the rôle of angel guardian.

"We're all going off somewhere to re-

hearse the play for the cricket club bazaar," she said. "You're not interested in that, Mr. Curtis. Why don't you get Margaret to show you father's collection of rare prints? She knows a lot about that sort of thing."

Margaret demurred at this open manipulation.

"Your father could explain them so much better than I can, Eugenia," she murmured.

But Curtis rose to the occasion with a courage begotten of desperation. This was his last chance.

"Miss Lawrence has kindly promised to show me the prints," he fibbed stoutly, "but this is the first opportunity we have had."

"Come along, all of you," called Eugenia, marshaling the others out of the room. "No, Barry! We want you particularly. Which of the farces do you all vote for?"

Curtis followed them with anxious eyes as they disappeared through the dining-room.

"The prints are over here," said Margaret, with a provoking assumption of the air of cicerone.

"Now, never mind the prints. Do you really take pleasure in making me wretched? Sit down over here for a moment."

He pressed her gently into a brocaded davenport and dropped down beside her, retaining her hands in his own so that escape was impossible.

"You—you can't help knowing what—what I came down for, Margaret! It's cruel of you to—keep me in doubt like this!"

He paused in an agony of wordlessness. A faint chuckle resounded through the room.

"Go ahead, old man. You're doing it very nicely!" urged a voice that seemed to fall from the clouds.

He looked up dumbly aghast, to find Barry Burton and the youngest man of the party smiling benevolently upon him

over the half wall. They were together, side by side, chins in palms and elbows resting upon the broad ledge, in the attitude of Raphael's famous cherubs.

"Oh, is that you? How are you?" he said vacuously.

"What are you boys standing on that table for?" came a voice from regions beyond.

"It's just Curtis proposing to Margaret. We're helping him out," responded Barry with a gurgle of delight.

A skirt fluttered madly across the hall, and Agnes Burton inserted her vivid head between the portières.

"Why, so it is! Don't they look cute? Girls, do come here!" she cried.

The broad doorway filled suddenly with heads.

"Begin again, old man," called Barry encouragingly. "It was cruel of her to keep you in suspense. That's where you left off."

Margaret sprang up. Her cheeks flamed, but she laughed with the tormentors. She endeavored to draw away her hands, but Curtis, becoming suddenly masterful, held them in a tightening grasp.

It came to him in a flash of enlightenment that at the Burtons' one might do as the Burtons did. Evidently, if love making was to be done at all in this terrible house, it must be done without regard to eavesdroppers.

"Margaret," he said firmly, "you must know what I was going to ask you. You aren't going to refuse me before the whole gang, are you?"

The girl looked down into his flushed, pleading face with twitching lips.

"You poor fellow! Of course I'm not," she said.

When the whirlwind of congratulations had somewhat subsided, Curtis rose to address the crowd.

"Now, if all you young people will kindly go and rehearse that cricket club play," he said, with an authoritative wave of his hand, "Margaret and I will—continue our examination of the prints!"

KNOWLEDGE.

BECAUSE she stepped in my heart one day,
Where never a step before might win,
I know what grace fills an empty place
When the Well Beloved comes in.

Because she went from my heart one day,
I know as never another one
The lonely gloom of a crowded room
When the Well Beloved has gone.

Theodosia Garrison

HUMAN WAR MACHINES.

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

BODIES OF YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIERS, MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, WHO HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO PERFORM FEATS OF SCIENTIFIC DRILL THAT ARE NOT EQUALED ON THE PARADE GROUNDS OF THE GREAT EUROPEAN ARMIES.

THE National Guard of the United States includes several companies whose members are so perfectly drilled that their command has virtually become a human machine, marvelous in the perfection of its movements. Experts who have seen the crack performers of European drill grounds have said that we have bodies of soldiers whose skill in performing intricate and spectacular evolutions is unequaled anywhere.

The Marion Zouaves are a typical command of this sort. They are regularly enlisted soldiers, forming a company of the First Indiana Regiment. The men—forty two in number, besides the captain—were carefully selected from several times that number of recruits, to secure as nearly perfect uniformity as possible. None of them is more than six feet tall or less than five feet nine, and their chest measure varies only from thirty five to thirty seven inches. For more than two years they have spent four evenings a week at indoor or outdoor practice, and the result is a scientific drill that includes seventy five different formations, and nearly three hundred different movements in handling their arms.

Their skill is strikingly shown in the almost instantaneous formation of "human pyramids." Standing in two rows, at the word of command the front men bend to form platforms, the second row leaping to their shoulders. Then a man of the upper tier scrambles to the top, and there balances himself, the figure being completed in less time than is required to read this description, for it is executed while one can count eight ticks of his watch. It takes a little longer—twenty two seconds—to form what is called the "four man" pyramid, a living monument twenty feet high, composed of four tiers of stalwart soldiers.

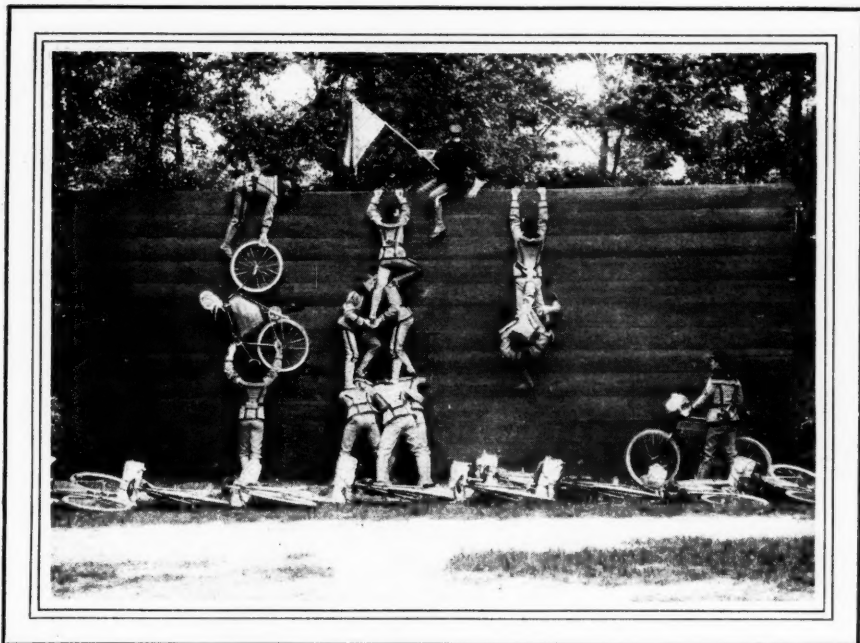
Perhaps the most picturesque of all these tier formations is the "ladder pyramid," in which the guns are utilized.

Two ladders, each twenty feet in length, are placed with their tops meeting like a gigantic letter V inverted. Up spring the men, not only on the sides, but in the center, supporting themselves by pressing the butt ends of their guns against the rounds with one hand and grasping a round with the other. Poised on one foot in this way, they support one another as shown in the illustration, while the man at the top plays an air on his bugle. So precisely does each fit into his position that from the irregular group which obeys the command the figure can be created in sixteen seconds.

THE STORMING OF A FORTRESS.

One of the most spectacular exercises is the storming of an imaginary fortress, whose apparently impregnable walls must be scaled without any artificial aid whatever. The rampart of the fort is a fence of smooth boards, thirteen feet high. It would be impossible for a single athlete to leap over it, or to ascend it by pressing against its surface with hands and feet; but a squad of twenty one men can surmount it in eighteen seconds, going up and over it so rapidly that they seem endowed with the agility of cats. The attack is made in a column, with four abreast, the front rank men far enough in advance to have time to brace their backs against the wall before the next file reaches it. Each of the second four jumps with one foot upon the clasped hands of a soldier in the first file, who forms a human spring, pushing the other man up until he can catch the top of the wall with his fingers, pull himself up, and drop down inside. Up comes the next file, and the movement is repeated until the lifters alone remain. Two of the four go up with the aid of their comrades, and, bracing themselves on the top, lean over to catch the hands of the pair below, who reach them by a running jump and are pulled up by main strength.

NOTE—The engravings accompanying this article are from instantaneous photographs taken during the performance of the maneuvers illustrated. In no instance was time given for the soldiers to pose before the shutter snapped.



CADETS OF THE NORTHWESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY EXECUTING THEIR FEAT OF SCALING A HIGH WALL WITH THEIR BICYCLES AND RIFLES.

Perhaps the most remarkable feat in this whole series of movements is that of carrying dead and wounded men over the wall. The soldier who is supposed to be killed or maimed is taken up on a platform composed of twelve of his comrades. Two suspended from the top keep the second tier of men from falling, while two between them are ready to pull up the victim. He is lifted from the ground by four others, who in turn are supported on the backs of the first tier. After the body is carried over, the others follow, using the same method as before. A man can be lifted from the ground and deposited on the other side of the wall, without exerting a muscle to help himself, in less than half a minute.

CLOCKWORK DRILL MOVEMENTS.

The same wonderful celerity attends all of these zouaves' maneuvers. When the order "Charge bayonets, double quick!" is given by the captain, the men break into a run which is nearly twice as rapid as the "double quick time" presented by the usual military regulations. Instead of a trot it is a rapid run, although every man keeps in step, preserving the alignment so that when the word "Halt!" issues from the commander the

men stop in such regular positions that the order to "dress" is almost needless.

After charging a distance of several hundred feet they may be ordered into the knee guard formation, in which half drop on one knee, the rear files interposing another hedge of bayonets over their companions' shoulders. The movement requires an entire change of the command in grouping, yet it is executed in a few seconds. But perhaps the most severe test to which this human machine is put is when it is ordered to "port arms," after going through various parts of the gun manual, and when no one but the captain knows when the movement is to be called for. As military officers will understand, this demonstrates not only the skill, but the nerve, of a squad of soldiers. To throw the gun instantly to the proper height, with the barrel at the proper angle and the hands in the correct position, is an exceedingly difficult feat, yet the zouaves perform it so perfectly that not a gun barrel in the whole line will deviate more than an inch from the regular angle.

The command has its own signal corps and hospital corps, with complete outfit. The members of the hospital corps including several regular physicians. In fact,



A HUMAN PYRAMID FORMATION—A SQUAD OF THE MARION ZOUAVES FORM THIS FIGURE IN SIXTEEN SECONDS FROM THE ISSUE OF THE COMMAND.

it is a little army in itself, composed of gymnasts and athletes by whom the methods of war have been reduced to a truly marvelous system.

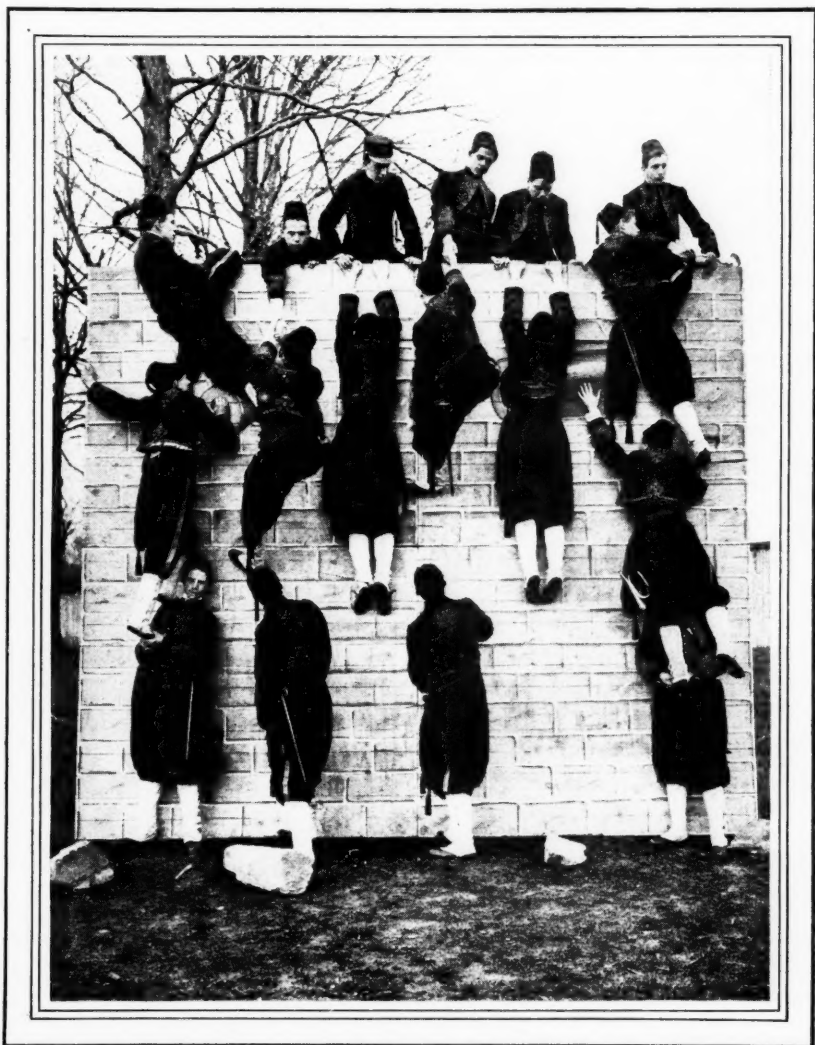
EXPERT BICYCLE SOLDIERS.

Another scientifically trained organization which has its headquarters near Chicago is the cadet corps of the North-

western Military Academy, which is attached to one of the Illinois regiments of the National Guard. Its commander has made a study of the use of the bicycle and the automobile in warfare, and has drilled the cadets until they have become experts in handling them. It has a "bicycle infantry squad" which makes forced marches over rough fields, through wood-

land and swamp, riding bicycles where possible. When unable to do so, the cadets swing their wheels on their backs and proceed afoot. They have been instructed in skirmish firing, in retreating, and in carrying wounded men from the field on their machines. They also accomplish some remarkable scaling feats. Not only do they go over the walls without artificial aid, but they carry their wheels and guns with them, the equipment being passed up as shown in the accompanying photograph.

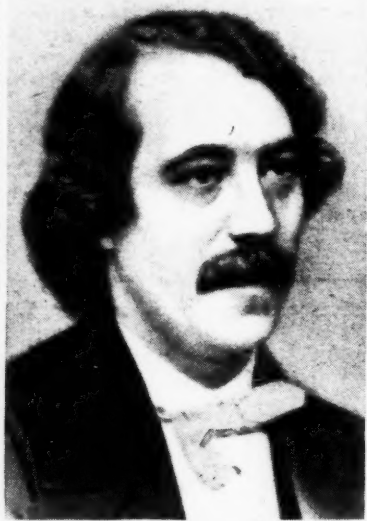
The automobile battery consists of two rapid fire Colt guns mounted upon ten horse power motors burning gasoline. They have a speed, on an ordinary highway, of twenty five miles an hour, each carrying a gun crew of four men, besides ammunition. The battery has a guard of bicycle infantry, which accompanies it upon marches of as much as two hundred miles. Each of the bicycle riders is armed with a Springfield rifle strapped to his wheel, and carries in addition his blanket and provisions.



STORMING A "DUMMY" FORT—A SQUAD OF THE MARION ZOUAVES CLIMB A THIRTEEN FOOT WALL IN EIGHTEEN SECONDS.

From an Old Album.

PORTRAITS OF MUSICAL STARS WHO DELIGHTED THE WORLD OF A GENERATION AGO—OLD FASHIONED PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH REMIND US OF VOICES NOT SURPASSED, PERHAPS NOT EQUALED, ON THE STAGE OF TODAY.

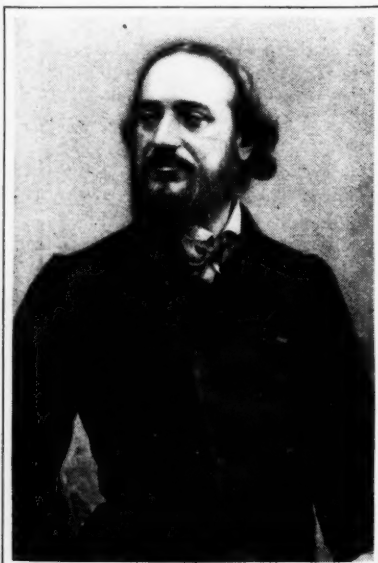


JOHN SIMS REEVES.

From a photograph taken about 1865.

JOHN SIMS REEVES, the famous English tenor, was born at Shooter's Hill, Kent, October 21, 1822. His début was made at Newcastle, in 1839, as a baritone; but after a period of study in Paris and Milan he reappeared as a tenor in 1847, singing *Edgardo* in "*Lucia di Lammermoor*" at the classic Milanese theater of La Scala. His success was immediate and long continued, and for fifty years he remained a prime favorite with English audiences. He died October 25, 1900.

MARIO, Marchese di Candia, the great Italian tenor, renowned as the finest lover the operatic stage ever produced, was born at Cagliari in 1812. As a young man he sang only in the fashionable society to which his noble birth admitted him, but in 1838 he appeared in public as *Robert le Diable* in Paris. He married Mme. Grisi, with whom he sang for twenty five years. He died December 11, 1883.



MARIO, MARCHESE DI CANDIA.

From a photograph by Disdéri, Paris.



CHRISTINE NILSSON.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York.

CHRISTINE NILSSON, Countess of Casa di Miranda, the Swedish nightingale, was born near Wexio, August 3, 1843, and is still alive. The daughter of a poor forester, she first sang in public at Stockholm as a girl of seventeen. A year later she appeared in Paris as *Violetta*, and created a sensation in the operatic world. She was famous as *Marguerite*, *Mignon*, *Ophelia*, and *Elsa*. She visited America in 1870-72 and again in 1873-74. In 1888 she retired from the stage. She was first married to Auguste Rouzeaud, a Parisian banker, the ceremony taking place in Westminster Abbey, in 1872. After M. Rouzeaud's death she married the Count of Casa di Miranda, who died in September last.

EUPHROSYNE PAREPA DE BOYESKU, better known as Mme. Parepa-Rosa, was born near Wexio, May 7, 1836, and made her debut as a soprano at Malta in 1852. She first appeared in England in 1857, in the United States in 1865. In 1869 she married Carl Rosa, the German violinist and impresario, who was born at Hamburg, March 22, 1843. They founded an English opera company of which Mme. Parepa-Rosa was the prima donna till her death, January 21, 1874.

PASQUALE BRIGNOLI, an Italian tenor whose highest reputation was achieved in New York just before the Civil War, was born at Naples in 1823, and had sung successfully in the chief cities of Europe before coming to America in 1855. He died in New York, October 29, 1884.



CARL ROSA.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York.



EUPHROSYNE PAREPA-ROSA.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York.



PASQUALE BRIGNOLI.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

From a photograph by Fredericks, New York.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, the most famous American soprano of her day, was born at Sumterville, South Carolina, July 12, 1842. Her childhood was passed in New England; her professional début was made in New York, at the Academy of Music, in 1861, the opera being "Rigoletto." Six years later she crossed the Atlantic, making her first appearance in London as *Marguerite*. Later she and her husband, Carl Strakosch, organized an English opera company which toured successfully for several years, and did much for music in America. Since 1882 she has seldom appeared except in concert.

CARLOTTA PATTI, the elder sister of Adelina Patti, was born at Florence in 1840. Both sisters came to America as children, and each made her début in New York, at the Academy of Music, where Carlotta first appeared in 1861. After traveling all over the world she married Ernst de Munck, a violoncellist, in 1879. She died at Paris, June 27, 1889.

ADELINA PATTI, probably the most popular soprano of her time, was born at Madrid, February 19, 1843. Her marvelous voice developed very early, her operatic début being made at sixteen years of age. In 1861 she went to London, where she made a sensational success, and she has since been world famous, commanding such prices as have never been paid to any other singer. She was married to the Marquis de Caux in 1868, to Signor Nicolini in 1886, and to Baron Rolf Cederström, a young Swedish nobleman, in 1899.



CARLOTTA PATTI.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York.

ADELINA PATTI.

From a photograph by Anthony, New York.

THE STAGE

WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN "BILLY'S LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR."

The London *Stage* recently printed a list of eleven English attractions playing

at one time in New York theaters. Perhaps our British cousins will now speak less dolefully about the "transatlantic invasion." Unhappily, from the Ameri-



HILDA SPÖNG, APPEARING WITH WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS "LADY DUNCAN" IN "IMPRUDENCE."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

can point of view, not only in quantity but in quality also the dramatic offerings from over the sea have had the better of it. Hits have been few in New York this season, and most of the few were of the



LIONEL BARRYMORE, APPEARING AS THE ITALIAN ORGAN GRINDER, "GIUSEPPE," WITH JOHN DREW IN "THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMINGBIRD."

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

foreign brand, though in almost every instance offered through the medium of native players.

One of them, "Imprudence," by H. V. Esmond, was presented for the first time on any stage at the Empire. To be sure, William Faversham, English born, was the ostensible star, but the real interest of the presentation lay in the work of Fay Davis, a Boston girl who has been playing with the leading companies in London. Miss Davis had tried in vain to obtain recognition in her own country, and went abroad some years since. Charles Wyndham heard her recite in a London drawing-room, and in a little while she was leading woman with George Alexander's company at the St. James. Pinero selected her to create the character of *Iris*. In "Imprudence" she is *Wilhelmina Marr*.

It is a pity that the original name of the piece, "Billy's Little Love Affair," could not have been retained. Faversham's rôle is of the conventional order made familiar to us in the long series of Drew plays in which that gentleman enacted the good fairy in the way of setting crooked things straight. *Wilhelmina*,

on the other hand, is a creation of a refreshingly novel type—a girl who is not afraid to tell the man she has just promised to marry that there was once another man of whom she thought the world. And out of this fact arises all the trouble that makes the plot.

Charles Frohman has provided the comedy with so strong a cast that it is likely to throw into the shade the Empire stock. The arch "villainess" is Hilda Spong, an English actress who came to this country when Daniel Frohman brought out "Trelawny" at the old Lyceum. She made a bit in "Wheels Within Wheels," and later



ETHEL BARRYMORE, STARRING IN "A COUNTRY MOUSE" AND THE CURTAIN RAISER "CARROTS."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

was leading woman with the stock at Daly's. In the early part of the present season she appeared with Virginia Harned in "Iris."

Other good people in "Imprudence" are Richard Bennett—who was the young priest in "A Royal Family"—as the brow-beaten husband; Jeffreys Lewis—noted in the past for adventuress rôles, and in the



SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE, STARRING IN "AMONG THOSE PRESENT."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

West a favorite *Cora* of "Article 47"—as the browbeater; William H. Thompson—the *Cardinal* of "A Royal Family"—actually thrown away on a trifling part, and Charles Harbury—*Henry VIII* with Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—as the confidential friend of *Jack Frere* (William Faver-



sham). Maude Adams' mother, Annie Adams, is a member of the cast as *Lady Roop*, who is always sleepy. She writes society notes for the papers, and laments that nobody believes what she says.

"Why do you write, then?" some one inquires.

"Why, because I am paid for it," she replies in all innocence.

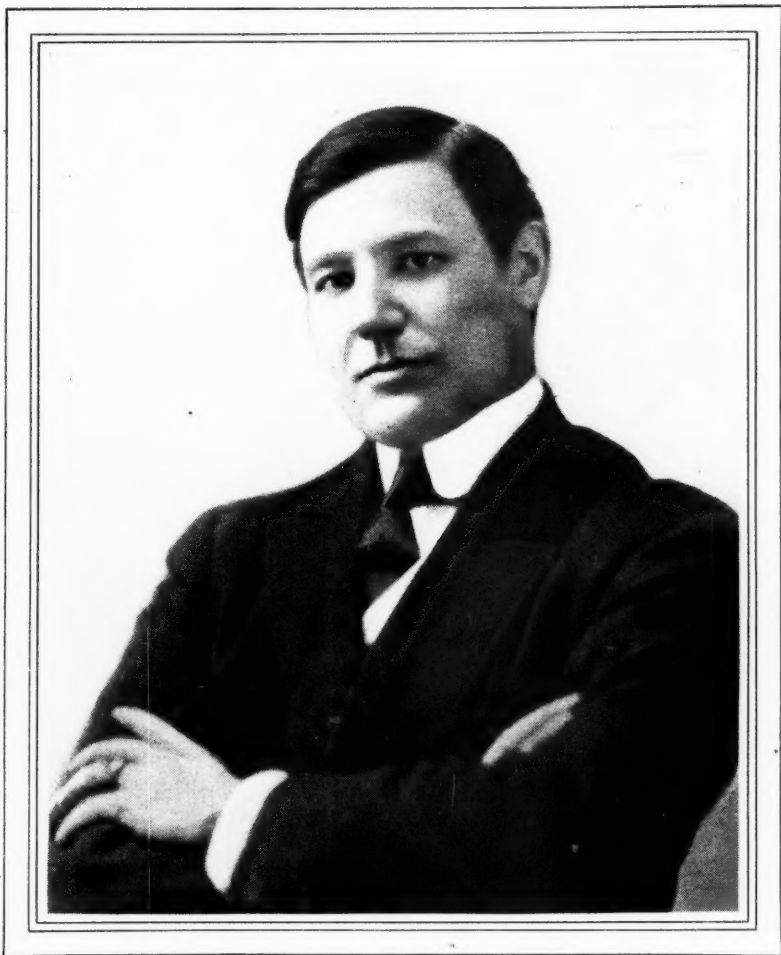
Speaking of Maude Adams, it is doubtful whether she will be seen on the stage this season. She is not going into a decline, neither is she engaged to be married to either of the Frohman brothers, or to any one else. It has simply been decided that she should rest for a year. Surely so successful a woman is entitled to live for a twelvemonth on the proceeds of her labors, without becoming the subject of all sorts of senseless rumors. On her re-appearance she may be seen in a Shaksperian revival—possibly "*As You Like It*." She spent last summer in Europe. Her country home is at Ronkonkoma, Long Island.

MRS. LE MOYNE'S LONG BREAK.

Dissimilar as are the two women themselves, there is a resemblance between the theatrical career of Clara Bloodgood and that of Sarah Cowell Le Moyne. It is to be hoped that the former's early experiences as a star will be less disappointing than has been the case with the other actress. Like Mrs. Bloodgood, Mrs. Le Moyne had two overshadowing hits to her credit when it was decided to make her the central feature in a piece especially written for her. The two hits were the lively *divorcée*, *Mrs. Lorimer*, in Clyde Fitch's "*The Moth and the Flame*," with Kecey and Shannon, and the mother of the hero in "*Catherine*," the play from the French in which Annie Russell failed to score. Mrs. Le Moyne made her début as a star at New Haven in February, 1900, in "*The Greatest Thing in the World*," by Harriet Ford and Beatrice de Mille. The piece did fairly well on the road, but when it was brought into New York, the next winter, it was found

MAUDE ADAMS, WHO
MAY NOT APPEAR
ON THE STAGE
UNTIL NEXT SEASON.

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



CHARLES RICHMAN, LEADING MAN OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY.

From his latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

to be sadly wanting. Its successor, "The First Duchess of Marlborough," by Charles Henry Meltzer, did not even live to reach the metropolis. In between these two misadventures, Mrs. Le Moyne did some of the worthiest work of her career as the *Queen* in a series of special performances of Browning's "In a Balcony," with Otis Skinner as *Norbert* and Eleanor Robson for *Constance*.

It was as a reader from Browning and other classic authors that Mrs. Le Moyne became widely known before she stepped into theatrical renown overnight in "The Moth and the Flame." This was not her first appearance on the stage. The writer has before him a program dated February 4, 1879, and setting forth the attraction

of the old Union Square Theater, then in its seventh year under the management of A. M. Palmer. The play was Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter," and underneath the name appears the motto from Bulwer: "The mate for beauty should be a man, not a money chest." The cast was headed by Charles R. Thorne, Jr., and Sara Jewett, and down at the bottom, opposite the character of *Lisette*, a servant, appears the name "Miss Sara Cowell." W. J. Le Moyne was the *Mr. Brown*, which accounted for the presence of his *fiancée* in the company.

"The Banker's Daughter" ran through the season; when the next one opened, Mr. Palmer wished to cast Miss Cowell for an old woman's part. The young lady ob-

jected, whereupon the manager intimated that she knew what she could do as an alternative. She took the hint and walked out of the stage door, to remain away

worst of the lot. In preparing "Among Those Present," Glen MacDonough deliberately set out to give the public a Clyde Fitch society drama.



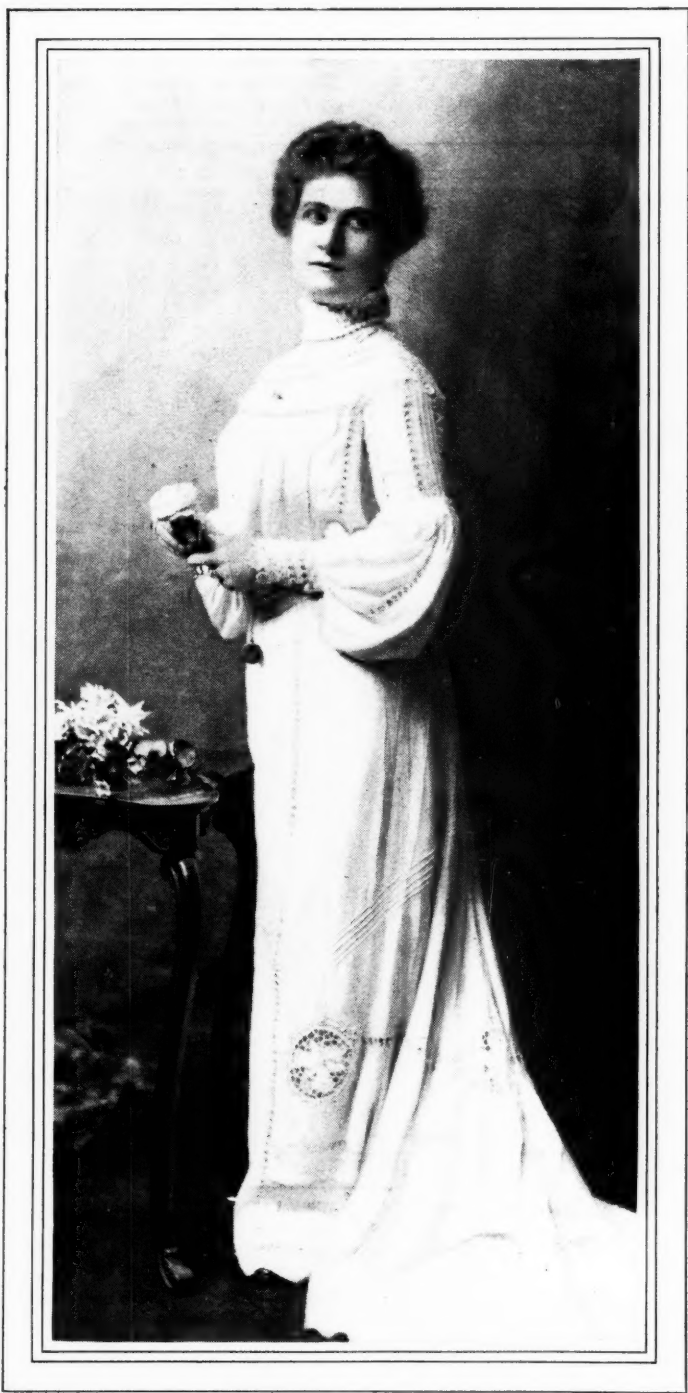
MIRIAM NESBITT, LEADING WOMAN WITH CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

from this end of the playhouse for a score of years.

This season, under new management, Mrs. Le Moyne made her third essay as a star. But alas, this latest play is the

"Go to," one can figure the astute playwright saying to himself. "Mr. Fitch has gained great fame and much money by simply transferring to the stage what people say on yachts and in smart drawing-



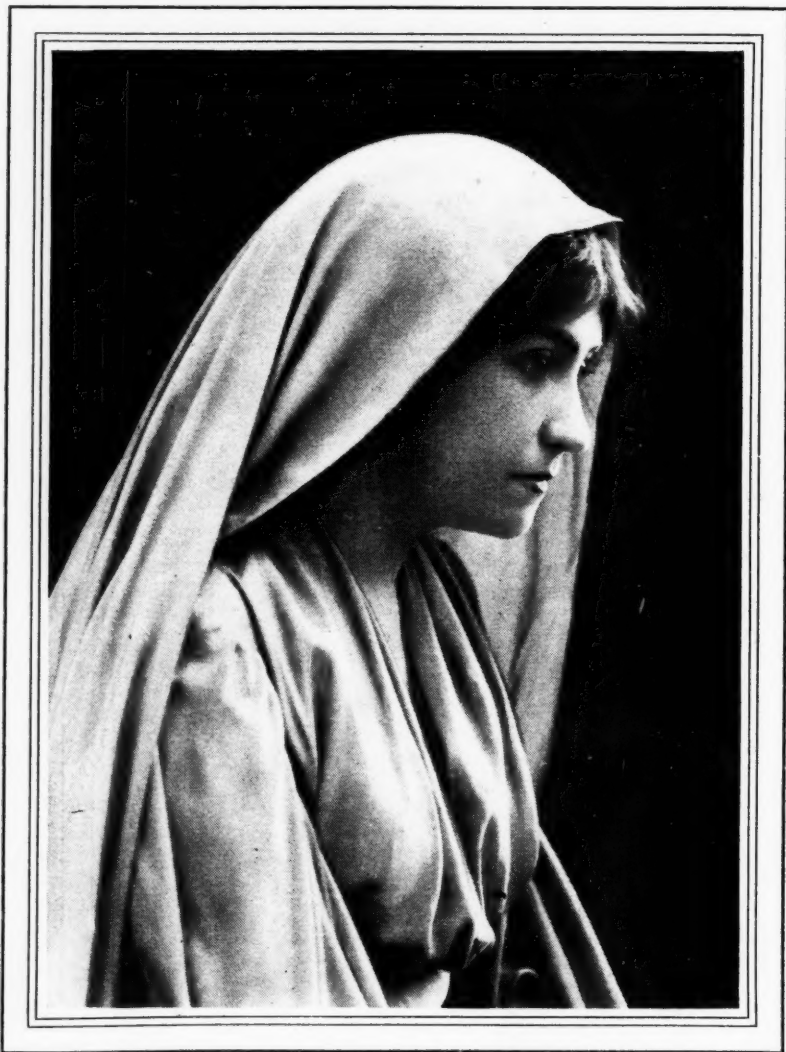
PERCY HASWELL, STARRING AS THE "PRINCESS" IN "A ROYAL FAMILY."

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

rooms. What's the matter with my doing likewise?"

That is where Mr. MacDonough made

differentiates the artist from the copyist. The result is a pitiful concoction which society itself deprecates, and with which



MRS. FISKE AS SHE APPEARS IN THE NEW PLAY FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE, "MARY OF MAGDALA."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

his mistake. In the Fitch plays, society hears itself talk, not as it really does talk, but as it wishes it was clever enough to do. In the MacDonough piece, the characters say and do the deadly stupid things that are characteristic of the average members of fashionable sets in real life. There is none of that idealization which

the general public is infinitely bored. Mrs. Le Moyne deserves better luck.

THE SURPRISES OF MRS. RILEY.

Is it the glitter of the footlights that deprives those who dabble in theatricals of the faculty of judgment? Again and again we find managers putting on plays



FRANK MOULAN, LEADING COMEDIAN IN THE COMIC OPERA "THE SULTAN OF SULU."

From his latest photograph by Wadlinger, Chicago.

which, as soon as the public is able to pass upon them, are discovered to be utterly inane and hopeless. Playwrights seem to be afflicted with the same incapacity. The very best of them may turn out a big winner one year and then write, for the next season, a pitiful failure.

Augustus Thomas is a shining example in point, with his "Alabama" and "Arizona" on the right side of the ledger, and his "The Capitol" and "Colorado" on the wrong leaf. But the most persistent seesaw rider in the whole list is Madeleine Lucette Ryley, who bolts from one extreme to the other at positively dizzy speed. With "Christopher, Jr.," "An American Citizen," "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," and "Mice and Men" to her credit account, she must needs offset the reckoning with such poor stuff as "Richard Savage," which nearly undid Henry Miller two seasons ago; "The Grass Widow," which lasted but a few nights in London last spring; and now she blights the opening year of J. E. Dodson and his wife, Annie Irish, as joint stars, with the handicap of "An American Invasion."

Everything connected with the last named play reminds one of an obstacle race. Mrs. Ryley, herself an Englishwoman, sets out to make her hero an American of Americans for an Englishman like Dodson to impersonate, and be-

fore American audiences at that. Poor man, he does the best he can, but he seems to be afraid to open his mouth very wide lest a Britishism escape him. Miss Irish appears as a native of her own country, England, but she is not much happier. She is called on to sing "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and as the gift of song has not been bestowed upon her, she has the assistance of an understudy behind the scenes. Seated at the piano, with her back to the audience, she tosses her head and goes through the dumb show of rendering the song that is sup-



KATHERINE KAYE, OF THE SPOONER STOCK COMPANY AT THE BIJOU IN BROOKLYN.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

posed to cast a spell upon the American, far from home, who is listening to it; but as the "fake" is perfectly apparent to the public, the whole effect is lost. Either the episode should be cut out or Miss Irish should learn to sing.

thoroughly tired of the whole thing to see any good in it.

But Mrs. Ryley had still another surprise in hand. Not a month after the Dodsons' departure from New York, another married pair arrived, also with a Mrs.



MAY FALFREY, WIFE OF WEEDON GROSSMITH, APPEARING WITH HIM AS "LADY HAMPSHIRE" IN "THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

There are some good situations in the latter half of the play, but there is so much that is either dry or silly in the earlier portions that the spectator is too

Ryley play. The couple were Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, and the play was "The Altar of Friendship," tried last season by John Mason, and found want-

ing. In the hands of the Goodwins, however, it has proved very attractive, and should prove a worthy capsheaf to their career as joint stars—for after next summer they will endeavor to turn in more money to the family treasury by touring separately. When Mr. Mason had the play, *Nanette Comstock* appeared in the rôle now enacted by Miss Elliott.

SUDERMANN VERSUS PINERO.

Who is the greatest English speaking actress of those now before the public? By common consent ability in emotional rôles has come to be the test, so artists like Ellen Terry are to be left out of the count. With the competition limited to America, Mrs. Leslie Carter would be pretty sure to win the most votes today. In England Mrs. Patrick Campbell would probably bear off the palm. And yet, during her second season in New York, Mrs. Campbell did not draw such large houses as Virginia Harned. To be sure, the Englishwoman was handicapped by her repertoire. The metropolitan public craves novelty. "Aunt Jeannie," the piece in which she opened at the Garden, was but a feeble echo of Oscar Wilde's smart talk, and Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," with which she followed it, had been done here before by Mrs. Kendal, Olga Nethersole, and Mrs. Campbell herself. As to the Sudermann piece, "The Joy of Living," it is too unpleasant in its subject matter to be popular.

That is the trouble with the problem plays of the German school. The people in them seem to have no red blood in their veins. They are a morbid, brooding sort. They sin and talk about it philosophically, as if it were a new discovery in science or a strike of mill operatives. The influence of a play like "The Joy of Living" can scarcely be healthy. To the superficial spectator, it seems that *Beata* defies the evil thing she has done. The average theatergoer is not apt to ponder deeply in the effort to discover a hidden meaning in what passes on the stage. Again, the episode of making the son unconsciously pronounce judgment on his own father's transgression is equivalent to turning the knife in a bleeding wound.

A play like "Iris," on the other hand, deals with people as they may be found almost anywhere. Pleasant or cheerful it certainly is not, but those whom its frankness does not offend cannot help drawing a salutary lesson from the tremendous moral tragedy it unfolds. *Iris* herself, in her weak selfishness, is scarcely likely to

arouse any woman's ambition to emulate her example. She dies no glorified death "for another's sake" as does *Beata*; she simply walks out into the streets to enter the earthly inferno where, doubtless, many a flesh and blood *Iris* is suffering today. And the lovers—well, both *Maldonado* and *Trenwith* are cads, and when you hear a certain class of men about town objecting to this type of play, it's ten to one they don't dare go to see it for fear of finding their own faces looking back at them from the mirror which the playwright has held up to nature.

THE SECRET OF A CERTAIN SUCCESS.

Whatever may be said for the book, the drama labeled "The Eternal City" is poor stuff. People throng the theater to see it, but they are chary of their applause, and are not likely to advise their friends to take in the show. Why, then, do they go themselves in the first instance, it may be asked? For one thing, because Viola Allen stars in the piece. When she appeared in "The Christian," also by Hall Caine, her work was inferior to what she had done in stock companies, but the play was well advertised and obtained a vogue whose value is still apparent in the notoriety of "The Eternal City." But perhaps the chief incentive that lures the crowds to the play is curiosity to see a pontiff on the stage. This personage is enacted with a great deal of discretion by E. M. Holland, who last year was *Eben Holden*, and before that used to be the erring husband in the French farces imported by Charles Frohman. But the author's handling of the character is maladroit. To all intents and purposes the story could get on quite well without its scene in the Vatican. It looks as if the highly impossible *Pius X* had been dragged into the play to serve as a foundation for press agent yarns.

Edward Morgan plays the hero, *David Rossi*, but unfortunately the material at his command has none of the possibilities which lifted his *John Storm* to the rank of real worth, *Frederic de Belleville* is the villain, *Bonelli*, but of course is obliged to follow the instructions of the prompt book, and in consequence is not to be held accountable for seeming more or less like an animated puppet.

Stress has been laid on the scenic investment of the play, but not nearly so much has been made of this as might be. For example, instead of having the procession in the first act off stage, with *Rossi's* harangue floating in from the wings, a

strongly effective episode could be contrived in open scene. But of course this would have given undue prominence to *Rossi* in a piece made for a female star.

The management went to the expense of securing Pietro Mascagni to write the entr'acte music, but they might have spared the money. The public is so indifferent to this sort of thing that it was found necessary to lower the lights, making the audience think that the curtain was about to go up. Otherwise the people would talk straight through the interval, music or no music.

HIGH WATER MARK FOR BELASCO.

It was imperative that "The Darling of the Gods" should be a stupendous production. After the magnificence of "Du Barry," Belasco could not afford to take a backward step, especially in a piece that was to be the first novelty in his beautiful new theater. His Japanese drama has more than fulfilled expectations. "The Darling of the Gods" is not only a fine stage spectacle, but it carries a story that is genuinely interesting, interpreted by an adaptable cast. Moreover, the theme is without the objectionable features that put "Zaza" and "Du Barry" beyond the pale for a certain class of the theater's patrons.

All Belasco's skill in producing effects is lavished upon the play. The spectator's eye is appealed to in a series of gorgeous pictures; the ear is kept on the alert by William Furst's music, never insistent, always appropriate, while the burning of incense in the course of many of the ceremonials takes still a third sense into captivity. And over and through all, the stately, steady march to the tragic termination imparts a strength and a dignity to the drama that causes it to throb with the vitality of truth.

There are five acts and ten different scenes—"pictures," Mr. Belasco prefers to call them. In the first we see Blanche Bates as *Yo-San*, daughter of a prince, catching a butterfly in a garden. Next comes the great state hall in the prince's palace, where geisha girls, jugglers, acrobats, fireworks, and the like go to make up the Feast of a Thousand Welcomes. Here we are introduced to *Kara*, the outlaw prince (Robert T. Haines), the leader of the ten "two sword men" who have refused to bow to the imperial edict and give up their weapons. *Yo-San* has been betrothed in infancy to the nephew of *Zakkuri* (George Arliss), the minister of war, but has fallen in love with *Kara*,

whom *Zakkuri* seeks to slay. The third picture, showing the minister's hired assassins lying in wait within the shadow of the gates at "the hour of the ox" (two o'clock), is thrillingly weird, although the spectator knows that there will be no victim then, *Kara* having been taken into *Yo-San's* dwelling, where she keeps him until his wounds are healed. Here her father finds him, and not realizing the entire innocence of his child, who has been brought up to know no evil, he casts her out. *Kara* feels that honor calls him back to his comrades, but he is captured by his enemies, and the fourth act, laid in the sword room of the minister of war, brings the action to a crisis. *Kara* is sent below to the torture chamber, in order that the whereabouts of his nine comrades may be forced from him; but meantime *Yo-San* appears, and to her *Zakkuri* offers the chance to free her lover by taking himself in *Kara's* place if she will reveal the secret which the man refuses to divulge. In a powerful scene both for Miss Bates and Mr. Arliss, she makes the betrayal, and in the next picture we find her with the band of ten at a ruined shrine among the cliffs.

When he discovers what she has done, *Kara* spurns the girl. Then comes a hostile force, and each knows that death awaits him. Rather than fall into the hands of the foe, the survivors kill themselves, according to the Japanese code of honor. We see this "tryst of death" in the red bamboo forest, against the background of the sun, a ball of fire near its setting. *Kara* relents towards his loved one after he has stabbed himself, and *Yo-San*, committing hari kari in her turn, dies in his arms.

And yet, after all, this strange play has the happy ending the public prefers, for after an intermezzo typifying the passage of a thousand years, during which this "darling of the gods" is supposed to do penance for her traitorous act, she is welcomed to the first celestial heaven by *Kara*, a previous scene showing the passage of the souls between the lower and the upper world. The cloud effects in these two pictures are really beautiful, as far removed from the tawdry tinsel of the old time "transformation scene" as electricity is superior to gas.

The play is long, the curtain rising at eight and falling after half past eleven. While Miss Bates does some splendid work, George Arliss is particularly good as the wily minister of war. He is an Englishman who came over with Mrs. Patrick Campbell last season and made

a hit as *Cayley Drummie* in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." He also wrote the comedy "There and Back," which Charles Hawtrey used in London last summer, and in which Charles Evans is to appear here.

THE OVERSHADOWING OF RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Mr. Mansfield has the secret of preventing Shakspeare from spelling ruin. His production of "Julius Cæsar" crowds the theater even as did his "Henry V." Nevertheless, he is not able to make the critics unite in declaring his *Brutus* a great impersonation. Indeed, the scribes of the metropolitan press decided almost to a man that the star was overshadowed by two of his support, Joseph Haworth as *Cassius* and Arthur Forrest as *Antony*.

Mansfield is growing stagey in the extreme. Self consciousness is robbing him of all spontaneity, and if, as he announces, he never reads criticisms on his work, it is not likely that he will discover and correct his fatal fault. With a splendid voice, the gift of nature, he so mouths his words that at times he is unintelligible. Haworth and Forrest, on the other hand, with tones far inferior, score more heavily because they speak easily and without the forced, staccato intonation that spoils the star's work.

It goes without saying that the piece is put on with care, and with no stint of money in providing both scenery and people. The famous forum mob is well drilled—almost too well drilled, in fact, seeming mechanical rather than natural.

A GLOOMY AND IMPRESSIVE PLAY.

Mrs. Fiske has found a striking play in the Biblical drama from the German of Paul Heyse, "Mary of Magdala." The idea of putting such a subject on the stage seems daring at first blush, but the story is handled reverently throughout. The fact that Christ does not appear on the boards shows good judgment on the part of the author. To many New Yorkers such an entertainment would not be entertainment at all, but the attendance at the Manhattan Theater has been large enough to show that there are plenty of people who appreciate a serious effort to place on the twentieth century stage as accurate a picture as possible of certain epoch making incidents of nineteen hundred years ago.

As treated by Heyse, the story makes Mary a wanton, according to the universally accepted tradition—for which, how-

ever, there is no positive warrant in Scripture. In the play, she has left her husband, and has had *Judas*—whom Tyrone Power makes a weird figure—for her lover. In the first act, *Aulus Flavius* (Henry Woodruff), nephew of the Roman governor, a member of the hated race that holds the Jews in subjection, sues passionately for her favor. She finally consents to go to his house, merely out of curiosity to look into the garden of his neighbor *Simon*, where the wonder working Nazarene instructs His followers. She hears, falls under the influence of the new Teacher, and comes to abhor her old way of living. When the Master is betrayed by the very *Judas* she once loved, *Flavius* offers to use his influence with the governor to have the prisoner freed if *Mary* will promise to flee with him. After a severe struggle, *Mary* decides to do this, meaning to die rather than fulfill the condition; but when *Flavius* comes to her door, a black abyss seems to open before her, and she calls out in terror for him to go away.

The last act shows a ravine near Jerusalem, amid a deafeningly realistic thunderstorm, which is said to have raged while the Saviour was on the cross. *Judas* is seen wandering amid the cliffs, hoping for death, in remorse over his treachery. Later come *Mary* and others from the cross, including *Flavius*, who has been deeply impressed through watching the Nazarene die. Word is brought that *Judas* has hanged himself in *Mary's* garden, and the play ends as the principals stand with their backs to the footlights, looking earnestly in the direction of Calvary.

The piece is more didactic than dramatic. The speeches are too long, the action too deliberate; but the very nature of the theme commands attention to the end. As to the acting, Mrs. Fiske has in *Mary* a type utterly at variance with her vein, which found its readiest exposition in the clipped utterances of *Becky Sharp*. But she has done wonders in adapting her methods to new conditions, and it is not easy to name another actress who would make a better *Magdalen*. Tyrone Power's *Judas* received most of the critics' praise, and is certainly impressive, but he speaks with a sort of breathlessness that somehow gets on the nerves. A very good impersonation is the *Aulus Flavius* of Henry Woodruff. He looks the Roman to the life, and puts both force and color into the part.

The play is handsomely staged, and with care as to the matter of accuracy.

THE SOCIETY NOVEL.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

FASHIONABLE EXISTENCE AS PICTURED BY WRITERS OF FICTION
—A BRIEF CONSIDERATION OF THE ROMANCES THAT PROFESS
TO PORTRAY "HIGH LIFE" IN NEW YORK.

EVER since my earliest youth I have been patiently awaiting the development of two national American industries which seem to have stood almost stock still while everything else in the country moved swiftly ahead. One of these industries is agriculture, and the other is the making of novels of New York society.

In the West, to be sure, agriculture, as exemplified in the cultivation of huge wheat fields, has made enormous advances, and I may add that the literature of the West has kept pace with it; but the tillage of the average Eastern farm is still carried on by methods differing from those of half a century ago only by virtue of certain labor saving machines which were not invented by farmers. Meantime the school of fiction that deals with metropolitan life has not altered materially in quality, despite certain superficial changes which it has undergone, since the publication of "The Upper Ten Thousand," the first and one of the best pictures of New York society that has ever been drawn.

OLD TIME SOCIETY NOVELS.

Written by Charles Astor Bristed, a grandson of the founder of the Astor family, and himself a figure of consequence in the gay life of the town, the old book is well worth reading. It gives interesting glimpses of metropolitan life at a time when three o'clock in the afternoon was the fashionable dinner hour; when the young bloods drove up Broadway from their homes of a bright afternoon, passed through Lafayette Place, and then speeded their horses up Harlem Lane to some comfortable, old fashioned road house, where such drinks as "sherry cobbles" were to be found in their perfection. It is all very much like ancient history to us of the new generation.

A somewhat later novel of New York life was called "Was He Successful?" and dealt with the rising fortunes of a young man who came to the city from his village home, amassed a fortune by shrewd commercial ventures, and made

for himself a place in the society of his day. This novel, too, is worth reading, though its author did not write with the authority of the late Mr. Bristed. If it does not show us what society was at the date of its publication, it shows us what the general public thought society was.

Another novel of this time, or perhaps a little earlier, was "Norman Leslie," by Theodore S. Fay, and this, too, deserves a place on the bookshelf of the student of New York life and manners.

A little later we find "My Wife and I," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, seriously accepted by the public as a trustworthy portrayal of social conditions in New York during the late sixties. It is very funny reading now, this book that was so much talked about when it appeared. Its hero is a young collegian who comes to the city to enter upon a literary career, and straightway secures a delightfully easy job as a book reviewer and writer of verse. He soon makes the acquaintance of the *Van Arsdels*, a family who are introduced to us as the embodiment of all that is fashionable, distinguished, and cultivated. They are of course enormously rich, and the daughter, *Eva*, a beautiful natural blonde who wears a waterfall and is by way of being artistic, invites the hero, for whom she is predestined, to enter her "boudoir"—which is merely a romantic name for a small and distinctly prosaic room at the end of the hall.

THE OLD FASHIONED STORY PAPERS.

But the books which I have mentioned played a small part in comparison with the vast number of stories of society that glistened in the columns of the *New York Ledger*, the *Waverley Magazine*, and other periodicals which flourished in the simpler days of forty odd years ago. In fact, leaving out a handful of books, we have had but two classes of society fiction within my memory; and these classes resemble one another in so many particulars that both may be said to belong to the same general school.

The first of these classes flourished in the old fashioned story papers. The second, which still thrives, had its origin in the discovery made by some enterprising writer that Washington Square was the home of staid, old fashioned refinement, and upper Fifth Avenue the scene of the sort of festivities that spring from newer, more extravagant, and less cultivated conditions. In both classes the foreigner plays an important part; for that matter, he appears in "The Upper Ten Thousand," in the guise of an observant English visitor, and is to be found in nine tenths of New York fiction. During the *Ledger* period the foreigner was almost invariably an impostor who masqueraded as a French or Italian nobleman, and was a suitor for the hand of the banker's rich and beautiful daughter. In the fiction of today he is an English nobleman, who is introduced merely to show how intimate an exalted New York family can become with the British aristocracy.

THE HEROINE AND HER SUITORS.

In the old *Ledger* and *Waverley* serials the heroine was always beautiful, and was either wealthy and very much courted or else poor and bitterly persecuted. In one case she was one of the "belles of Murray Hill," and dwelt in a marble palace on Fifth Avenue. The pampered child of a millionaire banker or merchant prince, or perhaps even a member of Congress, she had been accustomed since her earliest childhood to having her every wish gratified. Livered servants were at her beck and call; she never went anywhere except in a carriage drawn by two beautiful horses; if she came down to breakfast without her diamond necklace, her mother sent her back to get it.

This young girl was usually seventeen years of age, and she never lived—so far as the story papers were concerned—beyond her twentieth year. Her suitors were numerous, and among them were two whose chances were about equal. One of these was the *Baron Montmorenci* or *Count Scenario*, a nobleman who was sometimes French and sometimes Italian, but was always adorned with a black mustache, piercing black eyes, and a suit of black broadcloth. In short, he was depicted as looking so much like a bunco steerer that almost any farmer would have accosted him on sight and asked him if he had a gold brick to sell.

The other suitor was named *Henry Wheatcake* or *Reuben Oakstave*. He wore overalls, and gained what is known as an "honest living" by overcharging

every one in his sovereign capacity of general mechanic. His suit was always favored by the heroine, and that of the nobleman—who always turned out to be an impostor—by her parents. In the real life of today it is the girl who wishes to marry the nobleman, while her father favors the suit of the mechanic on the ground that he would at least know what he was getting in the way of a son in law.

The mechanic was never so busy that he did not find time to attend parties given by the heroine, appearing in his working garb, to be shunned and "spurned" by the other guests and coddled by the beautiful heroine. In the course of time the nobleman was exposed; the mechanic, having obtained the reluctant consent of the father, wedded the beautiful heroine, and they entered upon a life of happiness and prosperity.

The adventures of the poor and persecuted heroine were far more thrilling than those of her rich and fashionable sister. She always worked in a factory, and had admirers who gloated over her beauty as they met her on her way home from work. One of these suitors was the son of the rich mill owner; another was a young man of dissolute habits and high social position. It frequently happened that the dissolute swain, failing to make an impression on her, circulated false reports about her, thereby causing her discharge, and placing her completely in his power, for he was the owner of the tenement in which she and her mother lived. This scheme, however, was sure to be defeated through the efforts of the mill owner's son, who, on his return from abroad, hastened to the factory, only to learn that *Bonnie Nell*, the blue eyed piece worker, had been discharged. Of course on hearing this he hurried to her relief, and arrived just in time to save her and her mother from eviction.

Sometimes the poor but persecuted one worked in a large dry goods store; but her fate was always the same, for she married a near relative of the proprietor, and secured admission to the same exalted grades of society that were frequented by the mill owner and his son.

It was a simple social life that was described in these tales of an elder day. All those who participated in it, with the possible exception of the mechanic, lived on or near Fifth Avenue, and were waited on by liveried servants, though at that time there were not six households in New York which could boast of such service, and the sight of two men on the box of a

carriage was sufficient to cause people to turn their heads.

THE MODERN STOCK OF SOCIETY TYPES.

In the society literature of today I find even less variety than in that of the middle of the last century. In the modern story Murray Hill, the marble palace, and the diamond necklace do not play quite such an important part as they used to, but the descriptions of what goes on in the most exalted circles are given in greater detail and with a firmer air of authority. The Latin noble with the black mustache has disappeared, and the persecution of young mill girls is no longer regarded as a genteel subject for the pages of well bred magazines. Nor do we read any more about aristocratic members of Congress, or handsome junior members of manufacturing firms, for the hero of today lives in luxurious bachelor apartments, and knows no occupations save those which society affords him.

In place of the dark eyed count of fifty years ago we have the British aristocrat, who is always a blond, and invariably either a peer or a member of that enormous class of wanderers comprised within the generic title of "well connected Englishmen." I can well remember the time when an Englishman of this class was never introduced into fiction save as an object of ridicule, or a terrible example of the demoralizing influences of hereditary nobility. He used to wear long whiskers, and say "Aw, bah Jove!" Now his presence lends a distinct *cachet* to scenes of fashionable New York life, and he speaks with an accent and an accuracy of diction which are a standing rebuke to such of our compatriots as have the good fortune to know him.

With him have come a horde of servants, chiefly English, who—if our fashionable fiction writers are to be believed—have not only driven out the honest Irish cook and dinky serving man of the simple old days, but have assumed such airs of importance that no novelist can afford to ignore them. In fact, there are writers who never introduce us into good society save through the servants' hall. They contrive to lug in the butler, the second man, the French maid, the valet or "man"—the demigod of all this kitchen fiction—the coachman, and the groom, before introducing us to the strictly first class family in which they have taken service. He argues that with such an array of domestics no one will dare to question the refinement and good breeding of the household; and he may be right, for

who has not heard of families "so high toned that they never go anywhere without at least eleven trunks"?

The trouble with these servants in literature is the same as in certain families—they are too much of a novelty. They do not as yet fit into the pages of fiction, any more than they fit into the unaccustomed households. Sometimes I read something of this sort:

Harcourt touched the bell, and five minutes later *Bedslat*, his man, entered the room noiselessly and stood respectfully waiting his orders.

"*Bedslat*," said *Harcourt*, "I want *Lord Montcrief* to receive this note as soon as possible. You will probably find him at his hotel."

Not a muscle in the servant's face moved as he took the note, and his voice was low and soft as he said:

"And if his lordship is not there, shall I wait, sir?"

"Yes. Wait, for I must have an answer," said *Harcourt* shortly.

"Very good, sir," and the well trained menial withdrew as noiselessly as he had entered.

Scenes of this kind are introduced for the purpose of giving us a vivid and accurate picture of one of the little moments that go to make up the sum of the fashionable man's day. They do not, however, have that effect on me, for whenever I come across one my fancy conjures up a vision of the author making his studies of "local color" in some house to which he has been fortunate enough to gain admission, and which is to serve his purpose in his next story. I can fancy him counting the servants that wait at table, and informing himself in regard to the precise duties of each member of the domestic force. He would rather betray the grossest ignorance of history, geography, literature, and even baseball, than represent the French maid as blacking her master's boots or the valet fixing the furnace fire. And I am bound to say that such a writer is usually correct, as in the paragraph that I have quoted; for even I know that it is the master who rings for the servant, not the servant for the master, and that the well trained domestic comes and goes noiselessly and not beating a drum or sounding the loud timbrel.

I do not object to the introduction of either noblemen or servants, provided they belong to the story, and are not lugged in by the ears for the sake of the tone of gentility which they are supposed by vulgar people to impart; but I cannot say that I am satisfied with the modern society novel. In my opinion it shows no real advance upon its predecessor of fifty years ago.

John Burt.*

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS.

XXIX (Continued).

"MR. CHAIRMAN," began Alderman Rounds, placing his papers on the desk, and with his hands deep plunged in his pockets, "two years ago, when the original Cosmopolitan ordinances came up for passage, I voted and spoke against them. When these bills were proposed I made a careful study of them. At first I was not in favor of them, but certain gentlemen presented the subject to me in a new light, and I agreed to vote for the passage of the ordinances now under consideration."

The Cosmopolitan aldermen joined the claque in the applause which followed this declaration.

"Mr. Chairman," continued Sam Rounds, when quiet had been restored, "I don't suppose there's any one in this honorable body likes money better'n I do. As far back as I can trace, no one in the Rounds family ever had much money, and it looks like I had inherited all the thirst for money which comes from a drought of it extending two hundred years back an' more. An' when I began to make money tradin' in hosses back in Massachusetts, it was like pourin' kerosene oil on a red hot stove. The more I got the more I wanted, an', as some of you know, I've done pretty fairly middlin' well."

Sam Rounds reached out and picked a small package from the table and looked at it longingly. Alderman Hendricks turned in his chair and gazed uneasily at the speaker. There was something in his manner which caused a hush to fall on the assembly.

"Mr. Chairman," said Alderman Rounds, slowing unwrapping the package as he continued, "money is the greatest argument in the world. Logic is a fine thing, but money can beat logic. I admire the man who has the gift of eloquence, like my honorable colleague from my ward, but money can give eloquence a handicap an' beat it every time. Money talks with a tongue of silver and lips of gold. It

whispers sweet words to our willin' ears, and we answer yes or no under the spell of its musical notes. Money——"

"Mr. Chairman," interrupted Alderman Hendricks, "we desire to proceed with this vote—much as we are charmed by my colleague's trite reflections about money as an abstract proposition. The question before the house is the disposition of these ordinances. I demand that the alderman record his vote."

"Alderman Rounds has the floor," decided the chairman.

"Thank you; I'll not take up much of your time," said Sam Rounds. "As I was sayin', I'm uncommonly fond of money, an' when the president of the Cosmopolitan Improvement Company came to my place of business and said he would pay me ten thousand dollars for my vote in favor of these ordinances I just went plumb off my center and told him I would consider it. I couldn't see anything else in the world but that figure 'one' with four ciphers after it, an' a dollar mark in front of it. Mr. Chairman, you never had to work hard for a livin', an' you can't realize how I felt when he placed this here package in my hand!"

Sam tore away the wrapping and displayed a layer of crisp bank notes. Every eye in the room was fixed on the speaker as he stepped forward and laid them on the chairman's table. Dazed and demoralized, no member of the opposition dared interrupt.

"When I made my start tradin' hosses, I was tickled to death if I sold a hoss an' made twenty dollars profit. That ten thousand dollars meant the sellin' of more than five hundred hosses, an' all I had to do was to reach out an' take it. In my produce an' commission business competition is so sharp that I'm lucky to quit two cents ahead on a bushel of potatoes, an' there in a lump was more money than I could make on half a million bushels of potatoes—an' I want to tell you that's an awful lot of potatoes—enough to last this town two or three days. And I gazed at

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that money and thought how it would look in my bank book, an' I said to him, 'Mr. Morris,' says I, 'I'm your man.' And then, seeing how easy it was to make money here in this city council, I made a deal with him by which I was to buy up six other aldermen and turn 'em over to him, same as if they was a lot of hosses or bags of potatoes. I talked with these aldermen, Mr. Chairman, and all of them accepted what I offered them. Then we drew up an agreement to vote for the ordinances an' gave it to Mr. Morris. Here, Mr. Chairman, is the duly certified copy of that contract. Part of the money was to be in cash and the rest in a certified check which was deposited in the hands of a disinterested party. That party has kindly loaned me this check, and I have brought it here for your inspection. You will note that it is signed by Mr. Arthur Morris and drawn on his bank.

"Now, Mr. Chairman, an' members of this honorable body," said Sam, turning and facing his astounded listeners, "I want to say to you that I have changed my mind about voting for these ordinances. My lawyer tells me I don't have to keep this agreement with Mr. Morris, an' I'm going to sacrifice that ten thousand dollars an' the ten thousand more which would have been mine when these ordinances pass. I talked it all over with my old mother—an' she likes money a'most as bad as I do—and we agreed it wasn't the proper thing to do. I told the people down in my ward, when they elected me, that I would be as square with them here in this council as I was in my store, and I take it that I'm here only because they can't be here. I speak an' act for them, but all of us are partners in matters affecting the welfare of the city. I wouldn't cheat a partner in business, an' I won't cheat my partners as citizens. Mr. Morris says he isn't attempting to bribe me, an' I'm willing to take his word for it that it was purely a business proposition. He didn't say anything to me about keeping it a secret, so I've told you all I know about it. It occurs to me that if these franchises are so valuable that those seeking them are willing to pay money for them, that they should pay it into the city treasury, so it might be expended for parks, schools, streets, and other improvements in which all the taxpayers can share. Of course I may be wrong, but that's the way it looks to me, Mr. Chairman. Acting on the advice of my lawyer, I therefore turns this money over to you, with the certified check and the agreement I signed. All of the aldermen who signed it have changed

their minds, as they probably will tell you. Thankin' you for your kind attention to this explanation, I votes 'No'!"

A scene of wildest confusion followed. Half of the members were on their feet demanding recognition. The chairman pounded his gavel into splinters in a vain attempt to restore order. Sam Rounds was surrounded by reporters who demanded details, but he declined to add a word to his public statement. The storm gradually subsided, and Alderman Hendricks secured recognition from the chair.

"In view of the remarkable and curious statements made by my colleague," he said, "I move a postponement of the vote, and the appointment of a committee to investigate these strange charges."

There were vigorous protests, and the chair ruled that the vote must proceed. Each of the six aldermen associated with Sam Rounds substantiated the charges made, and deposited the bribery money with the chairman. Realizing that defeat was inevitable, all of the ringsters excepting Alderman Hendricks recorded their votes against the ordinances.

Then a motion to adjourn was declared passed, and the excited mob poured into the corridors.

XXX.

It was not the fault of the *chef* or of the service that Arthur Morris did not enjoy his dinner. Jessie's beauty, which once charmed him, now inspired him with jealous rage. For Blake he felt unalloyed hatred, and for General Carden a contempt which he did not try to conceal. On the ashes of his passion he kindled the fires of revenge. He impatiently waited the morrow, when he hoped to crush James Blake and to extinguish the general. He prayed that the news of the council's decision might be brought to him at dinner.

Morris knew that the firm of James Blake & Company had sold large amounts of Cosmopolitan stock. His agents had traced to the same source extensive purchases of L. & O. He glanced at Blake and then at Jessie, and a bitter smile came to his lips.

"I will make this a famous marriage," he thought. "I'll strip that cad Blake of his last dollar before he can fix a wedding day with the penniless daughter of a doddering old bankrupt! I'll shear him so close that they'll be glad to spend the honeymoon in the hall bedroom of a tenement flat on the East Side. I've got him at last where I want him. And old Carden knows what's coming to him. He shall

walk the streets tomorrow!" Ruin—absolute, hopeless ruin—will be served out to the whole threadbare rabble tomorrow! The marriage of Miss Jessie Bankrupt to Mr. James Failure!" and he grinned in his hatred.

"Let us share your amusement," said Blake, who had been watching Morris closely. He had not failed to notice the coldness between his rival and Jessie Carden, and felt reasonably certain of the truth. "Why this suppressed merriment, Morris? Let us in on your secret hilarity."

"Excuse my absent mindedness," returned Morris, after a moment's reflection, "but I was smiling to think of Cosmopolitan and the scene on Wall Street tomorrow. Cosmopolitan is a stock, Miss Carden, and I know you are not interested in anything so vulgar as stocks or money; but Blake is, and your father used to be. They say, by the way, Blake, that you're short on Cosmopolitan? Hope not, old chap. My information is that it will boom."

"Oh, I'm all right, Morris, thanks. I haven't sold a share," replied Blake cheerfully. "Some of my customers may have done so, but I've paid no attention to it. I've been loading up on L. & O., as you advised."

"Glad to hear it," returned Morris, who believed the last half of Blake's statement and set the first down as a conventional Wall Street falsehood. "The council will pass the ordinances tonight. I'm expecting word from there any minute."

As he spoke a messenger boy approached and handed Morris an envelope.

"Ah, I presume this is it!" he exclaimed. He adjusted his monocle with elaborate care, broke the envelope, and read:

MY DEAR MORRIS: The Cosmopolitan franchises were defeated by a practically unanimous vote. Rounds and six others charge you with attempted bribery. Rounds exhibited your certified check. Am on my way to Hoffman House. For God's sake meet me there. Destroy this.

H.

The note fell from the speculator's hand and fluttered to the floor. He stared wildly around, but no words came to his lips.

"Any answer, boss?" The hoarse voice of the messenger boy, as he stood cap in hand, recalled him to earth.

"No," he said, pushing his chair from the table and rising unsteadily to his feet. "I'm going. Good night!"

"Forty five cents, boss," demanded the messenger.

"Get out of the way, damn you! Pay this boy, Blake!" and he rushed for the dressing room.

Blake picked up the note and tore it into pieces. He knew the purport of the message which had caused the precipitate departure of Arthur Morris, but he did not disclose it.

"Some important Wall Street matter, I suppose," he ventured, in answer to the questioning surprise of Jessie and Edith.

"His expression positively frightened me!" said Edith. "Did you notice how white he turned when he read that note? It must have been something awful! Perhaps his father is dead!"

Mr. Kingsley sauntered through the room, and with a smile and a polite salutation paused a moment to chat with his acquaintances.

"I passed Morris in the lobby," he said. "He's been dining with you, has he not? He looked like a ghost. You've heard the news, haven't you? No? I got it from young Rogers; and he's nearly as badly broken up as Morris. It's a beastly affair, and I'm glad I'm not in it. The aldermen met tonight and defeated the Cosmopolitan ordinances. Morris is heavily interested in them, and all that sort of thing, don't you know? But that's not all. An alderman named Square or Block—no, Rounds—raised a blooming scandal; showed papers and checks and things, you know, and said that Morris had bribed him! Young Rogers tried to tell me about it. He was there and saw it, but it seems he's been speculating in this Cosmopolitan stock, and he's in such a purple funk, don't you know, that I couldn't make out half what he said! By Jove, it was a narrow escape for me! Morris wanted me to go in with him, but my governor—wise old governor!—wouldn't put up a dollar. Beastly business! Looks bad for Morris. Nice chap, Morris. Don't you think so, Blake? Waiter, a glass, and with your permission I'll tarry in the place vacated by your absent host and drink your health and his success, in spite of this—this unfortunate incident."

The voluble Kingsley found the society of Miss Hancock so agreeable that his companions could not lure him from the table. General Carden was called to another part of the room, and James Blake welcomed the opportunity of a chat with Jessie.

The impending overthrow of Morris fed the flames of James Blake's impatience. According to the falsehood he had told John Burt, Jessie was due to arrive in New York in a few days. He saw a thousand chances for the exposure of his duplicity to one for its success. Only in Jessie's presence did his hopes surmount his fears.

He invented innumerable wild schemes and dismissed them one by one. One chance remained—an immediate proposal, its unhesitating acceptance, and a hasty marriage. He would carry the citadel of her heart by storm, and bear her away in the confusion and turmoil of the coming battle.

"Women have been won in a day," he mused, "and by knights less well armed than myself. Why should she not look with favor on my suit? I'm rich; they say I'm good looking. Jessie will look upon me as her father's benefactor the moment Morris is slaughtered by the rise in L. & O. John is likely to spring that trap tomorrow. I'll propose tomorrow night! She must accept me—she will accept me. Then an immediate marriage and a trip to Europe. Why should that not win? It's got to win; I'll make it win. Let's see, that gives me about six days. The Bible says the world was created in six days, and a strong man should be able to win a little woman in half the time."

Thus argued James Blake during a lull in the conversation. His plan was worthy of his reckless nature. He could not turn back. The smoke of burning bridges was behind him; the spoils of conquered love awaited his onward march.

"It seems impossible that I have known you only a week," he said, raising his eyes and looking tenderly into Jessie's face. "I feel as if I'd been acquainted with you for years, and not for a few brief days."

Millions of lovers have voiced the same discovery, and millions more will do it again.

"You are singularly forgetful," laughed Jessie, "of our early acquaintance in Rocky Woods. That was not weeks, but years ago."

"I must give Mr. Morris credit for that bit of imagination," said Blake. "It has become a reality to me, and I can see you as you were back in those years, picture you among the rocks and fields we know so well. Do you go there this season, Miss Carden?"

"We leave on the Tuesday evening boat," was the reply.

Nothing could have suited Blake better. He would tell John Burt that Jessie had postponed her departure from France. He then would plead ill health and join Jessie in Hingham, and their marriage and wedding trip should follow. The first card had fallen in his favor, and he determined to press his advantage.

"May I call tomorrow evening, and not plead business with the general as a pretext?" he asked boldly. "I may not have

another chance to see you before you leave. You see I'm already presuming on these years of friendship."

"General Carden attends a banquet tomorrow evening, but Edith and I shall be at home, and will be delighted if you'll drop in to relieve the monotony," replied Jessie. "Uncle Tom plays a splendid hand at whist, and you can take papa's place."

"One can't talk and play whist," observed Blake with a queer smile. "I've so many things I wish to say that I'd be willing and even glad to forego the pleasures of the game."

At that moment General Carden rejoined the little party, and as Jessie made no direct reply, Blake construed her silence into consent. His spirits mounted high as hoped the springs of his longing. The hour was late when he bade his fellow guests good night at the carriage door, and his being thrilled with the touch of her hand and the light of her smile at parting.

Blake strolled slowly up the avenue in the direction of his apartments. He had not gone two squares when he met John Burt. One of the horses hauling a wagon laden with stage settings had fallen and blocked the street. The Bishop carriage was caught in the eddy of traffic caused by the temporary dam across conflicting streams. A public hansom, furiously driven, almost smashed into the entangled vehicles, and the light from a street lamp showed the bloated face of Arthur Morris as he leaned far out to curse the driver.

Within a circle of a hundred yards were four of the figures in a drama which was culminating to a tragedy!

"Hello, Jim!" exclaimed John Burt. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Was just going to Sherry's. Have been to your rooms and left word with your man that I would be back. Hawkins is there waiting for us. Where can we get a carriage? I'm lost in this wilderness."

The fallen horse had struggled to his feet, and Blake saw the Bishop carriage thread its way through the crush and turn into a side street. Morris struck his horse a vicious blow with a cane, and the animal dashed ahead. Blake concealed his confusion by looking up and down the street for a carriage. He finally hailed a driver, and they were driven to his apartments.

"We must perfect our plans for tomorrow," said John. "The critical hours are near, and everything must move like clockwork. The city council defeated the Cosmopolitan franchises tonight, and I shall move against L. & O. tomorrow morning."

John's voice was calm, but it held a note

of triumph and of quiet confidence. It hinted at no suspicion, and Blake drew a long breath of relief as he thought of his third escape. He shuddered to think of what would have happened had General Carden postponed his departure from the diningroom by a few minutes. He pictured John Burt entering the room, his steady gaze fixed first on himself and then on Jessie Carden. So vivid was the imaginary picture that he felt all the horror of the situation and instinctively drew away from Burt.

Little was said as they drove rapidly along the avenue. John seemed absorbed in thoughts of the morrow. The past unrolled its scroll before Blake, and something blurred his eyes and surged to his throat. Passion for Jessie Carden had overthrown his judgment, dwarfed his reason, and made him recreant to a friendship which he yet cherished above all other things.

John Burt aroused from his reverie and threw his arm familiarly across Blake's shoulder.

"This is my last speculative campaign, Jim," he said. "For years I have been a gold grubbing and money making machine, and I hope my better instincts have survived the strain. We shall triumph to-morrow, and when it has ended you shall be in fact, as well as in name, the head of the firm of James Blake & Company. I can retire from active participation in its affairs as quietly as I entered, and you have fairly won whatever of prestige attaches to the name. You know, old man, that you can call on me in case of need, and I'm sure Mr. Hawkins will make the same pledge. We'll not discuss the matter tonight, but you must not argue with me or hurt my feelings by attempting to thank me. We are all more or less selfish, Jim, and you can put this down as pure selfishness on my part. Here we are!"

Before Blake could find words to reply the carriage stopped in front of his apartment. They entered and found Hawkins awaiting them.

"I'm making myself at home, Blake," he said. "I've kept your man busy getting cigars and things. I indorse your brandy, but your tobacco is not heavy enough for me. Let's get down to business, gentlemen. It's past midnight, and we'll need all the sleep we can get."

For nearly two hours they worked at their plans for the coming battle. At times Blake was absorbed in the discussion, again his mind wandered to the woman he would buy at the price of his honor. Then he thought of John Burt's princely

pledge, and like a flash there came to him an impulse which thrilled his very soul with a happiness in which were throbs of poignant pain.

Not far away another conference was in progress. Staid bank directors and financiers associated with Arthur Morris had been aroused from their slumbers and were assembled in his rooms. Bewildered for the moment by the unexpected blow, Morris took measures for defense with a vigor which was keyed by a sense of imminent danger. His suspicion that James Blake was the cause of his defeat became a certainty when a reporter informed him that Blake and Samuel L. Rounds were boyhood companions, and that the latter had been seen in Blake's offices.

How he had loathed Blake that night as Jessie Carden sat between them at dinner! He had wished the food would choke him or the wine poison him. And now his imperiled millions shrieked in fear at the mention of the man's name. He cursed the day that took him to Hingham, and the hour when he saw the pretty face of Jessie Carden.

The east was crimsoned with sunlight before the conference ended. The weary men of money separated to seek a few hours of rest before facing the ordeal of the day. For mutual protection, they had formed a pool, and had pledged themselves to support the market against the expected onslaught of Blake's forces.

They dreamed not that such a man as John Burt existed, or that his masked and intrenched millions were so arrayed as to strike a blow at an undefended place, and in an unexpected moment.

Why were these masked millions drawn up in battle array, to be risked in a grim struggle for financial life or death? Why did men of vast affairs wait with drawn faces and bated breaths the hour when the clash of opposing fortunes should sound the signal for merciless conflict?

Because of a woman—a woman pure as an opening bud and gentle as the dew which kisses it.

Why had James Blake proved false to the man who unselfishly befriended him? Why had he sought to repay loyalty with perfidy?

Because of a woman—a woman whose loving heart was incapable of deceit.

Why had John Burt consecrated years of his life to stern preparation for the crisis then at hand? Why was he willing to risk everything in a single fall with the man who stood between him and his crowning ambition?

Because of a woman—because of Jessie Carden.

Because a whimsical fate had ordained that three men should meet and love the same woman, the eyes of the world were bent that day upon Wall Street. Because of her innocent charms, the vast machinery of finance and speculation reached out and crushed some into bankruptcy, lifted others into opulence. When all was ended, the students of such phenomena sagely discussed the complex causes which precipitated so marked an upheaval. They cited scores of reasons, none surmised the truth.

No one knew that once upon a time a little girl in a blue sailor suit was leaning over the rail of a bridge, and that a boy drove by and recovered her hat from the water; yet that trifling incident had everything to do with the Wall Street excitement of the day.

None of the wise writers knew that a shot fired by a prowling hunter caused a runaway and a rescue; yet that shot had more to do with the hurricane in Wall Street than all the reasons that wisdom ascribed.

None of the students of finance knew of the day when the Standish rose and fell to the slow heaving of the sea; of that hot August afternoon when a boy of Rocky Woods laid his heart and his life at the disposition of a soft eyed girl. None of them knew of an interview in the night shadows under the old maples, when two soft arms were thrown about John Burt's neck and a cheek wet with tears rested for an instant against his.

There is no such thing as accurate history; but if one were written, it would be recorded that events, dynasties, and epochs have been created either by the love of a man for a woman, or by the devotion of a woman to a man.

XXXI.

"THE papers say Mr. Morris will be arrested. It's awful, Jessie! Look at the big headlines! I don't understand half they say, but it seems they are rivals on Wall Street, and Mr. Morris has fallen into a trap set by Mr. Blake. Oh, Jessie, think of it, that we dined with both of them last night, and they seemed as friendly and polite as if they were bosom friends! Isn't it awful?"

Edith Hancock's cheeks were reddened with excitement as she dashed into her cousin's room.

"Mr. Blake was here while the general was at breakfast," she gabbled on breath-

lessly. "They talked a minute, and then he hurried away. Your father put some papers in his pocket and started down town at once. Do you suppose they will fight, Jessie?"

"Who? Papa and Mr. Blake?"

"No, Miss Stupid; Mr. Blake and Mr. Morris."

"We needn't hope for anything so romantic," returned Jessie. "Wouldn't Mr. Morris make a heroic figure in a duel? No, Edith, there's no field of honor nowadays—only Wall Street. I've no doubt Arthur Morris would rather lose blood than money. Oh, I hope Mr. Blake will despoil him of the millions he has taken from others! Think of the misery his fortune has cost! It ruined my father—and he dared to sneer at me last night. Edith, it's God's vengeance, not Mr. Blake's."

"Jessie, why was he such a brute with you last night?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Did you refuse him? Honest? Oh, I'm so glad!" and she danced a wild fandango round the room. "Do you know, Jessie, I was awfully afraid you intended to accept him?"

"I should be very sorry, if he had been honest; but he's a cad and a thief," declared Jessie, her dark eyes flashing scorn. "Do you know he sent papa his dismissal from the bank? Thank heaven, he is powerless to do us harm now! Did you notice how happy father was last night? I made him tell me his secret. Listen, Edith! It is possible that Mr. Blake will be able to restore to papa a large share of his fortune. There's a chance that we may again live in the dear old Boston home. Isn't it splendid, Edith?"

"Splendid? It's more than splendid—it's heavenly!" exclaimed Edith. "Isn't Mr. Blake lovely? And he's so big and handsome, and generous, and good looking, and manly, and—and everything. I just love him, Jessie, don't you?" She looked closely at Jessie Carden.

"I—I like him, Edith. It wouldn't do for both of us to love him, would it, cousin mine?"

"He loves you," protested Edith with a blush. "I know he does. He never takes his eyes from you. I watched him last evening. Are you sure you don't love him, Jessie; just a little bit?"

"Quite sure," laughed Jessie, as the roses came to her cheeks. "I can only love one man at a time—it's inconvenient, but it's true."

"You still love John Burt?" The big eyes opened wide as Edith looked ques-

tioningly at her cousin. "What a foolish little sweetheart you are, wasting your life on a man you haven't heard from for years! You were a child then; you're a woman now. You're jesting, Jessie; don't reject Mr. Blake."

"It's not likely I shall have a chance," said Jessie. The little face had grown very serious. "I sincerely hope not, Edith. John Burt is *not* dead, and he has *not* forgotten me. Do you know, Edith, just before our carriage was blocked last night I saw a man walking down the avenue in the full glare of a street lamp? I could have sworn it was John Burt! Do you remember I clutched your arm and pointed out of the window? I know he'll come back, and when he does he'll find me true."

"It might have been his ghost," suggested Edith.

"If so, it was a remarkably active ghost," laughed Jessie. "He was walking rapidly, with his shoulders thrown back, and when I saw his face I could hardly keep from calling his name at the top of my voice. Wasn't it odd, Edith?"

"But, Jessie, if John Burt's in the city, why doesn't he come to see you?"

"He may not know that I'm here," returned Jessie quickly. "He may have just learned that Arthur Morris is not dead, and he may—he may be searching for us."

There was a soft light in the deep brown eyes, and a longing smile touched the tender lips. Edith's face was lighted with joy as she clasped her cousin's hands.

"You're the dearest darling in the world, and no man is good enough for you," she exclaimed. "John Burt will come back, I'm sure of it, and he'll be proud of you. But, Jessie, you must not let Mr. Blake propose to you. You won't, will you, Jessie?" The voice was pleading in its earnestness.

"Why?" asked Jessie in surprise.

"Because——" and Edith faltered. She lowered her eyes in confusion, but when she looked again in Jessie's face they flamed with passion. "Oh, Jessie, can't you understand? I'm jealous of you—horribly, madly jealous!" She threw herself sobbing on her cousin's breast. "I know it's not your fault that he loves you, but you can make him stop. Please make him stop! If it wasn't for you, he would love me. Tell him—tell him anything so that he will know that you don't love him! Oh, Jessie, won't you?"

"What can I tell him?" asked Jessie in amazement. "I can't make him pro-

pose and then commend him to another. But, Edith darling, I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry!"

The girls joined in their weeping. When Jessie could command herself she asked if Edith really loved Blake.

"I loved him the moment I saw him, and he fell in love with you at the same instant," declared Edith Hancock, whose intuition had told her the truth. "Make him stop, Jessie; you can find some way to do it, I know you can! Oh, why are men always falling in love with girls who won't have them, and refusing to notice those who love them to death?"

Jessie vainly attempted to soothe her. In anger and mortification Edith rushed from the room, and when Jessie knocked at her door a few minutes later there was no response but the muffled sound of sobs.

XXXII.

A THOUSAND men were scattered through the hall of the New York Stock Exchange. There were groups of three, five, ten, a score, and one compact mass of a hundred or more brokers. Moving like shuttles between these irregular knots of humanity were individual members—some slow and calm, others hurried and excited. Blue uniformed messenger boys passed in and out, their laughing faces and shrill cries in sharp contrast to the stern earnestness of those they served.

The clicking of innumerable telegraph instruments, the tinkle of telephone bells, the shuffle of feet in the encircling galleries, the distant murmur of street traffic, all blended with the noises from the floor into a chord which held the majesty of bass and the thrill of soprano.

As the hands of the great clock slowly crawled to the point that marked the hour of ten, the various groups compressed and assumed rounded outlines. While the last minute was speeding by, a silence came, broken only by the chattering telegraph keys. Then a gong sounded. Its reverberations were lost in the vocal explosion from a thousand lungs. A regiment of men stricken with violent insanity—shouting, snarling, barking, clawing, fighting, glaring—such was the scene on the floor of the exchange on the morning following the defeat of the Cosmopolitan ordinances.

A moment later, and the acts of these seeming maniacs were flashed around the world. While the echoes of the initial outburst yet filled the room, men in Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, San Fran-

cisco, London, and Berlin were scanning the opening quotations which had boiled to the surface from this seething caldron. The madness was sanity. The chaos was order. The frenzy was calmness. The furor was judgment.

Into this crucible was being poured the collected opinion of the financial world. A million miles of metallic nerves focused in this center and throbbed with the earth's history for the day. Rain on the wheat fields of Argentina, drought on the steppes of Russia, the death of a banker in Berlin, a failure in Omaha, a strike on a Western railroad, a rumor of a coming Congressional report, a rise in English consols, the appearance of a new insect in Kansas, an area of low barometer in Manitoba, the sickness of a king, the raising of a freight rate, the echoes of a battle in the Sudan, the result of a municipal election, the speech of an obscure alderman—all hurled their weight into these delicate scales and vibrated the needle which recorded values. To these was added the impact of human passions—revenge, treachery, cunning, caution, judgment, daring, stupidity, avarice. Wall Street is a mundane incarnation of the terrors of hell relieved by some of the joys of heaven.

John Burt was in his office at eight o'clock, and Mr. Hawkins and James Blake joined him a few minutes later.

"Good morning, Jim," said John, extending his hand, which Blake grasped cordially. "Isn't this a glorious day? See the sun of Austerlitz." He pointed to a broad shaft of light which streamed across his desk and illumined the bright colors of stacks of stock certificates. "Do you feel fit for the day's work, Jim?" he went on. "Your eye is clear, and you look as if you had your fighting clothes on."

"I'm feeling splendid," declared Blake. "Never felt better in my life. We are going to win, John! I can hardly wait for the row to begin."

"Now you're talking business," roared Mr. Hawkins. "That sounds like the old Jim Blake I knew out in California. I'd begun to think that these New York dudes had made an old woman out of you. We'll hang some of their pelts on our back fence before the sun goes down—eh, boys?" and he rested his giant palms on the shoulders of his younger companions and shook the room with a defiant rumble of laughter.

"Is General Carden here?" asked John.

"He's in my room," replied Blake.

"Give him the cash for that L. & O. check and have him present the option to Randolph Morris & Company the moment they are open for banking business," instructed John Burt. "Bid L. & O. above twenty seven until General Carden has the stock in his possession. Send two witnesses along with him. That will prevent any chance for a quibble. When he comes back with the stock, turn it over to me."

"Aye, aye, General Burton!" exclaimed Blake with a profound salute. He seemed in high spirits as he left the room.

"Blake's all right this morning," observed Hawkins. "Guess he's recovered from his attack of mullygrubs. What the devil d'ye suppose has been the matter with him, John? Has he been speculating on his own account and lost?"

"I don't know that he has," said John, absorbed in the study of the early London and Berlin quotations. "Jim hasn't made a deal on his own account to my knowledge since we opened these offices."

"Probably a woman," growled John Hawkins. "When a man can't get into financial trouble, he gets tangled up with a woman. If it wasn't for women and money this world would be fit to live in—eh, John?"

But John seemed so completely wrapped up in a computation that he did not heed the cynical remark. Mr. Hawkins jammed his hands into his pockets, sauntered to the window, and in a voice like the hum of a dynamo sang all he knew of "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." There was a soft light beneath his shaggy eyebrows when he took his seat near John Burt.

There was no outward sign of excitement in the offices of Randolph Morris & Company. A larger throng than usual crowded around the tickers and gazed at the opening quotations. Not a few speculators had blindly followed the lead of Arthur Morris, and still had faith in the power of his millions.

Ignoring the advice of his elderly subordinates, Morris took personal command of his brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

"It won't be much of a shower," he said to his followers with airy bravado. "Hang on to your stocks; we'll pass those ordinances yet. This fellow Rounds is a liar, and I'll prove it. Blake hired him to turn that trick. I control Cosmopolitan, and am able to protect it against all the liars and swindlers from San Francisco to New York."

Cosmopolitan opened at a loss of several points, but the selling by Blake brokers was not so heavy as had been expected, and the stock rallied when supported by Morris and others interested with him. The young millionaire speedily regained his confidence.

"Bid 'em up, bid 'em up!" he whispered to his head broker. "We've got the Blake crowd on the run already. They dare not sell. Take all they offer and bid for more."

The man dashed into a pack of traders, and in the roar of voices which followed Cosmopolitan soared two points above its previous mark.

It was only a moment past ten o'clock when General Carden walked briskly up the marble steps and entered the Morris building. Two clerks in the employ of James Blake & Company were with him. He stopped at the outer railing and addressed Mr. Mason, the vice president of the company.

"I should like to speak to Mr. Morris," said the general.

"He is not here," replied Mr. Mason. "What can I do for you?"

"Accept my written resignation," said General Carden. Mr. Mason took the letter, bowed coldly, but said nothing.

"I hold an option on ten thousand shares of L. & O. stock," continued the general, producing an envelope from an inside pocket.

"Yes?" Mr. Mason raised his eyes with a faint show of interest, and tapped the brass rail with a pencil. "So I have been informed, General Carden."

"Under its terms I can take up the stock at a stipulated figure, provided the market price is above twenty six dollars a share."

"So I understand. You owe us about two hundred and eighty thousand dollars on that stock, General Carden. Do you wish to pay it today?" A sarcastic smile played around the corners of Mr. Mason's mouth.

"I do. I demand the stock, and will meet the terms in cash."

"Very well, General Carden, it can be arranged at once." There was no change of expression on the grave face of the banker as he turned to a clerk and ordered him to produce the stock from the vaults. Mr. Mason glanced at the option and made a rapid calculation.

"Two hundred and eighty two thousand four hundred and sixty seven dollars and seventeen cents," he said, passing over a slip of paper. "Is that your figure?"

The general bowed, and motioned to

one of his companions, who placed a satchel on the counter. From its depths General Carden produced the money demanded and exchanged it for the stock.

"I trust your faith in the value of these certificates may not prove amiss," said Mr. Mason with an icy smile. "I bid you good day, sir."

General Carden bowed gravely and turned to the door. As he did so Arthur Morris entered, his face flushed with triumph. In his haste he ran into the general.

"I beg your pardon! Oh, it's you, is it?" and an evil light came to his eyes when he recognized his former employee. "What in hell are you doing here? After your things, I suppose. Now that you've got them, get out and keep out! Get out, d'ye hear?"

Morris stepped behind the brass railing, and from that retreat shook his hand threateningly at the man who had aroused his rage. General Carden deliberately removed his glasses and walked towards him.

"You are a coward, Morris!" he said, looking at the younger man with blazing eyes. "Lay a hand on me if you dare!"

Mr. Mason grasped Morris by the arm and whispered a sentence. With a muttered oath Morris turned and left the old soldier standing defiantly by the railing. A minute later General Carden entered a carriage and was driven rapidly to the office of James Blake & Company.

In the mean time Morris had followed Mr. Mason to his private office.

"I'd like to punch old Carden's head, and I'd have done it if it hadn't been for you!" he declared. "What's he prowling around here for? I fired him last night. What did he want?"

"He demanded his L. & O. stock," replied Mr. Mason.

"His L. & O. stock!" repeated Morris. "Well, what of it? He didn't wish me to make him a present of it, did he? Old Carden must be getting crazy. If he comes around again tell him to dig up about three hundred thousand dollars and he can have his stock." Morris laughed and stepped to the ticker.

"He showed his option, demanded the stock, and paid over the money," said Mr. Mason slowly. "I gave him the certificates."

"Old Carden took up his stock and paid over the money? What do you mean, Mason?" Morris looked blankly at the elderly broker and the tape dropped from his fingers.

"I mean just what I say, Mr. Morris,"

was the reply. "Do you know what has happened? With that stock you lose control of L. & O. Some one is back of General Carden in this transaction. You should be able to guess who it is."

"Blake! Blake!" gasped Morris. He clutched the arm of his chair and the muscles of his neck twitched nervously. Pacing up and down the room, he burst into a storm of incoherent profanity. Mr. Mason confronted him.

"This is no time for such an exhibition," he said sternly. "This is a serious matter and calls for action and not for blasphemy. Control yourself, sir!"

The ticker, which had been silent, spluttered rapidly, and the ominous sound did more to call Morris back to his senses than had the sober words of the broker. He lifted the tape and eagerly scanned the characters.

"What's that? This must be a mistake! It can't be as bad as that, don't you know? Five hundred shares of L. & O. at thirty eight! It must mean twenty eight." Morris gazed at the figures like one in a trance.

There came a violent rapping on the door, and without waiting for a response a broker entered. His collar was torn open and his hair was rumped and moist with perspiration.

"Blake & Company are bidding up L. & O.!" he exclaimed. "I've sold them four thousand shares up to thirty five, and they are yelling for more. They say that John Hawkins is after the stock for the International. How does it stand?"

He took the tape from Arthur Morris' nerveless hand.

"Thirty nine! Thirty nine and a half! Six hundred at forty! A thousand at forty one! Something's up, I tell you! What shall we do, Mr. Morris?"

Morris gazed helplessly at Mr. Mason.

"What can we do?" he asked weakly. For hours his mind had been full of the dangers which menaced him from Cosmopolitan, and in the moment of fancied triumph he found himself attacked from an unexpected point. His brain was in a whirl. A heavy step was heard in the hallway, and Randolph Morris entered the room.

"You've raised hell, haven't you?" was his greeting to his son and heir. "I told you to keep your nose out of this Cosmopolitan business. You've made a fine mess of it! I suppose you think that because the bottom hasn't fallen out of Cosmopolitan you're all right, don't ye? Been supporting it, haven't ye? Of

course you have. You're an ass! Admit it, and take your losses. It was the first thing I saw when I opened the paper this morning, and I've come to the city in order to prevent your making as many kinds of an ass of yourself as you are capable of. How much of that rotten stock have you bought? I'll bet this damn fool play will cost more than a million. Don't buy another share! Get out and take your losses!"

Randolph Morris mopped his face with a handkerchief, and reposed his ponderous bulk in an easy chair.

"What's the matter with all of you?" he demanded. "Have you lost your tongues as well as your senses?"

"Tell him about this business," said Arthur Morris, sullenly turning to Mr. Mason.

In a few words the latter explained what had occurred in L. & O. The old millionaire's face was a study during this hurried recital. The look of anger changed to one of perplexity and then to fear. The millions amassed in a lifetime were menaced in his old age, and the fires of defiance blazed again in the eyes of Randolph Morris. Springing from his chair, he took a place by the ticker. The ship of the Morris fortunes was drifting towards the rocks; aroused from his slumbers, the old pilot grasped the wheel. His eye was not as clear as in the days when the craft was new, but his hand was steady and his courage high.

"How much L. & O. have you?" he demanded.

"Thirty five thousand shares," replied Mr. Mason.

"How many have you sold?" addressing his son. Arthur Morris hesitated.

"Speak up!" he thundered with an oath. "How many have you sold?"

"About seventy five thousand."

"Hu-m-m-m! Fine outlook. Forty thousand shares short on a stock with only a hundred thousand shares in all," growled Randolph Morris. Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. "Blake and Hawkins probably hold more than fifty thousand between them. They've got us cornered! There's only one chance in a hundred for us to get out, but I'll take it. I know old Hawkins too well to think that he is taking any risks. By God, if I pull out of this thing with a dollar I'll place it where you can't find it with a set of burglar's tools!"

Randolph Morris glared at his son, fumbled for his glasses, and bent over the tape.

(To be concluded.)